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WANDERINGS OF A PILGRIM

IN THE

SHADOW OF MONT BLANC.

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PREFACE.

A PREFACE is a thing of inconsistencies. Though it comes first in the Book, it is last in the Author's thoughts; the first thing with the reader, it is the last with the writer and the printer. Though it is the shortest part of the Book, it is by far the most difficult. And though it is *no* part of the Book, it is sometimes the only part read, and the longest remembered.

It is always demanded by custom, though oftentimes wholly unnecessary. It is like a visit of ceremony, with half an excuse for not calling sooner, and half an apology for calling at all. It is like the title *Esq.*, which is no part of any man's name, and yet every man writes it on a letter to his neighbour. It is like notes at the bottom of the page, which, if they contain anything important, had better be put in the body of the work. Finally, it is like standing at the door in a rain-storm, and sending in the servant to announce your name.

A Preface in the present case might have been spared, inasmuch as there is an introductory chapter. But perhaps it may be set down as one of those graces in book-life, like the touch of your hat to a friend across the street, which softens the manners, and does not permit men to be brutes. This doubtless is the philosophy of it, though the etymology intimates that it is simply the art of putting the best face foremost.

It may be questioned whether it were not better not to have *published* at all; but this should have been thought of before. When I first wrote, I was thinking of dear friends, just as in collecting my Alpine Flowers, and of the pleasure I would give them, if ever permitted to show them my mountain treasures. To write merely for the public is but poor business; it makes a sort of commercial traveller out of a man, who goes about like an Argus, seeing with a hundred eyes, not one of which is his own; seeing everything for the public, nothing for himself; a kind of commission agent to trade with nature, and drive the best speculations.

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"These tourists, Heaven preserve us, needs must lead
A profitable life!"

They climb the crags, and beat about the bushes, for mares' nests, that they may show and sell the eggs. What can they see of Nature's own, of Nature's hidden treasures, which come to view all spontaneously, just as the graceful attitudes of children are seen only when you are not watching for them, and before they have been taught to dance.

On the other hand, to write for dear friends, and then publish, if need be, as an after thought, is not so bad. Nor need the Author tell his reasons for so doing. If the public are pleased, that is reason enough; if not, they care nothing at all about it. For his *own* gratification and benefit, it is better for the traveller in so glorious a region as that of the Alps, *always* to write, whether he publishes or not; and then, the copying and filling up of his journal is as pleasing as the revisiting of a beautiful gallery of paintings. If he could make the description as interesting to his reader, as the visit was to himself, he would never need an apology for a Book. I do quite despair of this, and yet I have attempted my Pilgrim Story.

In speaking of the shadow of Mont Blanc, and of Day and Night, of Morn and Eve, of Sun and Moon and Stars upon the Mountain, I could adopt what Danté says of the light of Paradise, except that my dream of glory is better remembered; and this shall be my Preface.

"As one who from a Dream awakened, straight,
All he hath seen forgets; yet still retains
Impression of the feeling in his Dream;
E'en such am I: for all the vision dies,
As 't were away; and yet the sense of sweet,
That sprang from it, still trickles in my heart.
Thus in the sun thaw is the snow unsealed;
Thus in the winds on flitting leaves was lost
The Sybil's sentence. O eternal beam!
Whose height what reach of mortal thought may soar?
Yield me again some little particle
Of what thou then appearedst; give my tongue
Power, but to leave one sparkle of thy glory,
Unto the race to come, that shall not lose
Thy triumph wholly, if thou waken ought
Of memory in me, and endure to hear
The record sound of this unequal strain."

CAREY'S DANTE, Paradise, Canto xxxiii.

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WANDERINGS OF A PILGRIM

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.—INTERPRETATION OF NATURE.

THE *Fasciculus* of leaves from the journal of a summer's travel here presented to the reader is more like a familiar letter than a book; it was written at first for the perusal of a few friends, and it makes no pretensions to depth or greatness, but is a quiet expression of thoughts and feelings, which any man may experience amidst the wonders of Alpine scenery. There is neither political economy, nor geology, nor botany, nor musical nor theatrical nor statistical information much attempted in it. And yet it is possible to find in such a journal a book which may beguile and benefit both the traveller among the Alps and the pilgrim at home; a book "which meets us like a pleasant thought when such is wanted." Mere descriptions, be the scenery ever so grand, are cloying and tiresome, and soon become tame. It is like living upon pound-cake and cream, or rather upon whip-syllabub. But if, while the eye is pleased, the heart may be active, and the mind awakened into deep thought—if the thought be such as befits the immortal tenant of a world so beautiful, then will the mind and heart be at harmony with nature, and the language, which the very frame of the world speaks, will be understood, and the spirit which pervades such a world will imbue the being as a calm and gentle element.

Nothing is more desirable than for a traveller so to converse with nature as well as with mankind. We do not con men's

features alone when we meet them; we do not report their eyebrows, their noses, their lips, the colour of their eyes, and think we have done with them; we learn their habits, thoughts, feelings; we speak to their souls. And Nature hath a soul as well as features. But a man's own soul must be awakened within him, and not his pleasure-loving faculties and propensities merely, if he would enter into communion with the soul that is in nature Otherwise, it is as with a vacant stare that he sees mountains, forests, bright skies, and sounding cataracts pass before him; otherwise, it is like a sleep-walker that he himself wanders among them. What is not in himself he finds not in nature; and as all study is but a discipline to call forth our immortal faculties, no good will it do the man to range through nature as a study, if his inward being be asleep, if his mind be world-rusted and insensible.

> "It were a vain endeavour
> Though I should gaze for ever
> On that green light that lingers in the west;
> I may not hope from outward forms to win
> The passion and the life, whose fountains are within."

And hence the extreme and melancholy beauty of that passage in John Foster's writings, where he speaks of the power of external nature as an agent in our education, and laments the inward deficiency in many minds, which prevents our "foster-mother" from being able to instil into them her sweetest, most exquisite tones and lessons. "It might be supposed," he says, "that the scenes of nature, an amazing assemblage of phenomena, if their effect were not lost through familiarity, would have a powerful influence on all opening minds, and transfer into the internal economy of ideas and sentiment something of a character and a colour correspondent to the beauty, vicissitude, and grandeur which continually press on the senses. On minds of genius they often have this effect; and Beattie's Minstrel may be as just as it is a fascinating description of the feelings of such a mind. But on the greatest number this influence operates feebly; you will not see the process in children, nor the result in mature persons. The charms of nature are objects only of sight and hearing, not of sensibility and

imagination. And even the sight and hearing do not receive impressions sufficiently distinct and forcible for clear recollection; it is not therefore strange that these impressions seldom go so much deeper than the senses, as to awaken pensiveness or enthusiasm, and fill the mind with an interior permanent scenery of beautiful images at its own command. This defect of fancy and sensibility is unfortunate amidst a creation infinitely rich with grand and beautiful objects, which, imparting something more than images to a mind adapted and habituated to converse with nature, inspire an exquisite sentiment, that seems like the emanation of a spirit residing in them. It is unfortunate, I have thought within these few minutes, while looking out on one of the most enchanting nights of the most interesting season of the year, and hearing the voices of a company of persons, to whom I can perceive that this soft and solemn shade over the earth, the calm sky, the beautiful stripes of cloud, the stars and the waning moon just risen, are all blank and indifferent."

Unfortunate, indeed; for did not God design that the walls of our external abode should be, as it were, at least as the scaffolding wherewith to help to build up the inward temple of the mind, and that the silent imagery upon the one should be reflected in the thoughtful treasures and instructive galleries of the other? Nature is as a book of hieroglyphics, which the individual mind must interpret.

What can be more desirable than an interior permanent scenery of beautiful images, so formed? Much depends upon a man's inward spiritual state, which, even by itself, when its pulse beats in unison with His Spirit who rules universal nature, may supply what might have seemed an original defect of taste and sensibility. So the great metaphysician of New England, who never suspected himself, nor was suspected by others of being a poet, and whose character might have been deemed defective in its imaginative parts, was drawn, by his deep and intense communion with God and the love of his attributes, into such communion with external nature, and such sensitive experience of her loveliness, so simple and yet almost ecstatic, as Cowper himself might have envied. So certain it

is that by the cultivation of our spiritual being we discipline in the best manner our intellectual being; we come into a power of appreciating and enjoying the banquet which God hath placed before all men, but from which so many do voluntarily exclude themselves. So it is, that one traveller meets angels at every step of the way, and to him it seems as a walk in Paradise; while another meets but the outward form of things. One traveller throws a shroud over nature, another a wedding-garment; one clothes her with the carking anxieties of his own mind, another sees no beauty in her.

> "A primrose by the river's brim,
> Or at the cottage door,
> A yellow primrose is to him,
> And it is nothing more.

Not so does a mind read Nature, or listen to her teachings, whose inward sight has been purified and illumined from above. "God's excellency," says Jonathan Edwards, describing the exercises of his mind after his conversion, "God's excellency, his wisdom, his purity, and love, seemed to appear in every thing; in the sun, moon, and stars, in the clouds and blue sky; in the grass, flowers, and trees; in the water and all nature, which used greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the moon for a long time, and in the day spent much time in viewing the clouds and sky, to behold the sweet glory of God in these things; in the meantime singing forth, with a low voice, my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer."

Sweet, indeed, was this frame of mind; delightful would it ever be, so to wander over God's bright world, interpreting nature by ourselves, and singing, with a low sweet voice, our praises of the Creator. Then only do we feel the beauty and the glory that is around us, when there is a mind at peace within us. Coleridge's words are as true as they are beautiful.

> "O lady! we receive but what we give,
> And in our life alone does nature live;
> Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud:
> And would we aught behold of higher worth
> Than that inanimate cold world allowed

To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the earth;—
And from the soul itself there must be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!"

You then, kind reader, are my companion by the way, so long as you please to join me in these pages, and I shall talk with you quietly and frankly in my pilgrimage; supposing you to be a friend. If you could answer me, you might suggest a thousand thoughts, fancies, feelings, more beautiful than those I utter to you; I might find that you have a far deeper sympathy with nature than I have, and a heart singing God's praises more constantly. If, therefore, you discover any vein of thought in the conversation (which in this case I have all to myself) that pleases you, I shall be glad; if any thing that does you good, I shall be more glad; if you find any thing that displeases you, I can only say, it would be somewhat wonderful if you did not; but it is not certain, because it displeases you, that therefore it is wrong. We are going through a glorious region; I have only to wish that I could fill my journal with thoughts as grand as the mountains, and as sweet as the wild flowers. We begin with Geneva, and some of the pleasant excursions amidst the scenery around that city. Then we will visit the Vale of Chamouny, and from that spot make the tour of Mont Blanc, through the lovely Val d'Aoste in Italy. After this, we have before us the magnificent Oberland Alps, and the wonderful pass of the Splugen.

CHAPTER II.

MONT BLANC FROM GENEVA AND ITS OUTSKIRTS.

Geneva is a spot where one may study the beauty of nature in all its changes and varieties, and where that beauty passes also into sublimity, in the mighty Jura range of mountains, and in the magnificent view of the flashing snowy Alps, with Mont

Blanc towering in the centre. There are many delightful excursions within the compass of a few hours, or a day going and returning. There is the Lake, so grand and beautiful at its other extremity, around Vevay—there is the arrowy Rhone, so blue and rapid, and its junction with the Arve, combining so many points of interest and beauty, from the heights that overlook the rivers. There are the various commanding views of Mont Blanc, especially at sunset, with the changing hues from the dazzling white to the deep rich crimson, from the crimson to the cold gray, from the gray to the pink, till the colour is lost in the dimness of evening. Then there are the golden hues of twilight shadowed in the lake, and the light vail of mist drawing across the foliage of the valley as the evening shuts in upon it. Then you continue your walk in the soft light of the moon and stars, in which the vast shadows and dark rising masses of the mountains appear so solemn, almost like spiritual existences slowly breathing into your heart a sense of eternity. How these forms of nature brood upon the soul! The powerful impression which they produce, so deep, so solemn, like great types of realities in the eternal world, is sometimes quite inexplicable. It is like the awe described in Job as falling upon the soul in the presence of an invisible Spirit. The heart trembleth, and is moved out of his place. God thundereth marvellously with his voice. He casteth the garment of his clouds around the mountains; then the bright light is gone; then the wind passeth and cleanseth them. Fair weather cometh out of the north: with God is terrible majesty.

Mont Blanc is clearly visible from Geneva perhaps once in the week, or about sixty times in the year. When he is visible, a walk to the junction of the Arve and the Rhone, either by the way of the plains on the Genevan side, or by way of the heights on the side towards the south of France, affords a wonderful combination of sublimity and beauty on the earth and in the heavens. Those snowy mountain ranges, so white, so pure, so dazzling in the clear azure depths, do really look as if they belonged to another world—as if, like the faces of supernatural intelligences, they were looking sadly and stead-

fastly on our world, to speak to us of theirs. Some of these mountain peaks of snow you can see only through the perspective of other mountains, nearer to you, and covered with verdure, which makes the snowy pyramids appear so distant, so sharply defined, so high up, so glorious; it is indeed like the voice of great truths stirring the soul. As your eye follows the range, they lie in such glittering masses against the horizon—in such grand repose—they shoot into the sky in bright weather in such infinite clearness, so pure, so flashing, that they seem never to lose the charm of a sudden and startling revelation to the mind. Are they not sublime images of the great truths of God's own word, that sometimes indeed are vailed with clouds, but in fair weather do carry us, as in a chariot of fire and with horses of fire, into eternity, into the presence of God? The atmosphere of our hearts is so misty and stormy, that we do not see them more than sixty times a year, in their glory: if every Sabbath-day we get a view of them without clouds, we do well; but *when* we see them as they are, then we feel their power, then we are rapt by them from earth, away, away, away, into the depths of heaven!

In some circumstances, when we are climbing the mountains, even the mists that hang around them do add to the glory of the view; as in the rising sun, when they are so penetrated with brightness, that they softly rise over the crags as a robe of misty light, or seem like the motion of sweet nature breathing into the atmosphere from her morning altars the incense of praise. And in the setting sun how often do they hang around the precipices, glowing with the golden and crimson hues of the West, and preventing us from clearly defining the forms of the mountains, only to make them more lovely to our view. So it is sometimes with the very clouds around God's word, and the lights and shades upon it. There is an inscrutability of truth which sometimes increases its power, while we wait with solemn reverence for the hour when it shall be fully revealed to us; and our faith, like the setting sun, may clothe celestial mysteries with a soft and rosy-coloured light, which makes them more suitable to our present existence, than if we saw them in the clear and cloudless atmosphere of a spiritual noon.

You have a fine point for viewing Mont Blanc, without going out of the city, from the ramparts on the west side of Rousseau's Island. Here a brazen Indicator is erected, with the names of the different mountain summits and ridges, so that by taking sight across the index you can distinguish them at once. You will not mistake Mont Blanc, if you see him; but until you get accustomed to the panorama, you may easily mistake one of his court for the King, when the Monarch himself is not visible.

A still better point of view you will have at Coppet, ascending towards the Jura. In proportion as you rise from the borders of the Lake, every part of the landscape becomes more beautiful, though what you wish to gain is the most commanding view of the mountains, every other object being secondary. In a bright day, nothing can be more clearly and distinctly defined than Mont Blanc, with his attendant mighty ranges, cut in dazzling snowy brightness against the clear blue sky. The sight of those glorious glittering fields and mountains of ice and snow produces immediately a longing to be there among them. They make an impression upon the soul, of something supernatural, almost divine. Although the whole scene lying before you is so beautiful (the lake, the verdant banks, the trees, and the lower ranges of verdure-covered mountains, constituting in themselves alone one of the loveliest pictures in the world), yet the snowy ranges of Mont Blanc are the grand feature. Those glittering distant peaks are the only thing in the scene that takes a powerful hold upon the soul; but they do quite possess it, and tyrannize over it, with an ecstatic thraldom. One is never wearied with gazing and wondering at the glory. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help!

Another admirable point, much farther from the lake and the city than the preceding, and at a greater elevation, is what is called the promenade of the point Saconex. A fine engraving of this view is printed on letter paper for correspondence; but there is not sufficient distinctness given to the outlines of Mont Blanc and the other summits of the glittering snowy range, that seems to float in the heavens like the far-off ala-

baster walls of Paradise. No language, nor any engraving, can convey the ravishing magnificence and splendour, the exciting sublimity and beauty of the scene. But there are days in which the air around the mountains seems itself of such a hazy whiteness, that the snow melts into the atmosphere, as it were, and dies away in the heavens like the indistinct outline of a bright but partially remembered dream. There are other days in which the fleecy clouds, like vails of light over the faces of angels, do so rest upon and mingle with the snowy summits that you can hardly tell where one begins and the other ends. Sometimes you look upon the clouds thinking they are mountains, and then again Mont Blanc himself will be revealed in such far-off, unmoving, glittering grandeur, in such wonderful distinctness, that there is no mistaking the changeful imitations of his glory for the reality. Sometimes the clouds and the mountains together are mingled in such a multitudinous and interminable array of radiances, that it seems like the white-robed armies of heaven with their floating banners, marching and countermarching in front of the domes and jewelled battlements of the Celestial City. When the fog scenery, of which I will give you a description, takes place upon the earth, and at the same time there are such revelations of the snowy summits in the heavens, and such goings on of glory among them, and you get upon the mountain to see them, it is impossible to describe the effect, as of a vast enchantment, upon the mind.

The view of Geneva, the Lake, and the Jura mountains from Coligny, is much admired, and at sunset perhaps the world cannot offer a more lovely scene. It was here that Byron took up his abode, a choice which I have wondered at, for you cannot see Mont Blanc from this point, and therefore the situation is inferior to many others. Ascending the hill farther to the East, when you come to Col. Tronchin's beautiful residence, you have perhaps the finest of all the views of Mont Blanc in or around Geneva. Go upon the top of Col. Tronchin's Tower about half an hour before sunset, and the scene is not unworthy of comparison even with the glory of the sunrise as witnessed from the summit of the Righi. It is surprising to see how long

Mont Blanc retains the light of day, and how long the snow burns in the setting sun, after his orb has sunk from your own view entirely behind the green range of the Jura. Then, after a succession of tints from the crimson to the cold gray, it being manifest that the sun has left the mountain to a companionship with the stars alone, you also are ready to depart, the glory of the scene being over, when suddenly and unaccountably the snowy summits redden again, as if the sun were returning upon them, the countenance of Mont Blanc is filled with rosy light, and the cold gray gives place for a few moments to a deep warm radiant pink (as if you saw a sudden smile playing over the features of a sleeping angel), which at length again dies in the twilight. This phenomenon is extremely beautiful, but I know not how to account for it; nor was any one of our party wiser than I; nevertheless, our ignorance of causes need never diminish, but often increases the pleasure of beautiful sights.

Beneath the shadow of Mont Blanc there dwell side by side one of the truest forms of liberty, and one of the most thoroughgoing despotisms in the world, together with the brighest piety and the deepest superstition. A line divides these kingdoms. Beneath the shadow of Mont Blanc there have been transacted some of the most glorious and most humiliating scenes recorded in history. We are now on a spot consecrated to Freedom and Truth. We can take our Bibles to the top of this tower, and we might read from them and teach from them, unmolested, to as many thousands as could assemble within reach of our voices. But in the direction in which you are looking towards Mont Blanc, you see the smoke ascending from the cottages within the boundary line of the kingdom of Sardinia. Step across that line and enter those cottages, and your teachings with the Bible in your hand will carry you to prison. There is religious tyranny, here is religious liberty. The grass is as green there as it is here; the air is as bright and sweet there as it is here; you can see the kingly crown of Mont Blanc glittering there, as massive and silvery as it does here. The difference is not in external nature, but in the world of souls.

Looking from the tower, a little to the left, across the grove

which surrounds it, you see a delightful work of the taste and piety of Colonel Tronchin, in a private hospital, erected and supported at his own expence, where a number of the poor and sick are taken care of with the utmost benevolence, without any distinction as to their religion, whether they be Protestants or Romanists. There is religious worship and instruction in the hospital, and sentences from the Scriptures are engraven here and there upon the walls, as in some of the cottages of Switzerland; and results both unexpected and delightful have been known to come from the perusal of these lessons. We attended the evening worship in this benevolent little retreat. Colonel Tronchin read the Scriptures, with some familiar and deeply interesting remarks, and led his needy flock, gathered from the highways and hedges, in prayer. No visitor can come to this spot without blessing it, nor can any go, without feeling that its excellent proprietor has here put his money into a bank, where his Lord, at his coming, "will receive his own with usury."

CHAPTER III.

CLOUD-LAND AND MOUNTAIN SCENERY FROM THE GRAND SALEVE.

I MUST not omit to carry you on one excursion from Geneva, which many travellers miss entirely, either because they are not in the region at the season in which it is to be enjoyed, or because they have not time and curiosity, a combination quite requisite for undertaking the expedition.

In the autumn, when the fogs prevail, it is often a thick drizzling mist in Geneva, and nothing visible, while on the mountain tops the air is pure, and the sun shining. On such a day as this, when the children of the mist tell you that on the mountains it is fair weather, you must start early for the range nearest Geneva, on the way to Chamouny, the range of the Grand Salève, the base of which is about four miles distant, prepared to spend the day upon the mountains, and you will witness one of the most singular and beautiful scenes to be enjoyed in Switzerland.

The day I set out was so misty that I took an umbrella, for the fog gathered and fell like rain, and I more than doubted whether I should see the sun at all. In the midst of this mist I climbed the rocky zigzag half hewn out of the face of the mountain, and half natural, and passing the village that is perched among the high rocks, which might be a refuge for the conies, began toiling up the last ascent of the mountain, seeing nothing, feeling nothing, but the thick mist, the vail of which had closed below and behind me over village, path, and precipice, and still continued heavy and dark above me, so that I thought I never should get out of it. Suddenly my head rose above the level of the fog into the clear air, and the heavens were shining, and Mont Blanc, with the whole illimitable range of snowy mountain tops around him, was throwing back the sun! An ocean of mist, as smooth as a chalcedony, as soft and white as the down of the eider-duck's breast, lay over the whole lower world; and as I rose above it, and ascended the mountain to its overhanging verge, it seemed an infinite abyss of vapour, where only the mountain tops were visible, on the Jura range like verdant wooded islands, on the Mont Blanc range as glittering surges and pyramids of ice and snow. No language can describe the extraordinary sublimity and beauty of the view. A level sea of white mist in every direction, as far as the eye could extend, with a continent of mighty icebergs on the one side floating in it, and on the other a forest promontory, with a slight undulating swell in the bosom of the sea, like the long smooth undulations of the ocean in a calm.

Standing on the overhanging crags, I could hear the chime of bells, the hum of busy labour, and the lowing of cattle buried in the mist, and faintly coming up to you from the fields and villages. Now and then a bird darted up out of the mist into the clear sun and air, and sailed in playful circles, and then dived and disappeared again below the surface. By and by the wind began to agitate the cloudy sea, and more and more of the mountains became visible. Sometimes you have a bright sunset athwart this sea of cloud, which then rolls in waves burnished and tipped with fire. When you go down into the mist again, and leave behind you the beautiful sky, a clear bracing

atmosphere, the bright sun and the snow-shining mountains, it is like passing from heaven to earth, from the brightness and serenity of the one to the darkness and cares of the other. The whole scene is a leaf in nature's book, which but few turn over, but how rich it is in beauty and glory, and in food for meditation, none can tell but those who have witnessed it. This is a scene in Cloud-land, which hath its mysteries of beauty that defy the skill of the painter and engraver.

The bird darting from the mist into the sunlight, was a very beautiful incident. "That," said Dr. Malan to me, as I recounted to him the experience of the day, "is Faith, an emblem of Faith;" for so as that soaring bird from the earth, when it was dark and raining, flew up and up, and onward, undiscouraged, till heaven was shining on her wings, and the clouds were all below her, and then returned, not to forget that sight, but to sing to her companions about it, and to dwell upon it till clear weather; so does our Faith, when all looks dark and discouraging here, when within and around there is nothing but mist and rain, rise and still rise, and soar onwards and upwards, till heaven is visible, and God is shining in the face of Jesus Christ, and then, as it were, comes back with glad tidings, to tell the soul to be of good cheer, for that heaven, is not far off, and to sing, even like the nightingale, in the darkness and the rain, for that soon again there shall be day-break and fair weather. And the memory of one such view of the gates of heaven, with the bright Alps of truth glittering around you, is enough to sustain the soul through many a weary day of her pilgrimage. When you see the face of Christ, all the darkness is forgotten, and you wonder what it was you were doubting about, and what it was that could have made you so perplexed and desponding. Because it is mist and rain here below, you are not therefore to suppose that it is raining on the mountains: it is all clear there. And besides, you know that the mist, the rain, the showers are necessary, and we cannot have them and the sunshine at the same time, though the showers that water the earth are as requisite to make it luxuriant as the sun's clear shining after rain. Any time Faith may get upon the mountains and see the Alps, though it is not

to be done without labour. There must be much prayer and spiritual discipline, before you find that your head is above the mist and heaven is shining around you.

The poet Wordsworth has given two very vivid descriptions of these mist phenomena, under different aspects from that in which I witnessed them. The first is contained in his descriptive sketches of a pedestrian tour among the Alps.

"'Tis morn: with gold the verdant mountain glows,
More high, the snowy peaks with hues of rose.
Far stretched beneath the many-tinted hills
A mighty waste of mist the valleys fills,
A solemn sea! whose vales and mountains round
Stand motionless, to awful silence bound.
A gulf of gloomy blue, that opens wide
And bottomless, divides the midway tide.
Like leaning masts of stranded ships appear
The pines, that near the coast their summits rear.
Of cabins, woods, and lawns a pleasant shore
Bounds calm and clear the chaos still and hoar.
Loud through that midway gulf ascending, sound,
Unnumbered streams with hollow roar profound.
Mount through the nearer mist the chant of birds,
And talking voices and the low of herds,
The bark of dogs, the drowsy tinkling bell,
And wild-wood mountain lutes of saddest swell."

But this extract is not to be compared for power to the following from the same poem, describing an Alpine sunset after a day of mist and storm upon the mountains:—

"'Tis storm, and hid in mist from hour to hour
All day the floods a deepening murmur pour.
The sky is vailed, and every cheerful sight
Dark is the region as with coming night,
But what a sudden burst of overpowering light!
Triumphant on the bosom of the storm
Glances the fire-clad eagle's wheeling form.
Eastward, in long perspective glittering, shine
The wood-crowned cliffs, that o'er the lake recline.
Wide o'er the Alps a hundred streams unfold,
At once to pillars turned, that flame with gold.
Behind his sail the peasant tries to shun
The west, that burns like one dilated sun,
Where in a mighty crucible expire
The mountains, glowing hot, like coals of fire!"

Mr. Coleridge used to adduce this extract, from a poem written

in the earliest period of Wordsworth's career, as a rich prophecy of the fruits that would come from his maturer genius. And indeed superior to both these preceding passages is the other sketch of cloud scenery among the mountains, which is to be found in the second book of the Excursion. The scene, however, is not in Switzerland, but in Scotland.

"A step,
A single step, that freed me from the skirts
Of the blind vapour, opened to my view
Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense, or by the dreaming soul.
The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city,—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far,
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
Far sinking into splendour without end!
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace high
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed; there, towers begirt
With battlements, that on their restless fronts
Bore stars,—illumination of all gems!
O! 'twas an unimaginable sight!
Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and emerald turf,
Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
Molten together, and composing thus,
Each lost in each, that marvellous array
Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
In fleecy folds voluminous enwrapped.
Right in the midst, where interspace appeared
Of open court, an object like a throne
Beneath a shining canopy of state
Stood fixed; and fixed resemblances were seen
To implements of ordinary use,
But vast in size, in substance glorified;
Such as by Hebrew prophets were beheld
In vision—forms uncouth of mightiest power,
For admiration and mysterious awe.
Below me was the earth; this little vale
Lay low beneath my feet; 'twas visible—
I saw not, but I felt that it was there,
That which I saw was the revealed abode
Of spirits in beatitude."

CHAPTER IV.

JUNCTION OF THE ARVE AND THE RHONE.

The junction of these two rivers, the Arve and the Rhone, is one of the pleasantest excursions in the neighbourhood of Geneva. You go out of the gates of the city towards France, and you follow the course of the Rhone from country seat to country seat along its borders. The banks increase in height until they become craggy and precipitous, and from the overhanging cliffs you gaze down into the deep blue swift water at your feet, and you can at one view almost trace the river's course from where it issues from the city and the lake to the point immediately beneath you, where the brawling, furious, muddy Arve rushes into it. The Rhone is the biggest river, but the Arve is very pertinacious. The Rhone is majestic in its depth and volume, and as swift and graceful as an arrow in its flight; but the Arve is shallow and noisy, and makes a great sand-bank in the effort to come into the Rhone with as great space and pretension as possible. The Rhone is as clear and delicious an azure as the lake itself, almost as deep and bright and transparent a colour as that of the heavens reflected in its bosom; but the Arve is as muddy as Acheron, and as cold as death. The Rhone comes from the crystal sleeping lake, the Arve from the restless grinding glaciers.

The Arve endeavours to rush into the Rhone almost at right angles, and to mingle its muddy, turbulent current with the crystal depths of the lake-river; but the Rhone refuses the mixture, and flies on by itself so that the Arve is also compelled, though much mortified, to keep on its own side, being able to unite with the Rhone only in little eddies or ringlets, like the tresses of a fair-haired girl beside the curls of an Ethiopian. One hardly knows how the Rhone is able to conquer, but the two rivers flow on without mingling, so that you have the cold mud on the one side, and the clear crystal on the other. From the commanding height, where you stand above the banks of the Rhone, you see with the utmost clearness the

play, the sport, the coquetry, aversion and conflict of the waters, the hatred of amalgamation and annexation on the one side, and the desire for it on the other.

But you feel that the Rhone is clearly in the light, while the Arve is an imprudent intruder. The Arve is the child of Night and Frost, while the Rhone is the daughter of the Day and of Sunshine. The Arve roars, discoloured and angry, from its black ice-cavern, to the music of the Avalanche; the Rhone shoots, like a river of foaming light, from the quiet bosom of the lake, amid the busy hum of industy, to the song of the mountain breeze. The Arve strides sullenly like a beetle-browed villain; the Rhone dances like a mountain-maiden. Nature has forbid the banns between the two rivers, and all that the Arve can do is in vain, for his offers and his menaces are both rejected, and he has to pass on in cold and single blessedness.

Now, here is a curious symbol of many things; but I have thought that it shadows forth very fitly the forced union sometimes attempted between human philosophy and the word of God. Philosophy is meant to be the handmaiden, and not the partner, and whenever the marriage is attempted, all goes wrong. Human philosophy apart from revelation is almost mere mud. It has its origin in the *debris* of creation, amidst frozen glaciers, in the uncertainty of death and chaos, and when it would force its muddy guesses into competition and union with the Divine Word, the celestial stream refuses the connection, and flows on in its original purity and independence. A man may stand on the banks of the water of life, and drink and fill his pitcher only from that side, and then he has the truth pure and fresh from heaven. Or he may go where the philosophy and the truth are coquetting and conflicting, and he may drink of both together, and fill his pitcher with both together, and then he has generally as much mud as clear water, though he often thinks he has drawn up the truth much clearer than he who drank only of the crystal stream. Or he may go clean on the other side, and drink only of the scientific metaphysic mud, of the cold stream of human guessings and rationalism; a melancholy sort of drinking, to which,

however, men become so much attached, and get their taste thereby so completely perverted, that the mud seems a sweeter and more wholesome draught to them by far than the clear water.

There is another thing which these two streams, the Arve and the Rhone, at their junction, may symbolize, and that is, the streams of Romanism and the Gospel in Geneva and Sardinia. The stream of Romish superstitions, born at the foot of frozen glaciers in the caves of pagan antiquity, rolls on, furious and turbulent, striving to be acknowledged as the Gospel, and usurping its place. But the Gospel cannot unite with it, and flows on, undisturbed by it, a pure river of life. The people who drink of the stream of Romanism, and live on that side, are lean, poor, and ignorant. They love their own stream to desperation, muddy and gravelly as it is, and cannot endure the other; though sometimes a single drink at the other operates to open their eyes and change their whole heart and life, insomuch that the authorities are afraid of it, and pass severe laws against using it, or circulating or selling it. If any of the priests get to tasting it, or become attached to it, and attempt to declare their preference, it is said that the others, if they can catch them, shut them up and send them to Rome, where they have a way of curing them of their appetite for pure water. Meantime the mud flows on, and the stream just now is evidently increasing and getting more turbulent. But the Gospel stream flows on likewise, and will do so for ever.

CHAPTER V.

THE TRUTH OF CHRIST AND ITS DEFENDERS IN GENEVA.

Geneva ought to be the cradle of the finest race of ministers of the Gospel in the world. There is no place in the world where all admirable influences of nature do so conspire to aid the influences of divine grace in building up a noble character, and giving firmness, independence, and an ardent love of truth. But how strikingly does the history of the Genevese church show that all natural and human advantages will prove worth-

less when divine grace is suffered to die out of existence, and the truth ceases to be kept in love. The danger to Geneva at first was from the prevalence of Socinianism, which indeed has had its day, and has been "as the dryrot in the flooring and timbers" of the National Church and Republic. But now the crisis of danger is from the Resurrection of Romanism; the indifference of the National Church, its want of love for and interest in the truth of the Gospel and the kingdom of the Redeemer, greatly increases this danger. The dependence of the National Church upon the State makes the crisis more difficult. Socinian error holds its place in Geneva mainly by the secular arm. Were it not that the National Church is salaried by the State, its pulpits would soon be occupied by men preaching the truth as it is in Jesus. And if the National Church were evangelical, there would be comparatively little to fear from the progress of Romanism. Romanism increases in Geneva as it does in our own country, by emigration. Fifty years ago there was not a single Roman citizen in Geneva; now not less than two-fifths of the population of the canton are Romanists. At this rate, therefore, between the execution of their own plans and the indifference and carelessness of those who ought to be on their guard against them, they may, at no distant period, gain a majority in the city, and so in the councils and government of the Republic; and if this should be once accomplished, farewell to the freedom of the Genevese, farewell to their long-enjoyed religious privileges. Should this be once accomplished, Rome and the Jesuits may rule here even as they do in Sardinia; but such supremacy could not be gained without conflict and bloodshed.

The possibility of these things, and the gradual approach of them, do fill the minds of good men and lovers of their country with great alarm—and well they may. It would be a fearful day for Geneva, when Romanism should gain the ascendancy in her councils. Meantime there is a knot of precious men, a circle of noble soldiers of Christ, gathering close around the standard of the Cross, and doing all in their power to prepare for that conflict, which seems inevitable. There are no finer minds, nor better spirits, nor more resolute Christians, than in

the circle of D'Aubigné, Gaussen, Malan, and others, who are lifting up the standard, while the enemy comes in like a flood. The Evangelical Theological Seminary is a strong citadel for Christ, a school of the utmost importance, both in its position and its influence.

Geneva has seen great revolutions, but has had great men to carry her through them. Nearly a thousand years ago the country was held as the entire possession of Ecclesiastical Sovereigns, temporal and spiritual in one; next came the reign of ducal despots, then the light of a religious reformation, then a republican and religious freedom, in which the world wondered at, and sometimes imitated the great sight of a Church without a bishop, and a State without a king; then came the fires of the French Revolution, next the gloom of infidelity and the coldness of a spiritual death; lastly, a simplicity of equal and representative citizenship, and a fresh, healthful, spiritual awakening, in the glow of which Geneva is again producing MEN for the world. God is causing the little republic to live not unto itself. Great voices come from it, the voices as of kingly spirits throned among the hills, striking deep responsive chords in the heart of other nations. And now from the bosom of the mountains, on the eve of a great new universal conflict between Rome and the Church of Christ, the watch-word and the battle-cry is given out through Europe, Christ and Spiritual Liberty, Dependence upon Christ and his Truth!

It has been remarked, and probably without exaggeration, that no State so small ever filled such a space in the history of the world, or exercised an influence so great over other nations since the age of the Grecian Republics, as Geneva. All things considered, even those Republics give place to the little Swiss Canton; for the light of the Gospel of Christ has been the hiding and revealing of the power of Geneva. Here it pleased God to set a great fountain fed by his own word, at which the nations drank, and from which the water of life was carried far and wide amidst the rage of persecution. Here it pleased God to kindle a fire, at which great and good men of other lands lighted torches, and carried away the flame to kindle other fires, which are to burn till the earth itself kindles in the

fires of the Great Judgment. John Knox came to Geneva, and carried this fire into Scotland. The Puritans of England caught it, and made it burn across the ocean, on the rock of Plymouth, over hill and valley, a purer, brighter flame than ever. And in later times, the children of this light have gone back with it to those mountain altars where it was first kindled, but where, meanwhile, it had well-nigh gone out, and there again it is beginning to blaze with a more heavenly glory because both the altar and the fire are God's, not Cæsar's. We look with hope and confidence to the time when the whole Church of Geneva shall be no more a National Establishment, but Christ's Free Church.

The national part of it, the human, the Cæsar in it, has been evil from the beginning. The Church-and-State Republic has fallen into crimes and inconsistencies of depotism, of which neither Church nor State alone would have been guilty. The connection has produced a brood of evils, a family of serpents inwardly consuming and self-destructive, as sooner or later it always does. A dreadful progeny—

> "For, when they list, into the womb
> That bred them, they return, and howl and gnaw.

The history of Geneva is singular as containing within itself a demonstration that under every form both of Truth and Error, the State and Church united are intolerant. The State oppresses the Church—the Church, in her turn, tempted by the State, oppresses those who differ from her, and so the work goes on. At first it was the State and Romanism—the fruit, intolerance; next, it was the State and Unitarianism—the fruit, intolerance; next, it was the State and Calvinism—the fruit, intolerance; in the Canton de Vaud, it is the State and democratic infidelity—the fruit, intolerance. The demonstration is such that no man can resist its power. Inoculate the Church, so to speak, with the State, and the same plague invariably follows; no constitution, not the most heavenly, is proof against the virus.

John Knox, escaping from the Castle of St. Andrews in Scotland, and compelled to flee the kingdom for his life, found security in Geneva, because there his religion was the religion

of the State. If it had not been, he would merely have gone out from one fire for another fire to devour him. Servetus, escaping in like manner from a Roman Catholic prison in France, where he would otherwise have been burned in person, as he was in effigy, fled also to Geneva; but *his* religion *not* being the religion of the State, the evangelical republic burned him. And thus the grand error of the Reformers in the union of Church and State occasioned what perhaps is the darkest crime that stains the annals of the Reformation. The burning of Servetus in Roman Catholic fires would have added but an imperceptible shade to the blackness of darkness in a system which invariably has been one of intolerance and cruelty. But the man was permitted by divine providence to escape, and come to Geneva to be burned alive there, by a State allied to a system of Faith and Mercy, to show to all the world that even that system cannot be trusted with human power; that the State, in connection with the Church, though it be the purest Church in the world, will bring forth intolerance and murder. The union is adulterous, the progeny is sinful works, even though the mother be the embodied profession of Justification by Faith. God's mercy becomes changed into man's cruelty. So in the brightest spot of piety then on the face of the earth, amidst the out-shining glory of the great doctrine of the Gospel, Justification by Faith, God permitted the smoke and the cry of torture by fire to go up to heaven, to teach the nations that even purity of doctrine, if enforced by the State, will produce the bitterest fruits of a corrupt Gospel and an infidel apostacy; *that* is the lesson read in the smoke of the funeral pyre of Servetus, as it rolls up black against the stars of heaven, that the union of Church and State, even of a pure Church in a free State, is the destruction of religious liberty.

It was this pestiferous evil that at one time banished from the Genevese State its greatest benefactor, Calvin himself; the working of the same poison excludes now from the pulpit of the State some of the brightest ornaments of the ministry in modern times—such men as Malan, D'Aubigné, and Gaussen. It is true that it is the corruption of doctrine and hatred of divine truth that have produced this last step; but it could not have

been taken had the Church of Christ in Geneva been, as she should be, independent of the State. Such measures as these are, however, compelling the Church of Christ to assume an independent attitude, which, under the influence of past habit and example, she would not yet have taken. Thus it is that God brings light out of darkness and good out of evil.

These are the views of great men in Switzerland, Vinet and Burnier, D'Aubigné and Gaussen; and in this movement it may be hoped that the evangelical church in Geneva will yet take the foremost place in all Europe. But as yet, says Merle D'Aubigné, "we are small and weak. Placed by the hand of God in the centre of Europe, surrounded with Popish darkness, we have much to do, and we are weak. We have worked in Geneva; and we maintain there the Evangelical Truth on one side against Unitarian Rationalism, and on the other side against Papistical Despotism. The importance of the Christian doctrine is beginning to be again felt in Geneva. Our Canton is become a mixed one, and we are assailed by many Roman Catholics coming to our country to establish themselves there." Nevertheless, our hope is strong in the interposition of God by his good Spirit, which will yet take the elements of evil and change their very nature into good.

The Evangelical Society of Geneva, founded just fifteen years ago, was crushed out of the wine-press of State and Church despotism, and is one of the best proofs and fruits of God's awakening breath in that Republic. Let any man peruse the successive Reports of that Society from year to year, and he will see an electric path of truth and life running through them, indicating the presence and the steps of Christ. Here are the first fruits of Christian liberty, for the Society is as purely a voluntary offering to God as any of the benevolent and missionary societies in our own country. The Theological school under its care is one of the best in the world, considering its youth and limited means, and in all probability is destined to become a bulwark of Christ's Free Church in Europe. Its establishment amidst enemies and dangers was a conspiracy for the spiritual deliverance of Switzerland more glorious than that of the three patriots at midnight on the field

of Gruth. The Christian stranger who happens to be present in Geneva, at the period when the prayerful opening of the session of the School takes place, may look in and see Christ dropping into ground prepared by his Spirit the germs of trees whose fruit shall shake like Lebanon. The grandeur of the enterprise, the apostolical simplicity of the meeting, the deportment of the professors as affectionate shepherds and parents of their flock, the students as children and brethren, the discourse of the President, the word of instruction and exhortation by the teachers and patrons in turn, and the closing prayers by the students themselves, make it a scene of the deepest interest. It is there that D'Aubigné first utters some of those voices of truth and freedom—those declarations of independence which afterwards go echoing through the world.

This is God's way, when he intends to save a people from their sins; he puts in the leaven of the Gospel, and lets it work till the whole be leavened; he saves men and States *by working in them to will and to do*. God works by the voluntary system; man is always disposed to compulsion. God is long-suffering; man is impatient, intolerant. God speaks in a still small voice; man roars like a beast, and thinks it is God's thunder. God takes an erring man and renews his heart; man takes him and burns him at the stake, or cuts off his head. We greatly prefer God's way to man's way. Who would not much rather have his heart made better, at whatever cost, by God's forbearance, than lose both head and heart together by man's impatience?

The world has been a world of extremes, oscillating like a great pendulum, swinging now in one direction and now in another, beyond the possibility of regulation. It has had some periods of stillness, but a regular and regulating activity in harmony is what is needed. This can never be found, never estatablished, so long as the main-spring of society is constrained and tampered with. That main-spring is religion, religious conviction, religious opinion. It must be left to itself under the word and Spirit of the living God. If Government tamper with it, it will for ever be out of order; if the State undertake to regulate it, there will be commotion, violence, internal con-

flict, constraint, and disorder, instead of free growth, quietness, and happiness. It is as if you should tie the main-spring of a city clock to a great steam-engine. It is as if you should plow with an ox and an ass together. Let Cæsar take care of the things which are Cæsar's, but let him not meddle with the things that are God's.

CHAPTER VI.

DR. MALAN, DR. MERLE D'AUBIGNE, AND DR. GAUSSEN.

"Two voices are there; one is of the Sea,
One of the Mountains: each a mighty voice,"

When Wordsworth penned this twelfth of his Sonnets to Liberty, he thought the voice of Switzerland had perished. But how wonderfully God works! Which voice is *now* the mightiest, that of the Mountains or of the Sea, Switzerland or England? The voice of the Mountains surely! the voice of Switzerland is the noblest, in Geneva at least, and therefore the mightiest.

"In this from age to age men shall rejoice,
It is thy chosen music, Liberty!"

Wherever you catch the tone of stern religious principle against oppression in any people, you feel that they are strong, their voice is mighty. The voice of a nation is the voice of its great men; and the voice of the great men of England just now is the hoarse, melancholy cry of expediency, in the sacrifice of principle; while that of the great men of Switzerland is the clear, ringing, thrilling shout of Spiritual Liberty! May it ring and never cease as long as the eagle screams in the mountain pines, as long as the tempest roars, as long as the avalanche thunders.

"Great men *have been* among us," England sings, "hands that penned, and tongues that uttered wisdom, better none." Great men *are now* among us, Switzerland may say, and free spirits, that by their deeds and thoughts are planting the germs

of goodness and greatness in many hearts. There is a circle of such spirits, not alone in Geneva; but I shall be constrained to limit my personal notes of them to the memoirs of the three with whom I have been most acquainted. Thinking of these men, and of others whom I have met in Switzerland, and of the simplicity and freedom still living among those proud mountains, I cannot help warning my readers against the sneers of some English men and books—Murray's Hand-book, for example—in regard to the moral and political condition of the country. In some parts it is bad enough, we all know; but I have thought that sometimes the English really seemed vexed and envious at the existence of so much freedom, happiness, and greatness, in a little, unaristocratical, republican canton like Geneva. May I be forgiven if I judge them harshly; but such envious hatred is a hateful thing. I am sure the great body of Englishmen would not feel it; but Toryism and Puseyism together do make queer mixture of despotism and prejudice. Through such glasses the mind sees nothing good, or will acknowledge nothing; green-eyed jealousy squints and looks askant, both at civil and religious liberty; a titled nobility and a mitred priesthood do sometimes rail away against a Church without a bishop and a State without a king, in a manner so unmerciful that I am apt to think it is because they feel inwardly self-condemned in the presence of such great forms of truth and freedom. Those forms stand to them in the shape of accusers, and very glad they are to have some such shadow of excuse for their own bitterness, in the case of our own country for example, as is afforded them in Mississippi, repudiation, Irish riots, and negro slavery. But they have none of these things in Geneva.

Dr. Malan was honoured by divine providence to be among the foremost instruments in the spiritual awakening with which it has pleased God to bless Geneva. He was a preacher of Socinianism in the national church in 1814, and was also one of the Regents of the College. He was much admired for his eloquence, and continued to preach and to teach for some time in utter ignorance of the truth as it is in Christ crucified. At length it pleased God to visit him, and give him light; as

early as 1816 the darkness was removed from his mind, and Christ the Saviour was made known to him in so blessed a manner, with so much assurance and joy, that he felt as if the delight which filled his own soul, by the view of the grace of God in Jesus, must certainly be experienced likewise by all who heard him. But he was greatly mistaken. His views were deemed new, strange, and erroneous; he was ordered not to repeat them; then the churches interdicted him, and at length, on preaching in the cathedral a discourse in proof of the doctrine of justification by faith, he was finally deprived of the use of the pulpits.

This was in 1817. The severity with which he was treated, being expelled from all employments in the College and the Church, together with the boldness and firmness of his bearing, the fervour of his feelings, and the power of his discourses, drew crowds after him; men were converted by the grace of God; and in 1818 an independent church was formed, and a chapel built in a lovely spot, a short walk outside the city, of which he continues the pastor to this day. He has been often in England, and the friendship and prayers of warm-hearted English Christians have greatly sustained and animated him; they in their turn have also found in Geneva the conversation and holy example of the man, together with the exercises of divine worship in his chapel, as a fountain of home religious life in a foreign country. He and his family have become imbued with the language, the literature, and the friendships of England, without losing their Swiss republican simplicity and frankness.

All his life he has been indefatigable and remarkably successful in the use of the press as well as the pulpit. His writings in the shape of tracts and books have been numerous and useful, especially in revealing the Saviour to men in the errors of Romanism. Some of his tracts are like the Dairyman's Daughter of Leigh Richmond, for simple truth and beauty. They present the living realities of the Gospel in a manner most impressive and affecting to the mind, in narratives, in dialogues, in familiar parables and illustrations. He loves to dwell upon the bright persuasive side of Truth Divine,

and leads his flock in green pastures beside still waters; though some of his peculiar speculative views and shades of belief may sometimes not be received even by the very hearts he is so successful in winning and comforting.

His extensive missionary tours have been attended with a great blessing. Indeed, of all men I ever met with, he seems most peculiarly fitted for familiar conversational effort to win men to Christ. With a deep fountain of love in his heart, an active mind, full of vivacity and impulse, an extraordinary fertility of illustration, a strength of faith which makes upon the minds of his hearers the most successful impression of argument and conviction, and with great sweetness and happiness in his own Christian experience, he goes about among the mountains, pouring forth the stores of thought and feeling for the guidance and the good of others, comforting the tempted soul, and pointing the distressed one to the Saviour. In his encounters with the Romanists, nothing can withstand his patience, his gentleness, his playfulness, his fulness of Christ.

The Romanists well know him, and the clergy fear him, on account of the manner in which he wins his way among them, fearlessly opposing them, appealing to the Bible, and winning them by argument and love. When I was among the Waldensian Christians of Piedmont, I asked them if it would not be exceedingly pleasant and profitable for Dr. Malan to make one of his Missionary visits among them? Ah, said they, the Romanists know him too well to suffer that. Probably they would not let him pass the frontier; certainly they would not suffer him to preach or to teach in the name of Jesus; and if he attempted to do it, the least they would do would be to put him under the care of *gens d'armes*, and send him back to the Canton of Geneva.

Dr. Malan traces his own ancestry to the Waldenses, says he is one of them, and pleasantly remarks, "We are not of the Reformed Christians; we have always been evangelical; a true Church of Christ before the Reformation. He frequently expressed a desire to visit the Waldenses, but told me an anecdote of his personal experience of the tender mercies of Sardinia, which I have seen in Dr. Hough's excellent book on

religion in Geneva. If I remember correctly, he was on a visit at Chamouny, and had given a Bible to some of the peasantry; certainly he had talked with them of the Saviour and Divine Truth; he would not be anywhere without doing this. He was, however, accused of distributing tracts pernicious to the Roman Catholic faith, and under this charge was arrested, put in the custody of two *gens d'armes*, and sent to prison. It was a bold step; but, not being able to prove their accusation, they were compelled to let him go; not, however, till they had unwittingly afforded him an opportunity, of which he gladly availed himself, to preach the Gospel to the soldiers who attended and guarded him. Probably they never before listened to such truth; and Dr. Heugh remarks that "there is good reason for believing that one of these soldiers, employed to incarcerate the ambassador of Christ, was himself brought to the Saviour, and introduced into the glorious liberty of the sons of God." Very many have been the incidents of this nature in the experience of Dr. Malan, and sometimes among the Romanists he has had very narrow escapes.

The dealings of God with him have been abundant in mercy, though at first he had to pass through a great fight of affliction, and his own peculiarities in the Christian faith, or rather in the manner of presenting it, may be traced probably to the discipline of the divine Spirit with his own heart, and the manner in which the Saviour was first revealed to him. He has said most beautifully that his conversion to the Lord Jesus might be compared to what a child experiences when his mother awakes him with a kiss. A babe awakened by a mother's kiss! What a sweet process of conversion! Now if all the subsequent teachings and dealings of the Spirit of God with his soul have been like this, who can wonder at the earnestness and strength with which he presses the duty of the assurance of faith and love upon other Christians, or at the large measure of the Spirit of Adoption with which his own soul seems to have been gifted.

His conversational powers are very great, in his own way, and he leads the mind of the circle around him with such perfect simplicity and ease, like that of childhood, to the sacred

themes which his heart loves, that every man is pleased, no one can possibly be offended. What in him is a habit of life, proceeds with so much freedom and artlessness, that a personal address from him on the subject of religion, in circumstances where from any other man it might be intolerably awkward and offensive, becomes appropriate and pleasing. Great and precious is this power, and great is doubtless the amount of unrevealed good which Dr. Malan has thus accomplished in the course of his life. The stream of his conversation through the world has been like the streams from his native mountains running through the vales, and then being the fullest and the sweetest, when all common rivers are the lowest. Before I saw Dr. Malan, I had heard him described by Christian friends, who had met him in England. An account was given me of an evening spent in his presence in Edinburgh, which might bring to mind the familiar lines of Cowper.

> "When one that holds communion with the skies,
> Has filled his urn where those pure waters rise,
> And once more mingles with us meaner things,
> 'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings.
> Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
> That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.
> So when a ship well freighted with the stores
> The sun matures on India's spicy shores
> Has dropped her anchor, and her canvass furled,
> In some safe haven of our western world,
> 'Twere vain enquiry to what port she went.
> The gale informs us, laden with the scent."

On this occasion a most interesting instance of conversion was said to have occurred through the instrumentality of Dr. Malan. A licentiate of the Church of Scotland was present, of whom Dr. Malan had enquired personally, if he possessed the love of Christ. The young gentleman opposed the Doctor's views with great heat and argument, and at length begged of him to go into a private room, that they might converse together with more freedom. When they had shut the door, the licentiate proposed prayer. "No," said Dr. Malan, "I will not pray *with* you, for I am convinced that you know not the love of Christ; but I will pray *for* you;" and they knelt in

prayer. The argument was then continued for a great length, but such was the effect of Dr. Malan's address, that when they returned to the company the licentiate was in great agitation, and did not conceal his excitement. When he went to his lodgings, instead of retiring to bed, he sat down to write a refutation of Dr. Malan's views, with a clearness and power of argument, as he thought, such as he could not command in conversation, and he continued writing till four o'clock in the morning. Then, when he rose and looked at his manuscripts, and ran over his train of reasoning, a sudden flash of conviction, a light like that which shone on the mind of Paul in his way to Damascus, poured upon him, that he had been fighting against God, and was indeed a guilty, wretched, perishing sinner. He threw himself upon his knees, implored forgiveness through the blood of Christ, and that very hour obtained peace in his Redeemer. When he arose, and looked at his watch, he found that it wanted but little of the time when Dr. Malan was to take his departure in the morning's coach. He hurried away, and finding him at the door of his house, just ready to set out, embraced him as his spiritual father, declaring that he had never known Christ till that morning. That same individual I was told is now a devoted minister of the Lord Jesus in the city of Glasgow.

From all that I knew of Dr. Malan during my delightful residence in Geneva, I could easily credit this narration. In the bosom of his own family, he shines the man of God; delightful is that communion. I shall never forget the sweet Sabbath evenings passed there. A charm rested upon the conversation, an atmosphere as sacred as the Sabbath day's twilight. At tea a text of Scripture had been always written for each member of the family, as well as for the Christian friends who might be present, and was placed beneath the plate, to be read by each in his turn, eliciting some appropriate remark from the venerable pastor and father. The evening worship was performed with hymns which Dr. Malan had written, to melodies which he had himself composed, sung by the voices of his daughters, with the accompaniment of instrumental music. It would have been difficult anywhere to have witnessed a

lovelier picture of a Christian family. In his personal conversation, in his remarks upon the Scriptures, and in the nearness and tender breathing of his intercourse with God, as he led us to the throne of grace, he made us feel as if the atmosphere of a brighter world had descended around us.

Were you introduced to Dr. Malan, you might think at once of John Bunyan, if you chanced to have got your impression of the Dreamer, as I did, from an old picture of a countenance full of grace, with silvery locks flowing down upon the shoulders. This peculiarity makes Dr. Malan's appearance most venerable and delightful. His eye is remarkably quick and piercing, his countenance expressive and changeful with emotion,

> "Like light and shade upon a waving field,
> Coursing each other, while the flying clouds
> Now hide, and now reveal the sun."

None who have been much with him can forget his cheerful laugh, or the sudden animating bright smile and playful remark, bespeaking a deep and sparkling fountain of peace and love within.

I hope you will not object to my being thus minute in my description of personages yet living; for I do not know that there is anything out of the way in endeavouring familiarly to recall the image of an eminent beloved Christian, now in the decline of life, who, however men may choose to differ from his peculiarities, has been permitted to accomplish so much for the advancing kingdom of his Redeemer, has been the chosen instrument of good to so many souls, and is endeared in the depths of so many hearts, both in this country and in England. Dr. Malan's character and household seemed to me like some of the peaceful shining vales among his native mountains, where one might sit upon the hill-side he is climbing, and gaze down upon the green grass and the running murmuring stream, and say within himself, If there were happiness undisturbed in the wide world, it might be here. But who knows? There is no place undisturbed where there is sin. A perfect character and a perfect home shall be found alone in Heaven.

CHAPTER VII.

DR. MERLE D'AUBIGNE.

Dr. Merle D'Aubigne was a youthful student in Socinian theology in the College of Geneva; when, in the year 1816, it pleased God to send Mr. Robert Haldane, a remarkable Scottish Christian, on a visit to that city. This man soon became acquainted with a number of the students, and conversed with them familiarly and profoundly concerning the Gospel. He found them in great darkness. "Had they been trained," says he, "in the schools of Socrates or Plato, and enjoyed no other means of instruction, they could scarcely have been more ignorant of the doctrines of the Gospel. To the Bible and its contents their studies had never been directed. After some conversation, they became convinced of their ignorance of the Scriptures, and of the way of salvation, and exceedingly desirous of information."

The two students with whom Mr. Haldane at first conversed brought six others in the same state of mind with themselves; and with them he had many and long conversations. Their visits became so frequent, and at such different hours, that at length he proposed they should all come together; and it was arranged that they should do so three times a week, from six to eight o'clock in the evening. This gave him time to converse with others, who, from the report of the students began to visit him, as well as leisure to prepare what might be profitable for their instruction. He took the Epistle to the Romans as his subject; and, during the whole of the winter of 1817, until the termination of their studies in the summer, almost all the students in theology regularly attended.

This was a most remarkable movement of Divine Providence, one of the most remarkable to be found on record. What renders it more astonishing is the fact that Mr. Haldane at first was obliged to converse with these students through an interpreter, in part at least, so that he could not then have conveyed to them the full fervour of his feelings, nor the fire

of the truth as it was burning in his own soul. Nevertheless, these singular labours, under circumstances so unpromising, were so blessed by the Divine Spirit, that sixteen out of eighteen young men, who had enjoyed Mr. Haldane's instructions, are said by Dr. Heugh to have become subjects of Divine grace. And among the students thus brought beneath the power of the word of God was the future historian of the Reformation, young Merle D'Aubigné.

D'Aubigné himself has described this remarkable movement. Rev. Adolph Monod, of Paris, was a fellow-student at this time with D'Aubigné, and dates his own conversion also to the efforts of Mr. Haldane. The professor of Divinity in the University of Geneva at that time, instead of teaching the students the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, confined himself to lecturing on the immortality of the soul, the existence of God, and similar topics. Instead of the Bible, he gave them quotations from the writings of Seneca and Plato. These were the two saints, whom he delighted to hold up to the admiration of his students. A work on the Divinity of Christ having been published by an Evangelical clergyman, to such an extent did the opposition against the truth prevail, that young D'Aubigné and the rest of the students were induced to meet together, and issue a declaration against the work and its pious author.

At this juncture it was that D'Aubigné heard of the visit of Mr. Haldane. He heard of him as the English or Scotch gentleman who spoke so much about the Bible, a thing which seemed very strange to him and the other students, to whom the Bible was a shut book. He afterwards met Mr. Haldane at a private house, along with some other friends, and heard him read, from an English Bible, a chapter from the Epistle to the Romans, concerning the natural corruption of man, a doctrine in regard to which he had never before received any instruction. He was astonished to hear of men being corrupt by nature; but clearly convinced by the prayers read to him, he said to Mr. Haldane. "Now I do indeed see this doctrine in the Bible." "Yes," replied the good man, "but do you see it in your heart?" It was but a simple question; but it came home to

his conscience; it was the sword of the Spirit, and from that time he saw and felt that his heart was indeed corrupted, and knew from the word of God that he could be saved by grace alone in Christ Jesus.

Felix Neff, that Alpine Missionary of Apostolic zeal and fervour, was another of these young converts. Never was the seed of the Gospel sown to better effect than in these hearts. Such an incursion of divine grace within the very citadel of error was anything but acceptable to its guardians; but, how could they resist it? Who knows how to shut the heart, when God opens it? What "Venerable Company of Pastors" can stand before the door, and keep out the Divine Spirit, when he chooses to enter? The strong man armed must give up his house when a greater than he comes upon him. Nevertheless, an attempt was made on the part of the "Venerable Company" to have Mr. Haldane banished from the country, and it was proposed that he should be cited to answer for the doctrines he was teaching to the students. They would more justly have cited Paul in the Epistle to the Romans; all was of no avail; the light of the Gospel was diffused to a remarkable degree, and the religious excitement and knowledge in Geneva went on steadily increasing. The movement among the students had doubtless been greatly helped and forwarded by the remarkable and almost simultaneous conversion and efforts of Dr. Malan among the ministers and teachers. It was of God that Mr. Haldane should visit Geneva at that time.

Dr. Merle D'Aubigné finished his university studies and repaired to Berlin in Germany. Thence he was invited to Hamburg to become Pastor of a French Protestant church in that city. After five years spent in that station, he was called by the King of Holland to Brussels, where he became Pastor of an Evangelical church and Chaplain to the King. At the time of the Revolution in Belgium in 1830, when D'Aubigné was four days and four nights amidst cannon balls and conflagrations in the city, he escaped with no small risk of his life into Holland, and thence returned to his native city. Immediately after this step, the New School of Theology was founded and established, and D'Aubigné accepted in it the office of Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Homiletics.

While on his way to Berlin, the mind of D'Aubigné encountered the extraordinary impulse which was the germ of his great work on the History of the Reformation. He had passed through the little town of Eisenach, which was the birth-place of Luther, and was visiting the Castle of the Wartburg, where the great Reformer had been, at such a critical era, safely imprisoned from his enemies. He gazed upon the walls of the cell that Luther occupied. How many men of piety, of learning, of genius, have stood and gazed in like manner! But in the mind of D'Aubigné a great thought was rising; the drama of the lives of Reformers passed in vision before him; what if he should write the History of the Reformation? The impulse was strengthened by reflection, he devoted himself to Ecclesiastical researches, and so the providence of God led him to the commencement, as we trust it will preserve him for the completion, of that great work. It is a work which will one day cluster around its own history a series of associations and reminiscences, like those that crowd the cell of Luther in the Wartburg. And we should like to see a picture of D'Aubigné standing in that cell, gazing on those walls, and listening to the inward voice which was saying to him, Thou art to write the History of this great Reformation. The visit was of God, as much as Robert Haldane's visit to Geneva, but it is not often that the links of Divine Providence can be so distinctly traced, especially when they pass from outward events into inward purposes.

D'Aubigné was prepared for that work by many qualities and studies, but by none more than that earnest simplicity of character which makes him understand and sympathize perfectly with the simplicity and earnestness of the Reformers, and that deep piety which leads him to see and to trace God rather than man in the Reformation. To make his history, he went to the Reformers themselves, and not to what men have said about them; and both the Reformers and their work he has judged by the word of God. By his dramatic and descriptive power, he sets the Reformers acting and speaking in his pages; the work is a great Historical Epic.

But the greatest charm and value of his history is the hea-

venly impression it leaves upon the soul—the atmosphere of love to Christ, and of fervent, spiritual feeling pervading it, which makes it, indeed, a true book of devotion. It is precious for the clearness and power with which it presents the work of the Spirit of God, especially in tracing the deep conflict and experience of Luther, Zwinglius, and others, the great process of inward and external trial, through which God carried them, to fit them for the part he would lead them to perform. D'Aubigné's views of Christian Doctrine, and of the institutions and ordinances of the Church of Christ, his views, also, on the nature of the liberty with which Christ makes his people free, eminently fitted him, in an age when the fetters of a great Spiritual Despotism are again sought to be clasped upon mankind, to show to the world the Church of Christ in her simplicity, her freedom, her true unity and beauty.

By this great work he has gained the reputation of the greatest of modern historians; a work translated, it is said, into the tongue of every Protestant people, and of which already there are no fewer than five translations in the English language. The truth is, there never was a work more remarkably adapted to the wants of the age, and the nature of the trial, through which the Church of Christ is still passing. The same may be said of the character and experience of D'Aubigné himself, with his coadjutors in Geneva, in the work and way in which God is there leading them.

I shall not soon forget an evening's walk and conversation of great interest, which it was my privilege to enjoy with D'Aubigné, just before I left Geneva. We passed along the magnificent face of Mont Blanc in the sunset, and returned over the hill by the borders of the lake beneath the glow of twilight, in the deepening shadows of the evening. He spoke to me with the kindest openness and freedom of his History of the Reformation, especially the part he was then engaged upon, the length of time before he should be able to issue another volume, and the impossibility of pleasing the opposing parties in his account of the Reformation in England. He told me that he was quite beset with the multitude of letters which were sent to him, urging him to set this, and that, and the other

points in such and such a light, beseeching him to do justice to the English Church, each man wishing to colour his history through the medium of his own opinions and prejudices.

It is not difficult to see to which side the sympathies of the author belong; but the tenor of the history thus far assures us that it will still be strictly impartial and faithful to the truth. A great work is before him in the history of the Reformation in Geneva; another in France; another in England. How vast the field! how varied the incidents! how full of life and thrilling interest!

D'Aubigne spoke this evening with much anxiety of the future prospects of his own country, in consequence of the increase of Romanism, and the incapacity of the Church, in her humiliating dependence on the State, to prevent the evils that threaten the Republic. He seemed to feel that the single measure of separating the Church from the State, and rendering it independent, would save his country; and, under God, it would: it would put religious liberty in Geneva beyond reach from any invasion of Rome. His conversation on this point was like what he has written in his "Question of the Church." "We are distressed," said he, "and know not whither to turn. All around us Rome is advancing. She builds altar after altar upon the banks of our lake. The progress is such among us, from the facility which strangers have in acquiring the rights of citizenship, that quickly (every one acknowledges it) the Romish population will exceed the Protestant population of Geneva. Let Rome triumph at Rome; it is natural. Let Rome, as she assures herself, triumph at Oxford; the conquest will be great. But let Rome triumph at Geneva; then she will raise a cry that will echo to the extremity of the universe. Genevese! that cry will announce to the world the death of your country."

"The faith of our fathers made Rome tremble at the name of Geneva; now, alas! Geneva trembles at the name of Rome. Are we sure that Popery, triumphant, and perched upon our high towers, will not one day, and quickly, mock with bitter derision the blindness of our citizens? The air is heavy, the atmosphere is choking; the night, perhaps the tempest approaches.

Let us enter, then, into our bosoms—let us reflect in that inner temple, and raising our cry to heaven, let us say, O God, save the country, for men come to destroy it."

Such was the tenor of D'Aubigné's conversation this evening; it was painful to see what a deep gloom was before his mind. His trust is in God, though he seemed as one at sea, in a frail bark, who beholds, in a dark, tempestuous night, the dim shadow of a great ship driving fast upon him. He has himself referred, in one of his works, to his oppressed feelings, saying that he had unavailingly played the part of Cassandra to his blinded countrymen.

D'Aubigné's style in writing is often strengthened by powerful antithesis, the compelled, condensed result of profound though strict logic. Where the two come together in a focus, so to speak, upon great principles, it is like the galvanic action in a compound battery, illustrating and burning with intense power and beauty. Some of the best examples of this great excellence are to be found in what, though brief, is one of D'Aubigné's greatest productions,—the concise discourse upon the heresy of Puseyism. It is full of pregnant suggestions and veins of thought, which, pursued and elaborated, would lead to a great mine, if a man were able to work it. He defines the nature of religious liberty, which, in truth, is the great stake in this conflict—true religious liberty, without which all other liberty is but a dangerous plaything. Take the aphorism, ye Maynooth Statesmen, and worshippers at the shrine of Expediency, and dwell upon its meaning. *Without true religious liberty, every other liberty is but a useless and dangerous plaything.*

But what characterizes this work of D'Aubigné especially is the announcement of *its three* ONLYS. We thank D'Aubigné for THE THREE ONLYS. They are the Christian army, the army of Christian doctrine, in the form of battle; a triangular phalanx, every point, each wedge of which pierces the opposing mass of error, and makes a breach, through which in rushes the whole Gospel, and sweeps the field. These are the three ONLYS:

The Word of God ONLY;
The Grace of Christ ONLY;
The Work of the Spirit ONLY.

The *formal* principle, the *material* principle, and the *personal* principle, of Christianity, are here enunciated; and D'Aubigné has set them in such direct and powerful array against the corresponding counteracting enormous errors of Rome and of the Oxford Theologians, that the moment you look upon the battle array, you see the victory; the masterly disposition of the forces tells you beforehand the history of the combat. Singling out each of the columns of error that make Oxford one with Rome, he drives each of these great principles of Christianity against them with such stedfast tread and condensation, that nothing can withstand the shock. Such a description of so brief an essay might almost seem hyperbolical; but the little essay condenses thought for whole volumes, and I beg you, if you find fault with me, to read it, and test its power for yourself. See if it does not make upon your own mind the impression of victory, of greatness.

The manners of D'Aubigné are marked by a plain, manly, unassuming simplicity, no shade of ostentation, no mark of the world's applause upon him—a thing which often leaves a cloud of vain self-consciousness over the character of a great man, worse by far than any shade produced by the world's frowns. His conversation is full of good sense, just thought, and pious feeling, disclosing a ripe judgment and a quiet well-balanced mind. You would not, perhaps, suspect him of a vivid imagination, and yet his writings do often show a high degree of that quality. A child-like simplicity is the most marked characteristic to a stranger, who is often surprised to see so illustrious a man so plain and affable. He is about fifty years of age.

You would see in him a tall commanding form, much above the stature of his countrymen, a broad, intelligent forehead, a thoughtful, unsuspicious countenance, a cheerful, pleasant eye, over which are set a pair of dark, shaggy eyebrows, like those of Webster. His person is robust, his frame large and powerful, and apparently capable of great endurance; yet his health is infirm. Altogether, in face and form his appearance might be described in three words—noble, grave, and simple. The habit of wearing spectacles has given him an upward look, in order to command the centre of the glass, which adds to the

peculiar openness and manliness of his mien. He has great earnestness and emphasis of manner in his discourses to his students.

The residence of D'Aubigné, embowered in foliage on the banks of the lake opposite the Jura mountains, commands the loveliest sunset view of that mighty forest-covered range, reflected, with the glowing purple clouds and evening sky, in the bosom of the quiet waters. "How completely," said Dr. Arnold, speaking from the fulness of his rich, classical associations, "is the Jura like Cithæron, with its νάπαι and λειμῶνες, and all that scenery which Euripides has given to the life in the Bacchæ." Are not all mountains more glorious in the sunset? They certainly seem more intelligent at that hour than at any other. They seem like a vast, silent, meditative consciousness. What shall I say of the flush of rich deep colour and the atmosphere of glory in which the Jura range, "with its pines and oaks, its deep glens, and its thousand flowers," lies sleeping? Meantime the lake ripples at your feet, and whispers its low, stilly, hushing music, so soft, so quiet, as if almost it were the expression of an ecstatic, indwelling soul, communing with the parting light, that, as it dies away, fills the face of the lake with such indescribable and pensive beauty. Sometimes it seems, as you stand beneath the trees and look across the lake, and up to where the Jura outline cuts the sky, as if all heaven were opening before you; but speedily, as the shadows deepen, comes *that sober colouring to the eye that hath kept watch o'er man's mortality*, and the earth, the air, the water, though so pure, so bright, do breathe irresistibly upon your mind a sacred melancholy.

But why should this melancholy be connected with the twilight and the stars, and all at evening-fall that is so beautiful? Perhaps it is because "in the cool of the day" God came down to talk with Adam concerning his sin, and the stars saw him, and the shades of evening were around him, when he fled to hide himself beneath the trees in the garden. Ah! how this green light that lingers in the west looked to him then, when the bliss of innocence had gone from his soul, and he began to be afraid of God!

"It is almost awful," said the excellent Dr. Arnold, sitting above the delicious lake of Como (and I quote the passage here because it is the expression of thoughts and feelings that such a Christian as D'Aubigné must often have experienced in the presence of the loveliness of nature before his own door); "it is almost awful to look at the overwhelming beauty around me, and then think of moral evil. It seems as if heaven and hell, instead of being separated by a great gulf from one another, were absolutely on each other's confines, and indeed not far from every one of us. Might the sense of moral evil be as strong in me as my delight in external beauty, for in a deep sense of moral evil, more perhaps than in anything else, abides a saving knowledge of God! It is not so much to admire moral good; that we may do, and yet not be ourselves conformed to it; but if we really do abhor that which is evil, not the persons in whom evil resides, but the evil which dwelleth in them, and much more manifestly and certainly to our own knowledge in our own hearts—*this* is to have the feeling of God and of Christ, and to have our spirit in sympathy with the Spirit of God."

CHAPTER VIII.

DR. GAUSSEN—THE CHILDREN OF THE ORATOIRE—RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

Dr. Gaussen, the able coadjutor of D'Aubigné, and author of the admirable work on Inspiration entitled *Theopneustia*, was pastor of the parish of Santigny, in the canton of Geneva, in the year 1815. It was about this time that he likewise became a Christian, and preached the way of salvation through faith in Christ crucified. In his teachings among his flock, Dr. Gaussen, becoming dissatisfied with the Catechism imposed for instruction by the National Church, principally because it had no acknowledgment of the great fundamental truths of the Gospel, laid it aside, and proceeded to teach the children and candidates for communion in his own way. For this he was

brought before the "Venerable Company of Pastors," and finally was by them censured, and suspended for a year from his right to sit in the Company.

But Dr. Gaussen and his friends, D'Aubigné and others, nothing terrified by their adversaries, proceeded still farther. They framed the Evangelical Society of Geneva, took measures for the preaching of the Gospel in the city, and established, though in weakness and fear and in much trembling, yet in reliance upon God, the Evangelical Theological Seminary. Finding that all efforts and threatenings to prevent or stay their career were in vain, the Venerable Company proceeded, in 1831, to reject Mr. Gaussen from the functions of pastor of Santigny, and to interdict Messrs. Gaussen, Galland, and Merle, from all the functions of the pulpit in the churches and chapels of the Canton. What a spectacle was this! It recalls to mind the action of the Genevese Republic three hundred years before, in the banishment of Calvin and Farel from the city. The result has been happy in the highest degree Forced out of the National Church, these men have been made to feel what at first it is so difficult to be convinced of, that the church of Christ belongs to Christ, and not to any nation. They see that there is a new transfiguration, a new approximating step of glory for the Reformed Church in Europe, in which she shall become free in Christ—shall assume her true catholicity, her supremacy, her independence—becoming for ever and everywhere a church in the spirit, the truth, and the liberty of Christ.

In Geneva the Church is in subjection. The people cannot choose their pastors—the pastors are compelled to receive every man to Christian communion as an indiscriminate right of citizenship. At a certain age, every young man comes into the Church by law, no matter how depraved, and declares in the most solemn manner that he believes, from the bottom of his heart, the dogmas in which his pastor has instructed him; that he will still hold to them, and renounce the world and its pomps. For entering the army, for becoming an apprentice, for obtaining any employ, the young man must take the communicant's oath. Have you been to the communion? is the test question

—first and implacable. Hence, if a pastor should refuse the communion to a young libertine, the candidate and the whole family would regard it as the highest insult and injustice, debarring the young man from rights sacred to him as a citizen, shutting, indeed, the door of all civil advancement against him. To say nothing of piety, how can even morality itself be preserved in a Church in such degrading subjection to the civil power?

Dr. Gaussen was appointed to the office of Professor of Systematic Theology in the New Evangelical School, and he also officiates as one of the pastors of the Church of the Oratoire, of which M. Pilet is the regular preacher. M. Pilet is distinguished for his gifts of eloquence and piety, and holds the office of Professor of Exegetical Theology, along with Professor La Harpe, the latter taking the department of the Old Testament, the former of the New. Every Lord's day, at eleven o'clock in the morning, after the sermon, there is in the Church of the Oratoire an exercise for the young, of which Dr. Gaussen has the special charge. It is a catechetical exercise in which the children are instructed from the Scriptures, making the Bible their text-book and book of study. It was for the crime of substituting the Bible instead of the old catechism of the Company of Pastors, in his instruction of the children of his flock at Santigny, that Dr. Gaussen was first censured and finally deposed from that parochial charge. He has great power over the children, possessing the rare faculty of awakening and interesting the youthful mind, while at the same time his questions and illustrations are full of the richest instruction to those who are more advanced and learned in the things of Christ. Hence this exercise is attended by parents as well as children, and by strangers, who look on and listen with delight and profit at the understanding and answers of the little ones. It is a most interesting spectacle to see these youthful minds brought so actively into play, and enriched and disciplined by the acuteness, knowledge, and lively eloquence of the teacher.

Dr. Gaussen seems a somewhat younger man than D'Aubigné, shorter of stature, with a quick and active eye and movement. His countenance is full of life, frankness, and

intelligence. There is a pleasing combination of energy and suavity in his manners, indicating perhaps the characteristics of his mind; for he is a man of learning in action, and of solid accomplishments gracefully employed. His style is admirable for its united richness and vivacity. There is the same interest and life in his conversation as in his writings, with the great charm of a simplicity and friendliness of character as open as the sun, and a most attractive warmth and enthusiasm of Christian thought and feeling. His mind kindles and glows, especially on the preciousness of the word of God, the advancing kindness of the Redeemer, and the nature of the enmity which the Church of Christ in Europe must now encounter. He speaks with the same deep earnestness as D'Aubigné of the great crisis which is so evidently hastening in Europe—the rapidly advancing battle and final trial between Rome and the Gospel. No one can tell what scenes are soon to arise; what events—it may be, alarming ones—are to be developed.

Dr. Gaussen's residence is in a beautiful rural spot, not far outside the gates of the city, towards France, commanding a noble view of the Alps. During conversation in a walk thither, he spoke to me of his views of inspiration, as exhibited in his work on that subject. The professors seek to build up their pupils on the word of God, and to make them strong in that as their impregnable citadel, having no half-way in its divine authority. Next they would have them rooted and grounded in the doctrine of justification by faith. Dr. Gaussen told me that his high views of the word of God were powerfully sustained in his own mind by the manner in which our blessed Lord himself quotes and refers to the Old Testament. It is the word of God and not man; it is God's own words speaking to the soul; by which, by every word, man shall live, and not a word shall be broken. They have an authoritative power and life, not weakened by any mixture of human authority or human opinion and doubt; and they are appealed to in such a manner as could not consist with any thing less than the highest, fullest, direct, divine inspiration.

He spoke of the necessity of a separation of the Church from the State, in order to the freedom and purity of the Church

of Geneva, and remarked that his own views on this subject accorded with those of D'Aubigné. He mentioned what to me was a startling fact, that out of forty pastors in the National Church, only three were regarded as evangelical; hence the deep anxiety which men of God entertain in regard to the future welfare of the city and canton, when they see how fast in numbers Rome steals upon them, while there are few to resist her encroachments, and while the Church is so allied with and dependent on the State, that a majority of political voters would carry the whole establishment, without any reserve or tolerance, over to the Pope. There is no antidote to the evil but in making the Church independent. The great Reformation of the nineteenth century, in his own opinion, as well as D'Aubigné's, will be the mutual independence of the State and the Church. Then, if not before, will the great voice be heard, Babylon is fallen! But before this, Dr. Gaussen inclines to the opinion that God will yet once more scourge with the rod, in the resurrection of Romanism, those kingdoms that, ungrateful for the mercies of the Gospel, and spurning the priceless gift of religious liberty, have of late despised the Reformation, and begun to render something of their old homage to the Man of Sin, falling on the neck of the grim old tyrant even with tears and kisses. What a disgraceful spectacle!

> "Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
> England hath need of thee: she is a fen
> Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
> Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
> Have forfeited their ancient English dower
> Of inward happiness. We are selfish men.
> Oh! raise us up, return to us again,
> And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
> Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart:
> Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea.
> Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
> So didst thou travel on life's common way,
> In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
> The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

The constitution of Geneva is such, that by its provisions there is no liberty of instruction or congregation but only by authority of the Council of State. The ninth and tenth arti-

cles provide that liberty of instruction shall be guaranteed to all Genevese, only under the reserve of dispositions prescribed by the laws for the interest of public order and good manners; and also that no corporation or congregation can be established without the authority of the Council of State. It is easy to see that with such a constitution of Church and State, the Romanists have everything made easy to their hand in Geneva, and only need a civil majority, when, by appointing their own Council of State, they can put every heretical congregation to the torture, and forbid, by law, any school or assembly of instruction or worship other than pleases them, under whatever severity of penalty they may choose to impose. No wonder that the cry of every Christian patriot in Geneva should be, Separate Church and State, separate Church and State! May God help them in their struggle after liberty.

"Advance—come forth from thy celestial ground,
Dear Liberty!—stern nymph of soul untamed,
Sweet nymph, Oh rightly of the mountains named!
Through the long chain of Alps from mound to mound,
And o'er the eternal snows like Echo, bound.
Like Echo, when the hunter-train at dawn
Have roused her from her sleep: and forest-lawn,
Cliffs, woods, and caves, her viewless steps resound,
And babble of her pastime!—On, dread Power,
With such invisible motion speed thy flight,
Through hanging clouds, from craggy height to height,
Through the green vales and through the herdsman's bower,
That all the Alps may gladden in thy might,
Here, there, and in all places at one hour."

Liberty must come soon, or to all human appearance the case will be desperate; the time may come when men like Malan, Gaussen, D'Aubigné can no more speak out as they are doing now, from the mountain citadel which they hold for Christ, but will either be silenced or banished. The progress of the danger is rapid. "By the annexation of the new territory," remarks Dr. Heugh, "and also by a perpetual immigration of poor Savoyards in quest of the comforts of Geneva (like Hibernian immigration into Britain), the Roman Catholics have now upwards of twenty-seven thousand out of a population rather under sixty thousand; and during the last five years,

the Catholic population increased by three thousand, while that of the Protestants diminished by two hundred, the former by immigration into the territory, the latter by emigration from it. That advancing minority will become and probably will soon become a majority; and then, suffrage being universal, Geneva may, by the vote of a majority of her citizens, lose her rank among Protestant States, renounce by open profession the Protestantism which in fact her ministers and her people have already betrayed, and re-annex herself to Rome." It should be added to this, that the calculation above made is with reference to the Canton and not the city of Geneva. The city contains about 30,000 inhabitants, of whom but a very small portion are Romanists. Of the whole twenty-two Cantons in the Swiss Confederation, there are only nine Popish; in six Cantons both Romanism and Protestantism are legalized together.

The only safety against these dangers is in the interposition of God, by means of the three ONLYS; let me repeat them;

The Word of God ONLY,
The Grace of Christ ONLY,
The Work of the Spirit ONLY.

These things can keep the Roman Catholic population in a safe minority, or indeed can make them all Protestants, or, should there be a majority, can in a moment change it from falsehood into truth. So, by these three *onlys* Geneva will still be safe.

These three *onlys* will be the perfect independence of the Church of Christ. These three *onlys* will make the Church of Christ, in that independence, triumphant through the world.

In the Canton de Vaud, a Church-and-State Canton, the people have been so greatly enraged against the assemblies of Christians, who chose to worship by themselves, apart from the National Church, that they have broken up those assemblies with violence and almost with murder. When, in consequence of these acts the Christian assemblies demanded protection from the State, they were coolly told that they themselves were the authors of the disturbance, and that they must cease from those meetings which gave occasion for it? Such is the definition of religious liberty in a Church-and-State republic!

How difficult it is to work out a great truth, to work it clear. There is a muddy fermentation, and if it be drank while that is going on, it produces great disturbance in the system. This is the case with religious liberty. It has never been fully understood, it is just working itself clear. But it makes a great disturbance in doing so, or rather, the ingredients, foreign and pernicious, with which it has been compelled to mingle, have made disturbance, and do so still. There never will be quiet in Europe till there is perfect religious liberty. The doctrine is in the laboratory of trial, tossed from crucible to crucible, and is going through processes for its purification, enough, in Mr. Dana's language, to make the most knowing chemists stare. God is purifying it for use in the kingdom which he is to set up on earth. The nations have never yet been ready for it! the old bottles would not hold this wine of the new dispensation; but God is preparing the world for it, and the throes in regard to its reception are perhaps a sign that the kingdom of peace and love is near at hand. But after all, the doctrine of a perfect religious liberty can there only be understood, and there only be practicable, where the truth prevails in love. The truth produces love, and love produces liberty, and thus men, made free themselves, rejoice in the freedom of others. If not, they are not free; "their passions forge their fetters."

It is with the great error Church and State as with minuter practical errors, that have long prevailed; they must be undermined gradually, and the occupants above warned off the ground. If not, both the assailants and the besieged will fight, and get blown up, or otherwise injured. "Truth," said Coleridge very pithily, "is a good dog; but beware of barking too close to the heels of an error, lest you get your brains kicked out."

CHAPTER IX.

CHAMOUNY AND THE MER DE GLACE.

Chamouny is in some respects the central and concentrating scene of the grandeur and glory of Switzerland. It is among

the Alps what Raphael's painting of the Transfiguration is among the European galleries of pictures. It is a finished and perfect world of sublimity, within a world of beauty. Four or five several times I have visited it, and each time with new discoveries of its glory, new impressions and lessons, new wonder and delight.

From Chamouny you may make the Tour of Mont Blanc, which also is itself a separate and perfect gem of travel. My first visit to Chamouny was made some years ago, in company with an American gentleman, in the bright month of October, on foot. A man should always travel in Switzerland as a pedestrian, if possible. There is no telling how much more perfectly he thus communes with nature, how much more deeply and without effort he drinks in the spirit of the meadows, the woods, the running streams, and the mountains, going by them and among them, as a friend with a friend. He seems to hear the very breath of Nature in her stillness, and sometimes when the whole world is hushed, there are murmurs come to him on the air, almost like the distant evening song of angels. Indeed the world of Nature is filled with quiet soul-like sounds, which, when one's attention is gained to them, make a man feel as if he must take his shoes from his feet and walk barefooted, in order not to disturb them. There is a language in Nature, that requires not so much a fine ear, as a listening spirit; just as there is a mystery and a song in religion, that requires not so much a clear understanding, as a *believing* spirit. To such a listener and believer, there comes

> "A light in sound, a sound-like power in light,
> Rythm in all thought, and joyance everywhere—
> Methinks it should have been impossible
> Not to love all things in a world so filled,
> Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air
> Is music slumbering on her instrument."

The music of the brooks and waterfalls, and of the wind among the leaves, and of the birds in the air, and of the children at play, and of the distant villages, and of the tinkling pleasant bells of flocks upon the mountain sides, is all lost to the traveller in a carriage, or rumbling vehicle of any kind; whereas

a pedestrian enjoys it, and enjoys it much more perfectly than a man upon a mule. Moreover, the pedestrian at every step is gaining health of body and elasticity of spirits. If he be troubled with weak lungs, let him carry his own knapsack, well strapped upon his shoulders; it opens and throws back the chest, and strengthens the weakest parts of the bodily system. Besides this, the air braces him better than any tonic. By day and by night, it is an exhilarating cordial to him, a *nepenthe* to his frame.

The pedestrian is a labouring man, and his sleep is sweet. He rises with the sun, or earlier, with the morning stars, so as to watch the breaking of the dawn. He lives upon simple food, with an unsuspicious appetite. He hums his favourite tunes, peoples the air with castles, cons a passage in the Gospels, thinks of the dear ones at home, cuts a cane, wanders in By-path Meadow, where there is no Giant Despair, sits down and jots in his note book, thinks of what he will do, or whistles as he goes for want of thought. All day long, almost every faculty of mind and body may be called into healthful, cheerful exercise. He can make out-of-the-way excursions, go into the cottages, chat with the people, sketch pictures at leisure. He can pray and praise God, when and where he pleases, whether he comes to a cross and a sepulchre, or a church, or a cathedral, or a green knoll under a clump of trees without cross, or saint, or angel; and if he have a Christian companion, they two may go together as pleasantly and profitably as Christian and Hopeful in the Pilgrim's Progress. He ought to be a draughtsman, ought to know how to sketch from nature. I must confess that I did not, and so I warn others from my own experience; if they are going to walk in Switzerland, let them learn to draw. The only original sketch I brought home in my note book, which otherwise might have been filled with rude gems, was a sketch of the battle-field of Morgarten, pencilled amidst my own word-sketches, by an English clergyman, my companion. After all, however, my friend was almost always more vexed for want of time to finish his sketches than he was gratified with collecting them. If one could take a little daguerreotype with him, it would be a nice thing among the mountains, to let nature do her own sketching.

One of the most interesting scenes in Chamouny apart from the mountains, is the assembly of guides, either waiting to be hired, or gathered previous to an ascent of Mont Blanc. The guides of Chamouny are the best in all Switzerland. They are a hardy, robust, energetic, sagacious set of men, most of them cheerful and good humoured, devoted to their profession, and enthusiastic in it. Some of them know every nook and cranny of the mountains, every aspect of the weather, every prophecy of storms, the paths of the avalanche, the most invisible signs of the seasons, the voices of the winds, what it means when the south breeze makes the glaciers sing, what stories the rivers tell of the goings on in the high Alpine solitudes. They are the seamen of the Alps, the old salts of the mountains. They are under a regimen of law, a strict system by the government of Sardinia, which determines their time of apprenticeship, their tariff of prices, whether for special excursions or by the day. The prices are not high; six francs by the day is very little, when it is remembered that the guide finds himself, and carries the knapsack of his master, if he be going on foot, besides a thousand free and good natured civilities, which make him a sort of travelling servant. He will carry on his back a load of thirty or forty pounds, during a day's walk of thirty miles, but you must concede to him the liberty of complaining at the close, especially if he be unaccustomed to it, and of hoping for your own kindness.

The guides are under the direction of a chief or *syndic*, to whom application must be made when you wish to take one, and to whom all disputes are to be referred. He has a list of some forty men or more, whose services are called upon in turn, so that they have their days of guide work with the utmost regularity. If you hire a guide for a day in which it does not come his turn, you must pay three francs in addition. The mules also are six francs each. There are certain excursions, each of which is considered a day's work; such as the excursion to the Mer de Glace, the Flegére, the Breven, and in general up any of the mountains in the valley. It is sometimes possible to make two of these excursions in one day, in which case you pay ten francs to your guide. Of course, if you have

two or three or more friends in your party, the expence is mere nothing since one guide is enough for the whole party, if you are on foot, but if you choose to ride, for every mule there must be a separate guide. If you have ladies (and I leave it to your own experience to determine whether you particularly desire it in climbing the mountains) each lady may need a guide, or had best have one.

If you take a guide to so great a distance from his home that he cannot get back again the same day, he is entitled to what is called back-fare, which nearly or quite doubles the original amount; so that a single pedestrian on a long course, if he take a guide, makes it somewhat expensive. But this is better than falling into a snow-drift so deep, or over a precipice so terrible, that only the dogs of the Grand St. Bernard can find you; better than getting lost alone or even with a friend, and better, likewise, than going in uncongenial company. Besides you may gain a great deal of information from your guide, and, if you please, may possibly do him some good apart from your money. You should let him see that you have a well stored and busy heart, as well as a full purse. Your kind, instructive words will sometimes win upon him better than a sovereign. The stream of travel through Switzerland would not be so corrupting as is complained of, so tending to make the people venal, if travellers would exhibit and dispose of some other good qualities and examples besides gold.

How can we expect otherwise than to make the common people venal, if we do nothing but make trade of them, if we show to them nothing but what is venal in ourselves. Alas! how often do the rich pass among the poor, through a kingdom of the poor, doing nothing in the world but just to hire them, swear at them, and pay them. Sure I am that it would be very wonderful if a people were not corrupted by intercourse with foreigners, who leave such an impression from the contact that the chief thing visible is an oath. Thanks be to God, swearing travellers are a much less ordinary nuisance than they used to be.

The present Chief of the guides in Chamouny is quite a study. He is himself an ancient guide, of great experience

and excellence of character. His face is one of the most perfect expressions of benevolence and honesty, combined with intelligence and thoughtfulness, that you will ever meet with. He inspires you with confidence, and almost an affectionate interest, the moment you see him. It is pleasant to look on such faces, for nature seldom deceives you when she casts such an outward mould, but there is always something within answering to it, and proving its worth and truth.

The guides are quite honest in regard to the weather. They do not, in order to provoke you to hire them, promise you a fair day when it will be rainy, but leave you to determine for yourself whether you will make the excursion. They do not love to ascend Mont Blanc. It is a perilous enterprise, and, though much better paid than the ordinary courses, does not recompense the guide for his hazard and fatigue. About forty were assembled during one day of my visit at Chamouny, for the ascent of Mont Blanc, with a company of French scientific gentlemen, sent out by the government. Each of the attendants received his supply of water and provisions for the journey, having, moreover, the instruments and apparatus of the *savans* to carry, together with materials for a tent, which they promised to pitch upon the very summit of the mountain. Napoleon, it is said, once had a huge cross erected there, but Mont Blanc proved a genuine, intractable Iconoclast; he was not enough of a Romanist to respect it, and away it went in a Puritanical storm of Alpine freedom. The French gentlemen had resolved to stay three days upon the mountain, scorning all dangers, and they were to shoot off a display of Parisian fireworks, which perhaps they intended should be seen in Geneva, if vision could reach so far, and certainly celebrated all over Europe; but the mountain was not in a mood for such antics, and they did not succeed even in getting to the summit till after several distinct experiments, returning half-dead with fatigue and disappointment.

The first and principal excursion from Chamouny is generally that to the Mer de Glace. It is not at all difficult, but if you have fine weather, it gives you some of the most sublime experiences of mountain scenery you can meet with in all the

regions of the Alps. You cross the meadows in the vale of Chamouny, step over the new-born furious Arve, and climb the mountain precipices to the height of 2000 feet, by a rough, craggy path, sometimes winding amidst a wood of firs, and sometimes wandering over green grasses. At Montanvert you find yourself on the extremity of a *plateau*, so situated, that on one side you may look down into the dread frozen sea, and on the other, by a few steps, into the lovely green vale of Chamouny! What astonishing variety and contrast in the spectacle! Far beneath, a smiling and verdant valley, watered by the Arve, with hamlets, fields, and gardens, the abode of life, sweet children and flowers;—far above, savage and inaccessible, crags of ice and granite, and a cataract of stiffened billows, stretching away beyond sight—the throne of Death and Winter.

From the bosom of the tumbling sea of ice, enormous granite needles shoot into the sky, objects of singular sublimity, one of them rising to the great height of 13,000 feet, seven thousand above the point where you are standing. This is more than double the height of Mount Washington in our country, and this amazing pinnacle of rock looks like the spire of an interminable colossal cathedral, with other pinnacles around it. No snow can cling to the summits of these jagged spires; the lightning does not splinter them; the tempests rave round them; and at their base, those eternal drifting ranges of snow are formed that sweep down into the frozen sea, and feed the perpetual, immeasurable masses of the glacier. Meanwhile, the laughing verdure, sprinkled with flowers, plays upon the edges of the enormous masses of ice—so near that you may almost touch the ice with one hand and with the other pluck the violet. So, oftentimes, the ice and the verdure are mingled in our earthly pilgrimage;—so, sometimes, in one and the same family you may see the exquisite refinements and the crabbed repugnancies of human nature. So, in the same house of God, on the same bench, may sit an angel and a murderer; a villain, like a glacier, and a man with a heart like a sweet running brook in the sunshine.

The impetuous arrested cataract seems as if it were ploughing the rocky gorge with its turbulent surges. Indeed the

ridges of rocky fragments along the edges of the glacier, called *moraines*, do look precisely as if a colossal iron plough had torn them from the mountain, and laid them along in one continuous furrow on the frozen verge. It is a scene of stupendous sublimity. These mighty granite peaks, hewn and pinnacled into Gothic towers, and these rugged mountain walls and buttresses,—what a cathedral! with this cloudless sky, by starlight, for its fretted roof—the chaunting wail of the tempest, and the rushing of the avalanche for its organ. How grand the thundering sound of the vast masses of ice tumbling from the roof of the Arve-cavern at the foot of the glacier! Does it not seem, as it sullenly and heavily echoes, and rolls up from so immense a distance below, even more sublime than the thunder of the avalanche above us? We could tell better if we could have a genuine upper avalanche to compare with it. But what a stupendous scene! "I begin now," said my companion, "to understand the origin of the Gothic Architecture." This was a very natural feeling; but after all, it could not have been such a scene that gave birth to the great idea of that "frozen poetry" of the Middle Ages. Far more likely it was the sounding aisles of the dim woods, with their checkered green light, and festooned, pointing arches.

The colossal furrow of rocks and gravel along the edges of the ice at the shores of the sea are produced by the action of the frost and the avalanches, with the march of the glacier against the sides of the mountains. Nothing can be more singular than these ridges of mountain *debris*, apparently ploughed up and worked off by the moving of the whole bed of ice down the valley. Near the shore, the sea is turbid with these rocks and gravel; but as you go out into the channel, the ice becomes clearer and more glittering, the crevices and fissures deeper and more dangerous, and all the phenomena more astonishing. Deep, blue, pellucid founts of ice-cold water lie in the opening gulfs, and sometimes, putting your ear to the yawning fissures, you may hear the rippling of the rills below, that from the bosom of the glacier are hurrying down to constitute the Arve, bursting furiously forth from the great ice-cavern in the Valley.

This Mer de Glace is an easy and excellent residence for the scientific study of the glaciers, a subject of very great interest, formerly filled with mysteries, which the bold and persevering investigations and theories of some modern naturalists have quite cleared up. The strange movements of the glaciers, their apparent wilful rejection of extraneous bodies and substances to the surface and the margin, their increase and decrease, long remained invested with something of the supernatural; they seemed to have a soul and a life of their own. They look motionless and silent, yet they are always moving and sounding on, and they have great voices that give prophetic warning of the weather to the shepherds of the Alps. Scientific men have set up huts upon the sea, and landmarks on the mountains opposite, to test the progress of the icy masses, and in this way it was found that a cabin constructed by Professor Hugi on the glacier of the Aar, had travelled, between the years 1827 and 1840, a distance of 4600 feet. It is supposed that the Mer de Glace moves down between four and five hundred feet annually.

It is impossible to form a grander image of the rigidity and barrenness, the coldness and death of winter, than when you stand among the billows of one of these frozen seas; and yet it is here that Nature locks up in her careful bosom the treasures of the Alpine valleys, the sources of rich summer verdure and vegetable life. They are hoarded up in winter, to be poured forth beneath the sun, and with the sun in summer. Some of the largest rivers in Europe take their rise from the glaciers, and give to the Swiss valleys their most abundant supply of water, in the season when ordinary streams are dried up. This is a most interesting provision in the economy of nature, for if the glaciers did not exist, those verdant valleys into which the summer sun pours with such fervour would be parched with drought. So the mountains are parents of perpetual streams, and the glaciers are reservoirs of plenty.

The derivation of the German name for glacier, *gletscher*, is suggested as coming not from their icy material, but their perpetual motion, from *glitschen* to glide; more probably, however, from the idea of gliding upon their surface. These glaciers

come down from the air, down out of heaven, a perpetual frozen motion ever changing and gliding, from the first fall of snow in the atmosphere, through the state of consolidated grinding blocks of ice, and then into musical streams that water the valleys. First it is a powdery, feathery snow, then granulated like hail, and denominated *firn*, forming vast beds and sheets around the highest mountain summits, then frozen into masses, by which time it has travelled down to within seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, where commences the great ice-ocean that fills the uninhabitable Alpine valleys, unceasingly freezing, melting, and moving down. It has been estimated by Saussure and others that these seas of ice, at their greatest thickness, are six or eight hundred feet deep. They are traversed by deep fissures, and as they approach the great precipices, over which they plunge like a cataract into the vales, they are split in all directions, and heaved up into the waves, reefs, peaks, pinnacles and minarets. Underneath they are traversed by as many galleries and caverns, through which run the rills and torrents constantly gathering from the melting masses above. These innumerable streams, gathering in one as they approach the termination of the glacier, rush out from beneath it, under a great vault of ice, and thus are born into the breathing world, full-grown roaring rivers, from night, frost, and chaos.

A peasant has been known to have fallen into an ice-gulf in one of these seas, near one of the flowing sub-glacial torrents, and following the course of the stream to the foot of the glacier, he came out alive! The German naturalist, Hugi, set out to explore the recesses of one of the glaciers through the bed of a former torrent, and wandered on in its ice caverns the distance of a mile. "The ice was everywhere eaten away into dome-shaped hollows, varying from two to twelve feet in height, so that the whole mass of the glacier rested at intervals on pillars, or feet of ice, irregular in size and shape, which had been left standing. As soon as any of these props gave way, a portion of the glacier would of course fall in and move on. A dim twilight, scantily transmitted through the mass of ice above, prevailed in these caverns of ice, not sufficient to allow one to

read, except close to the fissures, which directly admitted the daylight. The intense blue of the mass of the ice contrasted remarkably with the pure white of the icy stalactites, or pendants descending from the roof. The water streamed down upon him from all sides, so that, after wandering about for two hours, at times bending and creeping, to get along under the low vault, he returned to the open air, quite drenched and half frozen."

Wandering about under these glaciers is like making researches in the German sceptical philosophy; you may catch your death of cold while you are satisfying your curiosity. It is like Strauss losing himself in myth-caverns instead of Gospel verities. It is like the speculations of the author of that book entitled 'Vestiges of Creation.' You may see strange things and wonderful, but you come out drenched and half-frozen. And if a man should be there when the supporting stalactites give way, and should be buried under the falling masses, he would pay dear for his whistle.

This Sea of Ice, which embosoms in its farthest recesses a little living flower-garden, whither the humble-bees from Chamouny resort for honey, is also bordered by steep lonely beds of the fragrant Rhododendron, or Rose of the Alps. This hardy and beautiful flower grows from a bush larger than our sweet fern, with foliage like the leaves of the ivory-plum. It continues blooming late in the season, and sometimes covers vast declivities on the mountains at a great height, where one would hardly suppose it possible for a handful of earth to cling to the rocky surface. There, amidst the snows and ice of a thousand winters, it pours forth its perfume on the air, though there be none to inhale the fragrance, or praise the sweetness, save only "the little busy bees," that seem dizzy with delight, as they throw themselves into the bosom of these beds of roses.

Higher still on the opposite side of this great ice sea there are mountain slopes of grass at the base of stupendous rocky pinnacles, whither the shepherds of the Alps drive their herds from Chamouny for three months' pasturage. They have no way of getting them there but across the dangerous glacier; and it is said that the passage is a sort of annual celebration, when men, women, and children go up to Montanvert to wit-

ness and assist the difficult transportation. When the herds have crossed, one peasant stays with them for the whole three months of their summer excursion, living upon bread and cheese, with one cow among the herd to supply him with milk. When he is not sleeping, he knits stockings and ruminates as contentedly as the browsing cattle, his only care being to increase his store.

But all this while, what is the man's mind, heart, and soul doing? Only knitting stockings and looking at the green grass and the fat cattle! One cannot help thinking of the great need of intellectual and spiritual resources for these lonely herdsmen. How much a man might do in these three months' total seclusion and leisure on the mountains! He might almost fit himself to be the schoolmaster of the valley for the winter—he might commit the Bible to heart—might learn Hebrew, Greek, something besides the mathematics of *Ave Marias* and *Credos*, or the homely swain's arithmetic that seemed so pleasant to King Henry;—so many days the ewes have been with young; so many weeks ere the poor fools will yean; so many years to the shearing; so many pounds to the fleece. But the Bible here is in the main a forbidden book—and so, from childhood, the upper and nether springs of thought and feeling are sealed, and the mind of the valley moves, not like the living streams, that with each individual gladsome impulse go dancing, sparkling, hurrying to the ocean, but, like the frozen glacier in eternal chains, some four hundred feet a year, over the same path, by the same necessity of icy nature.

CHAPTER X.

CASCADE DES PELERINES—A SWISS FAMILY—COLERIDGE'S HYMN.

THERE is a water-fall in Chamouny which no traveller should omit going to see, though I believe many do, called the "Cascade des Pelerines." It is one of the most curious and beautiful scenes in Switzerland. A torrent issues from the Glacier des Pelerines high up the mountain above the Glacier du Bos-

sons, and descends by a succession of leaps, in a deep gorge, from precipice to precipice almost in one continual cataract. But it is all the while merely gathering force, and preparing for its last magnificent deep plunge and recoil of beauty. Springing in one round condensed column out of the gorge over a perpendicular cliff, it strikes at its fall, with its whole body of water, into a sort of vertical rock basin, which one would suppose its prodigious velocity and weight would split into a thousand pieces; but the whole cataract, thus arrested at once, suddenly rebounds in a parabolic arch, at least sixty feet into the air, and then, having made this splendid airy curvature, falls with great noise and beauty into the natural channel below. It is beyond measure beautiful. It is like the fall of divine grace into chosen hearts, that send it forth again for the world's refreshment, in something like such a shower and spray of loveliness, to go winding its life-giving course afterwards as still waters in green pastures.

The force of the recoil from the plunge of so large a body of water at such a height is so great that large stones thrown into the stream above the fall may be heard amidst the din striking into the basin, and then are instantly seen careering in the arch of the flashing waters. The same is the case with bushes and pieces of wood which the boys are always active in throwing in for the curiosity of visitors, who stand below and see each object invariably carried aloft with the cataract in its rebounding atmospheric gambols. When the sun is in the right position, the rainbows play about the fall like the glancing of supernatural wings, as if angels were taking a shower-bath. If you have "the head and the legs of a chamois," as my guide said to me, you may climb entirely above this magnificent scene, and look out over the cliff right down into the point where the cataract shoots like the lightning, to be again shot back in ten thousand branching jets of diamonds.

If you take the trouble to explore these precipitous gorges farther up the mountains, you will find other cataracts similar to this, in the midst of such green Alpine herbage, such dark overshadowing verdure, such wild sublimity of landscape, that the pleasure of your discoveries amply repays the fatigue of

your excursions. Higher up you are met by everlasting ice, across which you may, if you choose, according to Professor Forbes, make an unusual cut over into the Mer de Glace, and the singular scenery of the Jardin. Nature hides her grandest beauties, and often makes them almost inaccessible. Is it not because, if they were thrown in our common way, and the view of them to be gained at any time and without labour, their effect would be lost upon us? What is common is not appreciated, oftentimes is not even noticed, just as the dwellers around a great cataract never go to look at it, and become so accustomed to its noise that they do not even hear it.

Those who pursue the stream of truth to its sources have much climbing to do, much fatigue to encounter, but they see great sights. In order to live by the truth, to enjoy the verdure with which it refreshes the valleys and plains, and to quench our thirst at it, it is not necessary to pursue these higher, subtile, and difficult investigations and speculations, but to be content and grateful with the life it ministers. For many drink of the truth who know not the depth from whence it springeth, nor the heights nor the fearful precipices over which it has plunged and thundered. Nevertheless, a patient and deep-searching Christian philosopher will find his reward when he follows the stream upwards as well as downwards, among the mountains as well as in the vales.

In my wanderings, high up among the scenery above this beautiful cascade, I became acquainted with a Swiss family, whose kindly welcome and frank modest manners were to me like the music of their own wild waterfalls. The simple rural beauty, both of face and deportment, in the inmates of the cottage, and their kindness of address and feeling, were as attractive as they were unexpected. It was the highest of the summer pasturages in the neighbourhood of the Glacier des Pelerines. A peasant and his daughter were at work cutting their grass upon the steep declivities, and after some little talk of enquiry and answer he invited me into his mountain Chalet, which he pointed out to me a little distance below. It was the highest human habitation on that side of Mont Blanc, a cabin rudely but comfortably constructed for the summer, for it

would not be possible to abide there in the winter, and used as a sort of mountain dairy for the bestowment of the rich productions of their herds, tended there in their mountain pasturages. I entered the cottage and partook, with great relish, of a bowl of milk and black bread set before me by the kind mother of the family. When I rose to depart, on taking my purse to make some recompense for their kindness, I found myself unexpectedly *minus*. Thereupon, it being very questionable whether I could visit the mountain family again, I entered into an agreement with a sweet little girl, who had brought me a drink of cold water from the spring, that she should pick me a basket of strawberries and bring them to me the next day at my hôtel at Chamouny; and so in their debt I bade them good bye. The next morning, as I was sitting with some friends at tea, came in an enormous bowl of the richest mountain strawberries. My maiden of the Chalet had performed her promise.

I met them again several times upon the mountains, and entered into another strawberry treaty with them, and they began at length to view me quite as a brother. But after some conversation touching the essentials of piety and the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church, it was very plain that the mother had a serious suspicion of my soundness in the faith. I could not make her understand what Protestantism was, or rather, finding that she was perfectly unaware of their being any faith but her own, I endeavoured simply to dwell upon the necessity of prayer with the heart, and of Christ as the Saviour. She had at first concluded that I and all my friends in America were Roman Catholics like themselves, and she took a deeper interest in me because, as she said, she had a son in America, and just so it was with the sisters on account of their brother. I being the only American they had ever seen, they were perhaps delighted to find that their beloved absent brother, so far away across the ocean, was not amidst savages.

I should like to look in upon the family to-day, and carry them a Bible. All the religion in their prayer-books I greatly fear is neutralized by Ava Marias, and absolutions. Between the Virgin Mother in heaven and the Priest on earth, how is it

possible they should have any just ideas of faith in the One great Mediator between God and Man. May God bless them, and bring them in some way or another to the knowledge of the truth in Jesus! I could have emptied my knapsack of Bibles forty times among the mountains, if I had had them; and the Bible would soon make Savoy as free as Geneva.

There was a time during the Middle Ages, when Chamouny was inhabited by monks. The reigning lord of the country made a present of the whole valley to a convent of Benedictine friars, in the eleventh century. Two English travellers, Messrs. Pococke and Windham, drew attention to its wonderful scenery in 1741, and now it is a grand highway of summer travel, visited annually by three or four thousand people. A visit to Mont Blanc has become a pilgrimage of fashion. Fashion does some good things in her day; and it is a great thing to have the steps of men directed into this grand temple of nature, who would otherwise be dawdling the summer perhaps at immoral watering-places. A man can hardly pass through the vale of Chamouny, before the awful face of Mont Blanc, and not feel that he is an immortal being. The great mountain looks with an eye and speaks with a voice that does something to wake the soul out of its slumbers.

The sublime hymn by Coleridge, in the Vale before sunrise, is the concentrated expression of all the inspiring and heaven-directing influences of the scenery. The poem is as remarkably distinguished above the whole range of poetry in our language, for its sublimity, as the mountain itself among all the great ranges of the Alps. I am determined to quote it in full, for that and the Tour of Mont Blanc ought to go together; and I will present along with it the German original of the poem in twenty lines, nearly as translated by Coleridge's admiring and affectionate relative. I am not aware that Coleridge himself ever visited the Vale of Chamouny; and if not, then that wonderful Hymn to Mont Blanc was the work of imagination solely, building on the basis of the original lines in German. This was a grand and noble foundation, it is true; but the Hymn by Coleridge was a perfect transfiguration of the piece, an inspiration of it with a higher soul, and an in-

vestiture of it with garments that shine like the sun. It was the greatest work of the Poet's great and powerful imagination, combined with the deep and worshipping sense of spiritual things in his soul.

On visiting the scene, one is apt to feel as if he could not have written it in the vale itself; the details of the picture would have been somewhat different; and, confined by the reality, one may doubt if even Coleridge's genius could have gained that lofty ideal point of observation and conception, from which he drew the vast and glorious imagery that rose before him. Not because the poem is more glorious than the reality, for that is impossible; but because, in painting from the reality, the force and sublimity of his general conceptions would have been weakened by the attempt at faithfulness in the detail, and nothing like the impression of the aërial grandeur of the scene, its despotic unity in the imagination, notwithstanding its variety, would have been conveyed to the mind.

Yet there are parts of it which at sunrise or sunset either, the Poet might have written from the very windows of his bedroom, if he had been there in the dawn and evenings of days of such extraordinary brilliancy and glory as marked and filled the atmosphere during our sojourn in that blessed region. A glorious region it is, much nearer heaven than our common world, and carrying a sensitive, rightly constituted mind far up in spirit towards the gates of heaven, towards God, whose glory is the light of heaven, and of whose power and majesty the mountains, ice-fields, and glaciers, whether beneath the sun, moon, or stars, are a dim though grand and glittering symbol. "Fire and hail, snow and vapour, stormy wind fulfilling His word, mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars praise the Lord. He looketh upon the earth and it trembleth; He toucheth the hills, and they smoke."

The following is the original German hymn, in what the translator denominates a very bald English translation, to be compared as a curiosity with its glorification in Coleridge. It occupies but five stanzas of four lines, and is entitled "Chamouny at Sunrise. To Klopstock." I have here put it into the metrical form of the original:—

Out of the deep shade of the silent fir-grove,
Trembling, I survey thee, mountain-head of eternity,
Dazzling (blinding) summit, from whose vast height
My dimly-perceiving spirit floats into the everlasting.

Who sank the pillar deep in the lap of earth
Which, for past centuries, fast props thy mass up?
Who uptowered, high in the vault of ether,
Mighty and bold, thy beaming countenance?

Who poured you from on high, out of eternal Winter's realm,
O jagged streams, downward with thunder-noise?
And who bade aloud, with the Almighty Voice,
"Here shall rest the stiffening billows"?

Who marks out there the path for the Morning Star?
Who wreathes with blossoms the skirt of eternal Frost?
To whom, wild Arveiron, in terrible harmonies,
Rolls up the sound of thy tumult of billows?

Jehovah! Jehovah! crashes in the bursting ice!
Avalanche-thunders roll it in the cleft downward:
Jehovah! it rustles in the bright tree-tops;
It whispers murmuring in the purling silver-brooks.

This is very grand. Who, but a mighty Poet, one seeing with "the Vision and the Faculty divine,"—what but a transfusing, all-conquering imagination,—would have dared the attempt to compose another poem on the same subject, or to carry this to a greater height of sublimity, by melting it down anew, so to speak, and pouring it out into a vaster, more glorious mould? The more one thinks of it, the more he will see, in the poem so produced, a proof most remarkable, of the spontaneous, deep-seated, easily exerted, and almost exhaustless power and originality of Coleridge's genius. Now let us peruse, "with mute thanks and secret ecstasy," his own solemn and stupendous lines:—

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNY.

[Besides the rivers Arvé and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot of Mont Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides; and, within a few paces of the glaciers, the Gentiana Major grows in immense numbers, with its "flowers of loveliest blue."]

Hast thou a charm to stay the Morning Star
In his steep course? so long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O Sovran Blanc?
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base

Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above,
Deep is the air, and dark, substantial, black;
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from Eternity!

O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet, beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my Life, and Life's own secret joy,
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing,—there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven!

Awake, my Soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstacy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.
Thou first and chief, sole Sovereign of the Vale!
O, struggling with the darkness all night long,
And all night visited by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink;
Companion of the Morning Star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Coherald; wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee Parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered, and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came)
Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow,
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—

Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty Voice,
And stopped at once, amidst their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts?
Who made you glorious as the Gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full Moon? Who bade the Sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, you piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers, that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God! and fill the hills with praise!

Thou, too, hoar Mount, with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the Avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depths of clouds that vail thy breast,
Thou too, again stupendous mountain! thou,
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me,—Rise, O ever rise!
Rise, like a cloud of incense from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread Ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising Sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God!

Thanks to thee, thou noble Poet, for giving this glorious voice to Alpine nature—for so befitting and not unworthy an interpretation of Nature's own voice, in words of our own mother-tongue. Thanks to God for his grace vouchsafed to thee, so that now thou praisest Him amidst the infinite host of flaming seraphim, before the mount supreme of glory, where all the empyrean rings with angelic halleluiahs! The creation of such a mind as Coleridge's is only outdone by its redemption through the blood of the Lamb. O, who can tell the rapture of a soul

that could give a voice for nations to such a mighty burst of praise to God in this world, when its powers, uplifted in eternity, and dilated with absorbing, unmingled, unutterable love, shall pour themselves forth in the Anthem of Redemption, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!

CHAPTER XI.

MONT BLANC FROM THE COL DE BALME.

BEFORE setting out on our pilgrimage around Mont Blanc by the passage of the Tête Noir, I must give you the notes of my experience in the parallel pass of the Col de Balme. Travellers sometimes take one of these passes, and sometimes the other, on their way into Italy by the Simplon, or across the Grand St. Bernard; but a lover of Switzerland will wish to see both. The first I visited during a very magnificent fortnight in October. From the sublime wonders of the Mer de Glace, we proceeded down the valley of Chamouny, and arrived at Argentiere, a miserable hamlet at the foot of the glacier of the same name, in the evening of October 8th. We slept at a very dirty inn, in a very dirty room, rolled up in dingy blankets, after a very meagre supper upon hard black bread for the main ingredient. By reason of the memory of this supper, in the natural conclusion that a breakfast in the same spot would be of the same general character, we left the Auberge in the morning as soon as we got out of our blankets, at half-past five, while it was yet dark, in order to reach the resting place on the summit of the mountain at an early hour.

The Col de Balme is about seven thousand feet high, and lying as it does across the vale of Chamouny at the end towards Martigny and the valley of the Rhone, through which runs the grand route of the Simplon from Switzerland to Italy, you have from it one of the most perfect of all views both of Mont Blanc and the vale of Chamouny, with all the other mountain ridges on every side. You have, as it were, an observatory erected for you, 7000 feet high, to look at a mountain 16,000.

There is a solitary *Chalet*, or traveller's Refuge, on the summit of the Col, which is kept as an inn during the travelling season, the only habitation beyond the hamlet of Argentiere. When men upon the mountains reject a poor breakfast in the hope of getting a good one, they should take all things into consideration, for they may easily go farther and fare worse. That day was the last of the keeper's staying in the *Chalet* during that autumn. The season was over, and he was moving down into the more habitable world, so that one day later, in our anxiety for a good breakfast, we should nearly have perished, having found the house empty. We reached it after a sharp frosty walk of nearly three hours.

Every man ought to endeavour to shield others from the evils he has experienced himself. A truly benevolent man will always do this, and a traveller, who will not warn others of perils which he has himself encountered, is like one going through a thick wood, and letting the branches fly back in the face of those that follow him. I do therefore cut off this branch, and say, Let no traveller ever attempt upon an empty stomach such a walk as we took that morning; indeed, men in general are not so simple as to do any such thing.

Till we arrived within a quarter of an hour of the summit, the atmosphere was clear, and Mont Blanc rose to the view with a sublimity, which it seemed at every step could scarcely be rivalled, and which yet at every step was increasing. The path is a winding ascent, practicable only for mules or on foot. A North-East wind, in this last quarter of an hour, was driving the immensity of mist from the other side of the mountain over the summit, enveloping all creation in a thick frosty fog, so that when we got to the solitary house, we were surrounded by an ocean of cold gray cloud, that left neither mountain nor the sun itself distinguishable. And such, thought we, is the end of all our morning's starvation, perils, and labours; not to see an inch before us; all this mighty prospect, for which alone one might worthily cross the Atlantic, hidden from us, and quite shut out! We could have wept perhaps, if we had not been too cold and too hungry. Our host burned up the remainder of his year's supply of wood, to get us a fire, and then

most hospitably provided us with a breakfast of roasted potatoes, whereby all immediate danger of famishing was deferred to a considerable distance. But our bitter disappointment in the fog was hard to be borne, and we sat brooding and mourning over the gloomy prospect for the day, and wondering what we had best do with ourselves, when suddenly, on turning towards the window, Mont Blanc was flashing in the sunshine.

Such an instantaneous and extraordinary revelation of splendour we never dreamed of. The clouds had vanished, we could not tell where, and the whole illimitable vast of glory in this the heart of Switzerland's Alpine grandeurs was disclosed; the snowy Monarch of Mountains, the huge glaciers, the jagged granite peaks, needles, and rough enormous crags and ridges congregated and shooting up in every direction, with the long beautiful Vale of Chamouny visible from end to end, far beneath us, as still and shining as a picture! Just over the longitudinal ridge of mountains on one side was the moon in an infinite depth of ether; it seemed as if we could touch it; and on the other the sun was exulting as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber. The clouds still sweeping past us, now concealing, now partially vailing, and now revealing the view, added to its power by such sudden alternations.

Far down the vale floated in mid air beneath us a few fleeces of cloud, below and beyond which lay the valley, with its villages, meadows, and winding paths, and the river running through it like a silver thread. Shortly the mists congregated away beyond this scene, rolling masses upon masses, penetrated and turned into fleecy silver by the sunlight, the whole body of them gradually retreating over the south-western end and barrier of the valley. In our position we now saw the different gorges in the chain of Mont Blanc lengthwise, Charmontiere, Du Bois, and the Glacier du Bosson protruding its whole *enorme* from the valley. The grand Mulet, with the vast snow-depths and *crevasses* of Mont Blanc were revealed to us. That sublime summit was now for the first time seen in its solitary superiority, at first appearing round and smooth, white and glittering with perpetual snow, but as the sun in his higher path cast shadows from summit to summit, and revealed ledges and

chasms, we could see the smoothness broken. Mont Blanc is on the right of the valley, looking up from the Col de Balme; the left range being much lower, though the summit of the Buet is nearly 10,000 feet in height. Now on the Col de Balme we are midway in these sublime views, on an elevation of 7000 feet, without an intervening barrier of any kind to interrupt our sight.

On the Col itself we are between two loftier heights, both of which I ascended, one of them being a ridge so sharp and steep, that though I got up without much danger, yet on turning to look about me, and come down, it was absolutely frightful. A step either side would have sent me sheer down a thousand feet; and the crags by which I had mounted upward appeared so loosely perched as if I could shake and tumble them from their places by my hand. The view in every direction seemed infinitely extended, chain behind chain, ridge after ridge, in almost endless succession.

But the hour of most intense splendour in this day of glory was the rising of the clouds in Chamouny, as we could discern them like stripes of amber floating in an azure sea. They rested upon, and floated over, the successive glacier gorges of the mountain range on either hand, like so many islands of the blest, anchored in mid heaven below us; or like so many radiant files of the white-robed heavenly host floating transversely across the valley. This extended through its whole length, and it was a most singular phenomenon; for through these ridges of cloud we could look, as through a telescope, down into the vale, and along to its farther end; but the intensity of the light flashing from the snows of the mountains, and reflected in these fleecy radiances, almost as so many secondary suns, hung in the clear atmosphere, was well nigh blinding.

The scene seemed to me a fit symbol of celestial glories; and I thought, if a vision of such intense splendour could be arrayed by the divine power out of mere earth, air, and water, and made to assume such beauty indescribable at a breath of the wind, a movement of the sun, a slight change in the elements, what mind could even dimly and distantly form to itself a conception of the splendours of the world of heavenly glory.

And if it sometimes blinds us to look even at earthly glories steadily, what training and purifying of the soul must it require to look at God and his glory! I love the spirit of the Poet Cowper in his communion with nature; so heartfelt, so simple, so truly Christian. It is the spirit not of mere sentimentalism, nor merely a refined taste, nor of a powerful imagination only, nor merely of tender and elevated thought, of which you may find so much in the pages of Wordsworth, but of pure, heartfelt devotion, of sincere and humble piety, bringing you directly to God.

> 'These are thy glorious works, thou Source of Good,
> How dimly seen, how faintly understood!
> Thine and upheld by thy paternal care,
> This universal frame, thus wondrous fair."

Alas! how many are the persons who love to look at nature, but do not love to look at nature's God. This is the case certainly with many of those who travel in Switzerland. Indeed it is the case with every man naturally, for this is natural religion.

> "The landscape has his praise,
> But not its Author. Unconcerned who formed
> The Paradise he sees, he finds it such,
> And such well pleased to find it, asks no more."

And yet, there could not be a discipline better fitted to lead the heart to God, as well as to invigorate the mind, and inspire it with new and elevated views of the Divine Glory, than the discipline of travel among the regions of the Alps. The atmosphere is as bracing to the mind as it is to the body; and these stupendous scenes are as good for the heart as they are for the mind, if they be but rightly studied. But it is not mere taste that will sanctify them. Mere cultivated taste is a cold commentator on the works of nature; as unfit for such an office as mere learning without piety for the office of a teacher of the word of God. There are two books of God, two revelations; they are both open before us, God's word on the one side, and sun, moon, and stars, seas, vales, and mountains throughout the year, with our own mortal and immortal frame, so fearfully and wonderfully made, on the other.

Now, whoever loves to read one of these books, because God made it, will love to read the other, and find God in it. But this is the teaching of Grace, not Nature. Nature may teach men to be astronomers, threading the spheres, and viewing their stations, surveying the stars, as if among them they designed to make a purchase. Nature may teach men to be subtile chemists, poring among the principles of things, and following the traces of death, and the laws of matter. But nature alone brings not man to God; "the homely nurse doth all she can," but she cannot make her foster-child love her Creator!

> "What hath not man sought out and found
> But his dear God? who yet his glorious law
> Embosoms in us, mellowing all the ground
> With showers and frosts, with love and awe;
> So that we need not say, where's this command?
> Poor man! thou searchest round
> To find out Death, but missest Life at hand?"
>
> GEORGE HERBERT.

CHAPTER XII.

STARTING FOR THE TOUR AROUND MONT BLANC.

WHEN you hear the guides speak of making the Tour of Mont Blanc, you are apt to think of a pleasant circle at the base of the mountain, where, without much terror of its storms or down-rushing armies of glaciers and avalanches, you can always keep it in sight, and tread softly as in the Vale of Chamouny. This is a great mistake; for the Tour of Mont Blanc takes you across the great St. Bernard, up the Val d'Aoste, through the Allée Blanche, across the Col de la Seigne, over the Col de Bonhomme, and so on by St. Gervais, a route in great part on the uninhabitable extreme verge of nature's life—wild, awfully sublime, and often dangerous and utterly impracticable. It is a circle of four or five days, or if you please, a week, provided you have pleasant weather; if not, you may be obliged to return by the way you came, leaving the untrampled glaciers for the excursions of your imagination. You may have the

great view of Mont Blanc from the Val d'Aoste, without tempting the weather or braving the perils of the high passes; and, if you choose, can stop at Courmayeur: but you will not have made the tour of the mountain, nor seen the stupendous upcoiling piles of glaciers, nor the white cataracts roaring down among them, nor the shattered chaos of enormous rock-fragments, as if a granite world had exploded. It is, without any exaggeration, one of the grandest excursions in Switzerland; and, through the Val d'Aoste, one of the loveliest.

It was my first pedestrian tour alone;—it required not a little courage and perseverance to set out and continue going. I experieneed a feeling of my dependence on God, and of His care as my only friend and protector, such as I have rarely had. Never, even in preparing to cross the Atlantic, did I feel this more deeply. This sentiment was heightened by my having to leave my luggage in the care of the keeper of the hôtel, with directions, in case of any accident, or if he did not hear from me by a certain time, to send my effects to the care of Dr. Malan at Geneva. This was somewhat like making a will before a long journey. My feelings were caused principally by my being alone, in a strange country, far from relatives and friends, unknown. How much these circumstances heighten our sense of being on a pilgrimage here below! Pilgrims, pilgrims, pilgrims; such we are: but, in the midst of society, with a thousand ties to bind us, and a thousand props to support us, and many dear friends, relatives, and companions with us, we do not daily feel it, daily realize it. Now I *felt* that I was a pilgrim in more senses than one, and to be alone, where danger waits upon you, or when you think it does, is to be brought very near to God. It is good to be among the mountains, *alone*—good, both for the mind and the heart. Not that a man is nearer to heaven, in place, upon the mountain tops, than at his own fire-side, though nearer the blue sky and the stars. It makes one think of Milton:

> "He that hath light within his own clear breast
> May sit i' the centre and enjoy the day.
> But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
> Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
> Himself is his own dungeon."

Just so, he that hath the spirit of heaven within him walks upon the Delectable Mountains, though he be working in a coal-mine, or following the plough a-field in a rainy day; while he with the spirit of earth hath his soul chained in Plato's cave, though his feet be treading the heights of Monte Rosa in the sunrise. We must be above the world while *in* the world, or we shall not be above it when out of it.

But it is not without a purpose that we are told in the Scriptures of our blessed Lord's love of the mountains and of solitude. He went apart into a mountain, to pray; he withdrew himself into a desert place, and there prayed; he went out into the wilderness, and prayed; he went up into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God; he went up into a mountain to pray, when he was transfigured, and on the mountain his disciples saw his glory. When the soul is fitted for it, there is a natural connection between the mountain-tops and prayer and spiritual glory. It was not as a monk, not as quitting the world, that our Saviour frequented the mountains, but to fit himself the better to endure the world's atmosphere, and fulfil his life of suffering love to its inhabitants.

I would not counsel a man to make the tour of Switzerland alone; it is better to have a friend; but sometimes it is good, both for the mind and heart, to be for days upon the mountains, *alone*. Nevertheless, when you get a little accustomed to it, it needs much watchfulness and some effort, even there, not to forget God. A scene of overwhelming sublimity lifts the mind and heart directly to him, but you want to be musing of him, not merely when the mountains *make* you think of him, when, with a silent but irresistible voice of power and glory they say to you, God! but also amidst more humble scenes—in the valleys, with the flowers, by the brooks, beneath the trees, or where, upon the dusty highway, your mind turns in upon itself.

Not having been prepared for this journey when I left Geneva, I was forced to borrow a military knapsack from my former guide, in which I could put a few articles of clothing and toilette sufficient for my tour, and carry it with ease upon my shoulders. I queried much whether I should take a cloak,

but the weather was fine, and would likely be so warm on the other side of the mountains that it would only prove burdensome; besides, it weighed almost a ton. I determined to leave it, and to take only an umbrella. So, with a long Alpen-stock shod with iron, my knapsack on my shoulders, and a little edition of Paul's Epistle to the Romans in my waistcoat-pocket, I started off, feeling, after I had got fairly started, very independent. I went by the Tête Noire. After an hour or so, finding my knapsack very heavy, I got a lad by the wayside to carry it for me for a season, a thing which a pedestrian may always do without diminishing his self-complacency as to his own powers of endurance, or compromising his dignity, or suspecting himself of laziness; and, certainly, until he gets accustomed to his load, it is a great relief to borrow another pair of shoulders.

There is one good thing in carrying your own knapsack; when you throw it off at evening, you feel so light from the relief that your other fatigues are quite forgotten; you could almost set out for another day's walk. It seems as though some heavenly power had put wings to your shoulders. I do not expect, by this argument, to persuade any man to walk all day with a weary fardel on his back; it would be something like getting sick in order to enjoy the pleasure of convalescence; but certainly, if one feels compelled to walk under a burden, what I have mentioned is some consolation and encouragement. Just so, it may be, that those who have the heaviest burdens to bear through life will be the lighter for them when they lay them down at evening in the grave. Certainly they will, if the burdens were borne for Christ, if they came upon the shoulders in his service, or if they were carried in sweet cheerful submission to him, because he laid them there. Men will be lighter and brighter for all such burdens for ever and ever; lighter and brighter in their path of glory and happiness through eternity than those whose knapsack of evils was borne for them by others, or who had none to bear for Christ. Yes, burthened pilgrim, this *light* affliction worketh an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

But there is another kind of burden; happy indeed should

we all be if we could get rid of it both now and for ever. This load on one's back makes the lonely traveller think of Bunyan's Pilgrim from the city of Destruction; but here among the mountains the pedestrian is very different from the Pilgrim towards Zion; for the spiritual traveller cannot get another person, whether man or boy, to carry his load of sins for him; he must bear his burden himself, till he comes to the cross, and there is but one Being who can take it off for him, but One who has power or love enough to bear it for him. Even if other men *could* bear our spiritual burdens, they would not be loving enough to do it. There is indeed a system in the world that pretends to take off this load, that has its sin-porters, if I may so call them, in its priests, who will both take the responsibility of a man's conscience and remove the burden of sin whenever it presses; but for all this the burden is worse in the end. It is infinitely better to bear it and to feel it until Christ takes it off, than to be insensible to it, or go to false means to get rid of it.

I had not been travelling more than two hours when the clouds began to roll down the valley of Chamouny behind me, threatening a rainy day. The Valorsine, with its green slopes and clustered chalets, opened upon me. As I passed through the village it began to rain, but I raised my umbrella and trudged on. It rained harder, and grew dark and chilly. And now I began to think myself very imprudent for leaving my pilot-coat behind me, and even to question whether it were not wrong for an invalid to undertake at all a pedestrian tour in this manner, and, indeed, would it not be best to go back to Chamouny at once, and take a different mode of travelling? But no, thought I, I will at least get to the Tête Noire, even in the rain, and there we can determine. But I was getting wet, and the prospect was quite desolate. One or two groups of travellers passed me in the way to Chamouny; they would get speedily to comfortable quarters.

Now I met a peasant going home from the fields on account of the weather. You'll get very wet, said he, but if you'll turn back with me a little way, I have a good cloak that I will lend you, and will, if you wish, carry your knapsack for you,

even to Martigny, where we can easily arrive by the evening. I turned back with him at once, to see at least what his *carrique*, as he called it, should be, and found that he had got really a magnificent greatcoat of drab broadcloth, with nearly twenty capes, which would shield me effectually from the rain, and carry me dry and warm at least through the Tête Noire. He had a far more precious treasure in a sweet little daughter waiting for him in the rude house to which he carried me, where I sat down amidst a profusion of rakes, ploughs, grindstones, and rural implements unknown, that would have done honour to a New-England farm-house, while the peasant disappeared in a sort of hayloft above, to put on his "go-to-meeting clothes," for the voyage to Martigny. Meanwhile I arrayed myself in the *carrique*, and we set out. He told me he bought the coat at Paris for only thirty-five francs; and in all likelihood he would get the value of it again and again by thus lending it to storm-beaten travellers. Now I began to take back what I had said to myself about imprudence. If I can borrow a cloak in the Tête Noire, thought I to myself, so I can on the Grand St. Bernard, and elsewhere, if need be. What happens one day may happen the next. Allons! we'll not turn back to Chamouny yet.

> "Some few that I have known in days of old,
> Would run most dreadful risk of catching cold;
> While you, my friend, whatever wind should blow
> Might travel Alpland safely to and fro,
> An honest man, close buttoned to the chin,
> Broad cloth without and a warm heart within."

CHAPTER XIII.

CASCADE BARBERINA AND PASS OF THE TETE NOIRE.

My peasant guide was very reasonable in his demands, and exceedingly kind and communicative. He carried me by a side path to a scene of great beauty and grandeur, which travellers often miss seeing, because it is off the grand route and difficult to find, and many of the guides either do not know it, or do

not wish to take the additional trouble of getting to it. This was the Cascade Barberina, one of the grandest water-falls in Switzerland. The torrent of water comes down from the glaciers of the Buet, and makes a sudden and most terrific plunge sheer over the precipice into a black jagged mountain gorge, which the ancients would have celebrated as one of the mouths of hell, with a mighty roar and crash that is almost stunning. On this side you stand upon a green knoll, a little grassy mountain, of which the verdure is perpetually wetted by the spray, and holding on by your staff firmly thrust into the ground, or by a tree on the borders of the gorge, you may look down into the roaring depths, see the cataract strike, and admire the conflict of the waters. The accompaniments are very grand; hanging masses of verdant forest on either side, but above, enormous, snow-covered mountains, out of which, from the mouth of a craggy gorge bursts at once upon you the raging torrent. In a sunny day you would have rainbows arching the torn rocks glittering in the spray, and dancing over the impearled grass where you are standing. But even amidst the rain, as I was, in my drab greatcoat, it was a scene of great sublimity.

Coming to it, my guide carried me along the side of a mountain across the path of a *tourmente*, or mountain whirlwind, the marks of which, in themselves alone, are worth going far to see. A circuitous belt of the largest trees amidst the pine and fir forest that clothes the mountain, are stripped of branches, verdure, and sometimes bark, as if scathed by lightning, while others are broken and twisted, as you might twist a willow sapling. The fury of these *tourmentes* is inconceivable; a traveller overtaken by one of them would inevitably be lost; they would almost tear the crags themselves from the mountains. A similar scene is presented in the valley up which you pass from Chamouny to see the Cascade des Pelerines, marking in this case the passage of an avalanche, of which the wind produced by its swift flight has swept, torn, and broken a thousand trees in the same manner. At first you can hardly credit it, but you are convinced that it was the wind, and not the waves of the avalanche, by seeing some trees broken short off, half

way down, as if the storm-angel had twisted and snapped them asunder with careful hands, close beside other trees prostrated and stripped, and others still standing. The traveller gazes upon these mute spectacles, mute, but fiercely eloquent, with deep interest.

From the Cascade Barberina, we regained, by a romantic path, the grand route, which we could see far beneath us. I was hungry and tired, and it was high time to be so. My guide carried me into a mountain chalet, incomparably ruder than his own, built in the conical shape of a tent, with a hole at the top, so that the smoke might escape without the trouble of a chimney. As I stood to dry my clothes at the verge of the circle of stones where the fire was kindled, the rain came down upon me from the aperture above, demonstrating the comfort of the arrangements. The wigwam was inhabited by a very large family, and they talked in their native patois, of which I could not understand a syllable. They set before me a bowl of boiled milk, with black bread so hard that one of its large round loaves might have served Achilles for an embossed shield, or Ajax to play at quoits with. Neither had it the property of sweetness any more than of softness, but it is wholesome, and would keep for ages.

As we passed on from thence, we could discern a solitary umbrella at the bottom of the valley, with a traveller beneath it; my peasant told me it was the curate of the parish. If he was visiting his people on that rainy day, I am sure he deserved credit, though if I could travel for health and pleasure, it was quite obvious that he might likewise, to do good. We were now entered upon the savage grandeur of the pass of the Tête Noire.

There is a combination of grand and beautiful elements in this pass, which it is very difficult to array in language, and the painter can transfer to his canvass only little by little the wonders of the scene. Abrupt precipices, frowning at each other across the way like black thunder clouds about to meet; enormous crags overhanging you so far, that you tremble to pass under them; savage cliffs looking down upon you and watching you on the other side, as if waiting to see the moun-

tain fall upon you; a torrent thundering beneath you; masses of the richest verdure flung in wild drapery over the whole gorge; galleries hewn in the rock, by which you pass the angular perpendicular cliffs as in rocky hammocks swung in the air; villages suspended above you, and looking sometimes as if floating in the clouds; snowy mountain ridges far above these; clusters of chalets almost as far below you, with the tinkling of bells, the hum of voices, and the roar of the torrent fitfully sweeping up to you on the wind; these are the combinations presented to you in the Tête Noire.

It is a concentration and repetition in miniature of some of the grand features of the Simplon, but at the same time rich and beautiful beyond description. I enjoyed this passage much, although in the rain; and when I got to the solitary Auberge in the midst of all this grandeur, I resolved to go no farther, but to wait one night at least for fair weather. A party of English ladies with one gentleman passed me just then. I told him I did not like to leave such scenery without beholding it by sun-light. You are right, said he, to wait, *being alone*, but we must move on. Poor man! It was but too evident he envied me my loneliness and independence. Just at this moment he could not well do otherwise; indeed, there *is* a comfort in being alone, sometimes; I certainly congratulated myself that I was not in the place of that gentleman, to go dripping behind the ladies in such a forlorn mist, through some of the finest scenery in the world. Had there been ladies in my case, we too should have had to move on, so there may possibly sometimes be something gained by being a single man. For, if I had been double or triple, the triplicity could hardly have been accommodated, or would have thought it necessary, as this English party did, to go farther, and perhaps fare worse. So on they went, through the mist and rain, doubting whether to admire the scenery, or to regret that they could not see it; while for me the good people at the Auberge kindled a fire, prepared me a comfortable supper with plenty of strawberries and cream, and gave me a comfortable bed. In strawberry and cream time, a traveller fares grandly in Switzerland, and I managed to bear the disappointment of a stormy evening with much

more equanimity than if I had been clambering the precipices on the way to Martigny.

The snow fell upon the mountains during the night, and the next day it was fine weather, the air as clear as crystal, and the sun shining as if just created. Sudden and beautiful was the revelation of the mountains, hidden in mist the evening before, now glittering far down even to the fields of summer verdure, in their robe of new fallen snow, and far up into the heavens, with their crown of glaciers. The pass of the Tête Noire now changes its direction into the valley of Trient, at the foot of the Forclaz and the Col de Balme. From the Auberge in the Tête Noire to the Forclaz, it was about two hours, a constant scene of grandeur and picturesqueness. Ascending to the Forclaz, the pinnacles from one of which a most unfortunate young German traveller a few years ago fell and lost his life, are directly before you, the hamlets and valley of Trient are beneath your feet; but a step or two onward carries you to a point, where, on the other side, one of the most extensive and beautiful views in Switzerland is instantaneously revealed. This is Martigny and the great valley of the Rhone, shut in by two mighty mountain ranges, and visible for many leagues up the Simplon without interruption or obstruction to your view. As you descend towards Martigny, the view becomes richer and more distinct, without losing any of its vastness.

Just before reaching the valley, I turned off into a village path, which the peasants pointed out to me, crossing a most luxuriant and lovely ravine with pleasant embowered cottages, and joining the route of the Grand St. Bernard a short distance up the valley of the Drance; by which cross-cut I both enjoyed a more romantic, unfrequented way, and avoided the necessity of travelling down to Martigny, gaining some miles besides. An admirable road runs up this valley, following the course of one of the most furious torrents of the Alps. The villages which you pass through are, I think, much better looking in general than those in the valley of the Rhone. I had made this remark without being aware under what government they were subject; not knowing that I had gone from one state into another. Supposing that I was still in the dominions of the

King of Sardinia, I asked a peasant, who was carrying my knapsack for an hour or two, if he were not a subject of that monarch, but he did not even let me get through with the question, so great was his scorn at the idea. "O no," exclaimed he, "Liberty! Liberty! We are of Suisse!" To be the subject of a King, and especially the King of Sardinia, seemed to him equivalent to the want of liberty, if not to slavery.

The carriage road over the Grand St. Bernard stops at a place called Liddes, from whence, or from St. Pierre, about three miles farther, mules are usually taken. A little beyond St. Pierre is the boundary of the Papal states, and about two hours further you reach the Cantine, or Auberge, the last habitable spot in a most desolate defile, utterly bare of trees and shrubs, gloomy and wild, just where the steep ascent of the Grand St. Bernard commences. I had intended getting to the Hospice that night, but it was altogether too late, even if I had had a guide: without a guide it would have been rashness and folly to have attempted it. They gave me, at this wild spot, a good supper, an excellent bed, and a good breakfast, and were very moderate in their charges. The day had been a fatiguing one, though crowded with scenes of grandeur and beauty from morning till night, and closed with a sunset of such exquisite loveliness, such richness and magnificence, as it is very rare to witness. No language can describe the beauty of the outlines and slopes of the mountains in the setting sun, nor the splendour of the distant snow-covered ranges and summits. I could have stood for hours to watch them, and a great enjoyment it is to have them always before you, to mark their changes as you travel, and to take in leisurely every feature of beauty in the region you are crossing. I had passed to-day from the extreme of luxuriance and richness in nature, to that of desolation and wild sublimity. The beauty of the landscape at Orsieres deserves many words, if they could paint it, and the extraordinary richness of cultivation far up the mountain sides, sometimes to their very summits, makes them so lovely, that the eye is never satisfied with gazing. And often there are villages and clustered chalets so lofty, that you wonder if the airy inhabitants ever have any communication with the world below.

CHAPTER XIV.

PASS OF THE GRAND ST. BERNARD.

In the year 1800 Napoleon crossed the Grand St. Bernard with his army, dragging their artillery, and a fearful task they must have had of it, in the month of May, especially through the forest and over the frightful precipices of St. Pierre. They unlocked the cannon from their stocks, put them in the hollow trunks of trees, and then one-half the battalions dragged them up the mountain, while the other half carried the arms and accoutrements of their comrades, with stores of provisions for five days. The road at this day scales the face of the deep ravine over the Drance, having been cut boldly out of the perpendicular rock, wide enough for a carriage; so that a man passing now so easily can scarcely conceive the difficulties with which Napoleon had to contend in scaling the precipices. For some distance up from St. Pierre, the road lies through the fir forest, where Napoleon came so near losing his life by slipping from his mule on the verge of the tremendous precipice. Perhaps he was dreaming of the battle of Marengo, but he was saved from falling over into the gulf only by his guide, who caught him by the coat and thus preserved him. The guide was rewarded with a thousand francs, and it would not have been amiss if the tailor who made the consular coat had been pensioned likewise, for if that had given way the French would never have had an Emperor. The mountains here on both sides are hung with verdure, but this speedily ceases—the larches and the pines become stunted, and at length disappear, leaving nothing but a covering of mosses and patches of grass, and at last the bare gray crags, declivities, and pinnacles of rock, or mounts of snow. You pass through difficult rugged defiles, and across rich mountain pasturages, watered by streams from the glaciers, which shoot their steep icy masses down into contact with the verdure on the plains.

My next morning's walk of about three hours brought me to the celebrated Hospice of the Grand St. Bernard. Nearly

half an hour of this journey is over ice and snow. The path circles the precipices, and crosses the torrent, and scales the declivities in such a manner, that in winter, when the deceitful masses of snow have covered the abysses, the passage must be very dangerous. A few wooden poles are stuck up here and there, to mark the way, but at such intervals, that if, in a misty day, or when the snow has covered the foot-path, you should undertake to follow them, you would certainly fall. Indeed, I do not see how there can be any passage at all in the winter, when the snow falls to such a depth, that around the building of the Hospice it is from twelve to twenty feet. Wo be to the poor traveller overtaken in a storm! How any man can ever escape in such a case is a marvel—but the dogs and monks have saved many a wanderer ready to perish.

There are some dreary and solemn memorials of the dangers of the way, in certain little low-browed stone huts like ice-houses, planted here and there a little out of the path, the use of which a traveller would hardly conjecture in fair weather, though he might learn it from fearful experience in a storm. The guides will tell him that these are refuges in extreme peril, or in cases of death are used as temporory vaults, in which the stiffened bodies of unfortunate travellers are deposited, till they can be finally laid, with book and bell, and funeral hymns, and solemn chantings, in the stranger's burial-place at the Hospice. A man says within himself, as he stops and contemplates the rude, solitary building, What if I had been laid there? And then, as swift as thought, he is away across the ocean, and gazing in upon the happy family circle, where his place is vacant, and he thinks what misery it would make there—what a funeral and a burial there would be in the hearts of those beloved inmates, and what lasting, wasting anguish, if he should die away from home, if he should perish in the storms of his pilgrimage. He bows down his head and muses, and the faces of his home look him in the face, and those loving eyes of Mother and Sister are on him, and he hears his name breathed at the family altar in fervent prayer. But ah, how many dangers to be encountered, how many thousand leagues of earth and ocean to be traversed, before again he can kneel

with them at that loved altar! And who can tell whether ever again they shall all kneel there together? This will be as God pleases; but if not, shall there not be family altars in heaven —altars of praise indeed and not of prayer—but grateful altars still, where the dear family circle, so broken and wasted here, shall be gathered again, no more to be divided, in rapture, love, and praise, for ever? God grant it! This hope shall be one of our songs in this House of our Pilgrimage.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the flowers which border the snow and ice, are sprinkled over the rocks, sown in the valleys, and spring up everywhere. Where the hardiest shrubs dare not grow, these grow. The fearless little things dance over the precipices, and gem the grass like stars. I am surprised that they and the grass with them can thrive amidst such constant cold: for I plucked an icicle hanging from a rock over which the green moss and grass were hanging also, and this in the month of August. The nights are cold, but the sun has great power. The cows find pasturage in summer quite up to the Hospice.

CHAPTER XV.

HOSPICE OF THE GRAND ST. BERNARD.

This is a bright, mild pearl of love and mercy set in the midst upon the icy crown of Winter. True, it was the hand of Superstition that placed it there, but also the voice and the feeling of self-denying, active benevolence were in it. Sudden and grateful to the lonely traveller, from the Alpine side, is the sight of the Hospice, for its stone steps do almost hang down over deep, precipitous gulfs, where a *tourmente* might bury you for ever, even with the sweet chime of the chapel-bell dying on your ear amid the tempest. So near one might come to the Refuge, and yet be lost. Storms arise almost as sudden as Indian hurricanes, and whirling mists spring up, like dense, dark fogs around a ship at sea, with jagged reefs before her: and neither by storm nor mist would one wish to be overtaken

on this mountain, even in August, out of sight of the building. So might one perish at the threshold of mercy, even as the storm-o'ertaken peasant sinks down exhausted in the snow, within reach of the struggling rays of light from his own cottage window, nor wife, nor little one, shall more behold.

If a man wishes to be cheated into a complacent regard for monastic institutions, let him read the 'Ages of Faith,' or go with a crust of bread and a pitcher of water to pass the day at the cloud-capped hermitage of Cintra, or sit down tired and thankful at the pleasant table of the monks of St. Bernard. Indeed, if all monasteries had been like this, there had been more summer, and less winter in the world.

Bernard said (but not the saint that founded the Hospice), "*Bonum est nos hic esse, quia homo vivit purius, cadit rarius, surgit velocius, incedit cautius, quiescit securius, moritur felicius, purgatur citius, præmiatur copiosius.*" Not to trouble my readers with the Latin, which has doubtless decoyed many a monk into orders by its golden net-work, I shall add Wordsworth's translation of this as follows:

> "Here man more purely lives, less oft doth fall.
> More promptly rises, walks with nicer heed,
> More safely rests, dies happier, is freed
> Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains, withal,
> A brighter crown:"—

Every line of it, alas! as every word of the Latin, false; proved so by the reality and by history; yet, as Wordsworth says, a potent call, that hath cheated full oft the heart's desire after purity and happiness. As if a man could shut out his depravity, by shutting himself up in a cell! There is no place, neither in the clouds, nor under the earth, nor on the mountains, where Satan cannot find some mischief for idle *hearts* to do.

The sagacious dogs of the Hospice make as good monks as their masters. Noble creatures they are, but they greeted me with a furious bark, almost as deep as thunder, being nearly the first object and salutation I encountered, after passing the crowd of mules waiting out of doors for travellers. The dogs are somewhat lean and long, as if their station were no sinecure, and not accompanied by quite so good quadrupedal fare

as their labours are entitled to. Probably the cold, keen air keeps them thin. They are tall, large-limbed, deep-mouthed, broad-chested, and looking like veteran campaigners. The breed is from Spain, and most extraordinary stories are told of their sagacity of intellect, and keenness of scent, yet not incredible to one who has watched the psychology of dogs even of inferior natures. They are faithful sentinels in summer, good Samaritans in the winter.

But I had almost asked, Why do I speak of the Summer? For the deep little lake before the Hospice, though on the sunny Italian side, does not melt till July, and freezes again in September, and in some seasons, I am told, is not free from ice at any time. And the snow falls almost every day in the year. They had had three or four inches two nights before I reached the Hospice. And when the snow melts, it reveals to the waiting eyes of the inmates nothing but the bare ridgy backs and sharp granite needles, crags, and almost perpendicular slopes of the mountains. Not a tree is to be seen anywhere, nor a sign of vegetable life, nor a straggling shrub of any kind, but only patches of moss, and grass, and the flowers, that spring up by a wonderful, sweet, kindly impulse out of this dreariness, like instructive moral sentiments in the hearts of the roughest and most unenlightened men. The flowering tufts of our humanity often grow, like the Iceland moss, beneath the snow, and must be sought in the same manner. These earnest, patient, quick-coming, long-enduring little flowers on the Grand St. Bernard, are an emblem of the welcome kindness of the monks. They remind one, as the foot treads among them, or as you kneel down to admire and gather them, of Wordsworth's very beautiful lines, very memorable:—

> "The primal duties shine aloft like stars,
> The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
> Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers."

Or better still, they remind one of Cowper's sensible and beautiful couplets:—

> "Truths, that the learn'd pursue with eager thought,
> Are not important always, as dear bought;
> Proving, at last though told in pompous strains,
> A childish waste of philosophic pains;

> But truths, on which depend our main concern,
> That 'tis our shame and misery not to learn,
> Shine by the side of every path we tread,
> With such a lustre he that runs may read."

With these good monks the charities and primal duties are the same, and they shine like stars, and are scattered like flowers, all the year round. And it is at no little sacrifice that the post is maintained, for the climate is injurious to health, and the dwellers here are cut off from human society during the greater part of the year. It is true that the peopling of the Hospice with an order of *religieuses* is now somewhat a work of supererogation, since a family with a few hardy domestics could keep up an auberge sufficient for travellers the year round, and at much less expence; nevertheless the institution is one of great benevolence, and the monks are full of cordiality and kindness. A guest-chamber or hall is kept for travellers, apart from the refectory of the monks, only two or three of the elder and more distinguished among them have the custom of entertaining the strangers. I sat down to dine with several Sisters of Charity from a village on the Alpine side, when there were two of the brotherhood presiding at the feast. It being Friday, there was no meat, but a variety of dishes, admirably dressed, and constituting a most excellent repast. The monks said grace and returned thanks with much seriousness, and they were pleasant and communicative in conversation.

The monks remain at the Hospice only for a limited term of service. One of them told me he had lived there for fourteen years, and he pointed out another who had been there twenty. In general, the brotherhood consist of young recruits, whose vigorous constitutions can stand but for a few years the constant cold and the keen air of these almost uninhabitable heights and solitudes. They enter on this life at the age of eighteen, with a vow of fifteen years' perseverance. Much of this time is occupied in the daily exercises of the Chapel—the Roman Catholic Liturgy and service being admirably contrived, if strictly observed, to fill up with ritual observances, with "bodily exercise" of incense-wavings, and marchings too and fro, and kneelings, and chantings, and masses, and prayers, and saint-worshippings, the time which would otherwise hang

very heavy on the monks' hands, and the time of any devotees who have nothing else to do. I asked one of the monks what they found to employ themselves with in the long winters. Oh, he said, we study and read.

But the Roman Catholic Theology must be more barren than the mountains; canon law and Popes' decretals, mingled with Ave Marias, Bellarmine, and the terrible conjugations in the grammar of the confessional, make volumes of melancholy, soul-torturing Scriptures. Even old Thomas Aquinas, Dante's great favourite, is the granite without the flowers: and, though you can here and there find great rock crystals, yet these are the force of nature in spite of Rome, and not the growth of Babylon, nor of the monastic, superstitious, bead-telling, will-worship and discipline. Nevertheless, we will do them justice.

> "Record we too, with just and faithful pen,
> That many hooded Cenobites there were,
> Who in their private cells had yet a care
> Of public quiet; unambitious men,
> Counsellors for the world, of piercing ken,
> Whose fervent exhortations from afar
> Moved Princes to their duty peace or war:
> And ofttimes, in the most forbidding den
> Of solitude, with love of Science strong,
> How patiently the yoke of Thought they bear!
> How subtly glide its finest threads along!
> Spirits that crowd the intellectual sphere
> With many boundaries, as the Astronomer,
> With orb and cycle, guides the starry throng."

They have a very nice chapel, adorned with paintings, and in it is a "*Tronc*," or charity-box, where travellers who partake of the hospitality of the kind monks, do ordinarily deposit alms, though the shelter and Hospice are entirely without charge. The Hospice is spacious, and the bed-rooms for strangers are very neat and comfortable. A pleasant fire is always burning in the guest-hall for travellers, and it is almost always necessary, for the air is keen in August; but all their wood must be brought from the valleys below. A piano decorates this room, the gift of some kind lady, with plenty of music, and some interesting books. The records of the Hospice, or registers, I

should say, of the names of visitors, abound with interesting autographs, men of science and literature, men of the church and the world, monarchs and nobles, and men whose names sound great, as well as multitudes both of simple and uncouth nomenclature, unknown to fame.

There is a valuable museum in a hall adjoining the stranger's refectory, where one might spend a long time with profit and delight. The collection of medals and antique coins is very fine, and there are some fine portraits, paintings and engravings. It is curious to see what blunders the finest artists will sometimes make in unconscious forgetfulness. There is in the museum an admirable spirited drawing, which bears the name of Brockedon, presented by him to the monks—a sketch of the dogs and the monks rescuing a lost traveller from the snow. The Hospice is drawn as in full sight, and yet the dogs, monks, and travellers, are plunging in the snow *at the foot of an enormous pine-tree.* Now there is not a tree of any kind to be seen or to be found within several miles of the Hospice. The engraving, however, is very fine. I am not sure that it is by Brockedon; I think one of the monks told me not; but it was presented by him.

The Hospice is on the very highest point of the pass, built of stone, a very large building, capable of sheltering three hundred persons or more. Five or six hundred sometimes receive assistance in one day. One of the houses near the Hospice was erected as a place of refuge in case of fire in the main building. It is 8200 feet above the level of the sea. There are tremendous winter avalanches in consequence of the accumulation of the snow in such enormous masses as can no longer hold on to the mountains, but shoot down with a suddenness, swiftness, violence, and noise, compared by the monks to the discharge of a cannon. Sometimes the snow-drifts encircle the walls of the Hospice to the height of forty feet; but it is said that the severest cold ever recorded here was only 29 degrees below zero of Fahrenheit; sufficiently cold, to be sure, but not quite so bad as when the mercury freezes. We have known it to be 35 degrees below zero in the interior of the State of Maine; and at Bangor, one winter, it was below 40, or, rather, being

frozen, it could no longer be measured. The greatest degree of heat recorded at the Hospice has been 68 degrees. The air always has a piercing sharpness, which makes a fire delightful and necessary even at noon-day, in the month of August. The monks get their supply of wood for fuel from a forest in the Val de Ferret, about twelve miles distant, not a stick being found within two leagues of the convent.

It is a curious fact that on account of the extreme rarity of the atmosphere at the great elevation of the Hospice, the water boils at about 187 degrees of Fahrenheit, in consequence of which it takes nearly as long again to cook meat, as it would if the water boiled at the ordinary point of 212 degrees. The fire must be kept glowing, and the pot boiling, five hours, to cook a piece of meat, which it would have taken only three hours to get ready for the table, if the water would have waited till 212. This costs fuel, so that their dish of *bouilli* makes the monks consume an inordinate quantity of wood in the kitchen. On the other hand, it may take less fire to boil the kettle for tea, or to make coffee, or boil an egg. As to the baked meats, we take it the oven is no slower in its work here than in the valleys; but for the business of boiling they lose 25 degrees of heat, for want of that pressure and density of the atmosphere which would keep the water quiet up to 212. Just so, some men's moral and intellectual energies evaporate, or go off in an untimely explosion, unless kept under forcible discipline and restraint.

This, therefore, is but a symbol of the importance of concentrating thought and passion in order to accomplish great things in a short time, with as little waste as possible. A man has no increase of strength after he gets to the boiling point. A man, therefore, whose energies of passion boil over, before his thoughts get powerfully heated, may make a great noise, but he will take a long time, at an expence of much fuel, in doing what a man of concentration would accomplish in half the time with half the ado. Some men boil over at 187; other men wait till 212; others go still higher before they come to the boiling point; and the higher they go, the greater is the saving of intellectual fuel and time.

"He who would do some great thing in this short life," says Foster, speaking of the fire of Howard's benevolence, "must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces as, to idle spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity." This delay in boiling is undoubtedly a great element in decision of character, as it is in tenacity and perseverance. While some men are boiling impetuously, others, at a much higher point, with far greater intensity of heat, keep quiet, manifest no turbulence whatever; but, when the proper time comes, then they act, with a power and constancy all the more effectual for their previous calmness. So it is with religious feeling: that which is deepest makes the least noise, but its principle and action is steadfast and intense. Stillest streams oft water fairest meadows; and the bird that flutters least is longest on the wing.

I believe it is some years since any persons have been lost in passing the mountain, though Brockedon says that some additions to the sepulchre are annually made. In December 1825, three domestics of the convent, together with an unfortunate traveller, of whom they had gone in search with their dogs in a stormy time, were overwhelmed with an avalanche. Only one of the dogs escaped. These humane animals rejoice in their benevolent vocation as much as the monks do in theirs. They go out with the brethren in search of travellers, having some food or cordials slung around their necks; and, being able on their four feet to cross dangerous snow-sheets, where men could not venture, they trace out the unfortunate storm victims, and minister to their sufferings, if they find them alive, or come back to tell their masters where the dead are shrouded. These melancholy duties were formerly far more frequent.

The scene of greatest interest at the Hospice, a solemn, extraordinary interest indeed, is that of the Morgue, or building where the dead bodies of lost travellers are deposited. There they are, some of them as when the breath of life departed, and the Death Angel, with his instruments of frost and snow, stiffened and embalmed them for ages. The floor is thick with nameless skulls and bones and human dust heaped in confusion. But around the wall are groups of poor sufferers in the

very position in which they were found, as rigid as marble, and in this air, by the preserving element of an eternal frost, almost as uncrumbling. There is a mother and her child, a most affecting image of suffering and love. The face of the little one remains pressed to the mother's bosom, only the back part of the skull being visible, the body enfolded in her careful arms, careful in vain, affectionate in vain, to shield her offspring from the elemental wrath of the tempest. The snow fell fast and thick, and the hurricane wound them both up in one white shroud and buried them. There is also a tall, strong man standing alone, the face dried and black, but the white, unbroken teeth firmly set and closed, grinning from the fleshless jaws—it is a most awful spectacle. The face seems to look at you from the recesses of the sepulchre, as if it would tell you the story of a fearful death-struggle in the storm. There are other groups more indistinct, but these two are never to be forgotten, and the whole of these dried and frozen remnants of humanity are a terrific demonstration of the fearfulness of this mountain-pass, when the elements, let loose in fury, encounter the unhappy traveller. You look at all this through the grated window; there is just light enough to make it solemnly and distinctly visible, and to read in it a powerful record of mental and physical agony, and of maternal love in death. That little child, hiding its face in its mother's bosom, and both frozen to death;—one can never forget the group, nor the *memento mori*, nor the token of deathless love.

CHAPTER XVI.

DESCENT INTO THE VAL D'AOSTE—ROMISH INTOLERANCE, AND THAT OF STATE AND CHURCH.

We leave the Hospice with regret, but it is quite too cold to remain. The view on both sides, both the Italian and the Swiss side, is very grand, though you see nothing but countless ridges of mountains. The snowy Velan is an object of great magnificence. On the Italian side, we first circle the

little lake, the centre of which is the boundary line between Savoy and the Canton Vallais, within which the Hospice stands. Then a rapid winding descent speedily brings the traveller from the undisputed domain of ice and granite first to the mosses, then the scant grass, then the mountain shrubs, then the stunted larches, then the fir forests, and last the luxuriant vineyards and chestnut verdure of the Val d'Aoste. It were endless to enumerate the wild and beautiful windings of the route, the openings from it, the valleys of picturesque beauty which run off among the mountains, and the grandeur of the view of Mont Blanc, when you again encounter it. The first village from the Hospice is that of St. Remy, where the sentinel of the Bureau carefully examined the contents of my knapsack.

Taking up my crimson guide-book, he remarked that he supposed it was a book of prayer. I told him no, but showed him my pocket epistle to the Romans. John Murray's guide-book might very well on the continent be denominated the Englishman's prayer-book, for everybody has it in his hand, morning, noon, and night. What does Mr. Murray say? is the question that decides everything on the road. At the inns, when you come down to breakfast in the morning, besides a cup of coffee, an egg, and a roll, your traveller has his Murray at his plate, open at the day's route before him. If he is a genuine Irishman, you may expect him to take a bite at it, instead of his bread. And when, fatigued, you sit down at tea in the evening, there is John Murray again in his scarlet binding. The book looked very like a mass-book to the sentinel, and certainly, it being always the first thing that met his sight in every pocket, trunk, or knapsack, if he made the same mistake with every English traveller that crossed the mountain that summer that he did with me, he must have thought the English a wonderfully devout people.

But perhaps, if I had told him it was my prayer-book or Bible, he would have taken it away from me. For this was the very place where an English gentleman, whom I afterwards met at Geneva, travelling with his daughter, had their English Bible and prayer-book both taken from them, in obedience to

an edict that had just been issued by the Sardinian police, in regard to all books on the frontier. He made a great storm about it, and would not give them up till he had compelled the officer to sign a receipt for them under his own name, telling him at the same time that he should report the affair to the English ambassador at Turin, when he would soon know if Englishmen were to be insulted in that way, The consequence was that after his return to Geneva he received his prayer-book and Bible safe and sound, restored by the authorities. The encyclical letter of the Pope had, that season, frightened the Sardinian government into unusual jealousy against the Scriptures. But if I had made a detour a little out of the village, I could have carried half a hundred weight of Bibles into Sardinia unmolested. Strange to say, my passport was not demanded, and it was only because, being on foot, the passport officer did not happen to be watching when I passed.

In six hours from the Hospice you reach the lovely valley, where, beneath a southern sun and sky, are spread the vineyards and the Cité D'Aoste. Few scenes are more refreshingly beautiful than the rich chestnut and walnut foliage, which marks your proximity to the city; in a few hours you have gone from the extreme of coldness and sterility, amidst eternal ice and snow, to that of an almost tropical warmth and luxuriance of vegetation. It was Saturday evening about eight o'clock, when I reached the Hotel de la Vallée. The sunset was superb, and you could see at once the Grand St. Bernard and Mont Blanc filling their different quarters of the horizon, and throwing back from their crimsoned snowy summits the last rays of light. My hôtel I found most excellent, mine host a Swiss and a Protestant, he and his family forming the only four Protestant individuals in all the city.

Next after Rome, it is in the kingdom of Savoy, under the Piedmontese government and administration, that the Romish Clergy and the Jesuits have obtained the most absolute power. They exclude the people, as far as possible, from the knowledge of the Scriptures, and watch against the introduction of heretical books with a quarantine more strict than the laws of

the Orient against the Plague. Nevertheless, the labours of the colporteurs and others do now and then sow the seed of the word of God successfully. Then cometh the Devil and taketh it away. A young Savoyard, a poor little chimney-sweep, purchased one day a Testament, for which he paid ten sous, and set himself immediately to read it. Delighted to possess the word of God, he, in his simplicity, ran to the priest, to show him the good bargain he had made with his savings. The priest took the book, and told the young Savoyard that it came from the hands of heretics, and that it was a book forbidden to be read. The peasant replied that everything he had read in the book told him about Christ, and, besides, said he, it is so beautiful! You shall see how beautiful it is, said the priest, seizing it, and casting it into the fire. The young Savoyard went away weeping.

I will be tolerant of everything, said Coleridge, except every other man's *intolerance*. This is a good rule. The worst thing in controversy is its tendency to engender an intolerant spirit. To be much in it, is like eating Lucifer matches for your daily food. What was intended to strike light gets into the bowels, gives a man the colic, and makes him sour and mad. Nay more, if such food be persisted in, it sets his tongue on fire of hell, makes him a living spit-fire, a walking quarrel, an antagonism incarnate. Controversy, as a religious necessity of earnest contention for the faith once delivered to the saints, is a great and sacred duty, and good and blessed in its place with love, but it is bad as a habit. Without love, it is a beast that throws its rider, even if he gets fairly into the saddle, which he seldom does, for he almost always overleaps it, and falls on the other side.

But, what shall be said of controversy against a system that would take the Bread of Life from men's tables, and shut them up in prison for distributing and reading it? Is it not a sacred duty of humanity? Yea, it is; no man can receive such an account of the intolerance of this system as the following (which I shall tell as it was given to me in writing,) without a feeling of the deepest indignation.

It was of M. Pache, of the village of Morges, in Switzer-

land, a Minister of the Gospel, and a member of one of the most respectable families of the whole country, who was sojourning, during the summer, for his health, at the baths of Aix, in Savoy. He was so ill that he was often shut up in his chamber, and obliged to keep his bed. An old woman had the care of him as his nurse, a creature as cunning and malicious as she was bigoted. She soon observed, by his conversation and manner of life, that M. Pache was a religious man, although, knowing the jealousy of the priests, he had prudently abstained from giving her either Bibles or Tracts. This, however, did not prevent the old woman from going to her priest, and telling him, it is said, at the confessional, all that she had seen or heard of her patient's heresy.

The priest took the alarm, but M. Pache could not be arrested without some plausible pretext, and how should that be gained? Under guidance of her Confessor, the old woman pretended to her patient to be filled with a very sincere and earnest desire to be instructed as to the interests of her soul. She entered into conversation with M. Pache, and finished by begging him to give her one or two of the religious tracts which she had seen upon his table. The sick man yielded to her request—for who, not knowing her wicked league with the priest, could have refused it?

Soon as the old woman had got possession of the tracts, she ran in triumph to carry them to the priest. M. Pache was at once arrested and conducted to prison. Some influential friends exerted themselves to obtain his liberation, but in vain; they were told that M. Pache must wait in prison the issuing of his judgment. The prisoner next addressed a petition to the King of Sardinia, with whom he had been personally acquainted, had lived with him at Geneva, had dwelt in the same house with him, and studied in the same school. He received for answer, the assurance that the King remembered him very well, but that he could not hinder the free course of justice.

At length, after having waited a long time in vain for his sentence in prison—all bail being refused to him—he was brought before the Senate of Chambery, and there condemned to a year's further imprisonment, a fine of a hundred pieces of

gold, and besides, to pay the expences of the process. The infamous treatment would have been still worse had it not been for his personal relations with the King, and the interference of some persons of high rank.

The treatment which this Minister of the Gospel received while in prison was severe and cruel. They only who may have visited the interior of a prison in a Romish country, and especially in Italy, can imagine what M. Pache must have suffered. During considerable space of time he was shut up in the same cell with eight banditti! A man of admirable education, of refined manners, a companion of the studies of the King, resorting to the baths of Aix, for his health, is taken sick from his bed, and shut up in a foul, infected dungeon, with corrupt and disgusting villains, where he cannot enjoy one moment's repose, nor even a corner to himself, but day and night is surrounded with filthy creatures, covered with vermin! All this for giving away a religious tract, at the wily instigation of the priest himself!

With all this, it will scarcely be believed that out of this monstrous piece of persecution and deceit the Romish Church arrogated to herself the praise of great tolerance! After M. Pache had suffered in prison nine or ten months, the Bishop of Strasburg interfered in his favour by a pompous letter, which spoke of "the pity and compassion of the Church," and pretended to implore mercy and deliverance for a heretic justly condemned! This was really adding mockery and insult to the punishment; but, at length, just as the period of imprisonment for their victim was expiring, M. Pache was set at liberty in consideration of the application of the bishop. Of course this was applauded as a proof of the compassion of the Romish Church, which may well pretend to be merciful, when its very acts of persecution can be turned, by the ingenuity of the priests, into the strongest and most popular proofs of its tolerance. Who can wonder at the appellations bestowed in the Scriptures upon such a church? Mystery of Iniquity, Mother of Abominations, and Man of Sin!

I am bound to add, that, towards the end of his imprisonment, M. Pache obtained a remarkable alleviation of its mi-

series, in consequence of his former friendship with the King, and the solicitations and measures of some personages of high rank. He obtained the favour of being transferred from the dungeon where he was surrounded by such a band of malefactors, and was put into another cell, in company with a murderer! This was a pleasant companion for a sick man and a clergyman, and a new proof of the *compassions* of the Romish Church, in consenting so wonderfully to ameliorate the position of a heretic.

The original account of this most iniquitous procedure may be found in the Archives du Christianisme. My informant adds that M. Pache was condemned in virtue of a law which forbids the circulation of the Scriptures and of tracts in the States of the King of Sardinia. If the inhabitants of Savoy have rightly informed me, he says there is in force in that country a law called "the Law of Blasphemy," which annexes the penalty of five years in the galleys to every attack made against the Romish religion. He had himself passed a village in the mountains, where a man was condemned to two years in the galleys, for speaking ill of the Virgin Mary!

What a country is this! what despotism of the priesthood! what degradation and trembling servitude of the people! Surely, every man having the least regard for freedom and piety is bound to exert himself to the uttermost against such a system of intolerance. It is time it were brought to an end—for the whole creation, where it exists, groaneth and travaileth in bondage under it.

There are two great forms of this bondage of Antichrist,—the Church absorbing the State, as in the government of the Papacy, and violently preventing men from worshipping according to their conscience; and a State absorbing the Church, as is the case with almost every State and Church establishment, and compelling men to acts of religious profession and worship, when conscience tells them it is all hypocrisy. It is nothing less than sacrilege and simony, which thus springs from permitting the State to prescribe, enforce, or sustain, as a civil right and duty, the form of worship in the Church. Take the instance so forcibly described by Col. Tronchin, of the young man compelled by the laws of the Genevese National Establish-

ment to come to confirmation and the communion at an appointed age. Perhaps the young man is the support of his family, and in this case he may be shut out from employment if he have not performed the sacred act, without which he will hardly be able to gain bread for the subsistence of his parents. Be his own life upright or debauched, be his principles religious or infidel, be the Church true or false, he must enter it, he must accomplish the solemn formality, and the sooner the better, in order for his successful entrance into the active world.

Hence, by a singular perversion, this profession of piety by "the act of Confirmation," comes to be regarded by many as an "act of emancipation," a sort of absolution to sin. A father in the National Church, hearing his son use blasphemous language, reproved him thus: Miserable boy! you have not yet *communicated*, and you swear like a pagan! And it is not unusual for mothers to refuse permission to their daughters to mingle in the gay amusements of the world, because, say they, they are still under religious instruction, and have not yet *communicated!* Thus the most important of all religious rites, that which constitutes the solemn profession of a Christian, becomes a compulsory act even for the greatest unbelievers. A class of catechumens at Geneva celebrated the day of their admission to the Lord's Supper by a shameful debauch! This is but the legitimate consequence of setting religion in a dependence on the State. Intolerance and irreligion are just as sure to follow, as they do when you give to the Church the power of the State, and thus tempt her to persecute.

The sole remedy and safe-guard is this: Keep the Church and State separate. Leave the conscience alone with God. Leave the Church in her dependence on the Word of God only, the Grace of Christ only, and the Work of the Spirit only. Here is light and liberty, glory and power.

CHAPTER XVII.

LOWER VALLEY OF AOSTE INTO IVREA AND TURIN.

Of all my wanderings beneath the shadow of Mont Blanc, no excursion was more excitingly beautiful than a return walk by

moonlight from the city of Aoste across the Grand St. Bernard, and back again to Chamouny. I shall interpose it here, because, though in actual time it did not come within the Tour of Mont Blanc, which we are now making, it is, nevertheless, one of its unities, though like a wild dream interposed between the realities of day.

I was on my way from Turin to Chamouny. We had left that charming Piedmontese city at noon, for Ivrea, in the diligence. The beauty of ride, especially when we began to enter on the confines of the mountains, was quite indescribable. It was the commencement of harvest season in September. The softness and luxuriance of the landscape, the abundance of fruits, flowers, and foliage, the fields entering on their autumnal richness, the carts pressed down with sheaves for the harvest-home, the hilarity of the peasantry, the goodly fruitage, the fragrant odours, and the bright light and sweetness of the Italian climate, made this one of the pleasantest parts of the year for such an excursion. All nature was laughing with plenty.

Ivrea is a walled market-town twelve leagues from Turin containing about 8000 inhabitants, and occupying a most picturesque and lovely defile on the banks of the Doire. The scene by moonlight on the waters of this river, and from the bridge, by which you enter the town, might have tempted Raphael from Rome with his canvass. The place is the gate to the Val d'Aoste, which extends about 75 miles, in one continued winding way of loveliness and sublimity, up to the very glaciers of Mont Blanc. Through this valley Napoleon fought his way to Marengo, in the year 1800, and Hannibal of old came down by this pass of beauty into Italy, both of them beholding the scenery not through the green and peaceful colouring of nature, but through the red and smoky atmosphere of war. Earlier still, this town of Ivrea is recorded to have been a slave-mart for selling the conquered inhabitants of the country—the brave old Salassi—36,000 at once, by the Romans under Varro.

Nature writes nothing of all this upon the rocks and rivers; but if the spirits of those armies, with their generals, could pass by moonlight now through this region of silent, unchanged

beauty, they would see nothing *but* this. Not the present, but the past, would be before them, in processions more terrible by far than glittering squadrons, with whole parks of brazen throated artillery. How many places, which the traveller passes without thought, must constitute to some beings a *memoria technica* of a power almost as dread as to Cain's own mind would have been the spot where the earth drank the blood of Abel!

"There are many," remarks John Foster, "to whom local associations present images, which they fervently wish they could forget; images which haunt the places where crimes have been perpetrated, and which seem to approach and glare on the criminal as he hastily passes by, especially if in the evening, or the night. No local associations are so impressive as those of guilt. It may here be observed, that as each has his own separate remembrances, giving to some places an aspect and significance, which he alone can perceive, there must be an unknown number of pleasing, or mournful, or dreadful associations, spread over the scenes inhabited or visited by men. *We* pass without any awakened consciousness by the bridge, or the wood, or the house, where there is something to excite the most painful or frightful ideas in the next man that shall come that way, or possibly the companion that walks along with us. How much there is in a thousand spots of the earth, that is invisible and silent to all but the conscious individual!"

"I hear a voice you cannot hear;
I see a hand you cannot see."

All places that recall injuries done to others, or to ourselves, or to God, must be, to the heart that hath not been visited with Repentance, the habitation of Remorse. Nemesis dwells there, and Erinnys with her snakes. Nor is there any help for this, but in the mercy of Jesus Christ; nothing that will remove the red images of avenging Justice from the mind but the washing of the guilty soul in the blood of the slain Lamb. Blessed be God, that will do it for the chief of sinners.

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,

And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

Leaving out Mont Blanc, the romantic wildness and grandeur of the Valley from Ivrea up to Aoste, about fifteen leagues are more exciting than the other half of the way from Aoste to Courmayeur. There is the utmost luxuriance combined with sublimity, and savage desolation with beauty. Rich vines are trellised amidst rocks, hanging out their purple fruit over the precipices. The torn and thunder-rifted gorge at Fort Bard and beyond, is almost equal in wildness to the Via Mala in the passage of the Splugen. Precipices rise above you into perpendicular mountains, while a village hangs in the moonlight beneath the parapet of the road on the other side, and beyond and below the village, rushes the river. The combination of Italian and almost tropical vegetation with the grandeur of these mountains, is what especially strikes the mind.

Fort Bard appears like a white castle hanging in the air. It was such an impregnable position, crowning a pile of crags, over which alone there was any possibility of passing up or down the valley, that the Austrians, who held it in 1800, were very near checking the progress of Napoleon, and so routing his army before the battle of Marengo. But the fort *must* be carried. Some hundreds of daring soldiers scaled the dangerous and almost inaccessible mountain of the Albaredo, overhanging the castle, and there, with a single cannon, silenced the dread battery which prevented all approach to the passage. Then, in the conflict at midnight, the soldiers in the fort, under the fire of another cannon, which was poured over their heads from a belfrey near the gate, were compelled to surrender, and so the storm of victory passed on, to burst upon the plains of Italy.

At one of the small villages on our route, two young girls took passage for Aoste, whom I could not but admire for the modesty and beauty of their faces and manners. I had taken the front seat or coupèe of the coach, for the sake of clear vision; they were obliged to take the same, because there was none other left, the cool night air keeping the inside seats full. They seemed unwilling to acknowledge any disposition to sleep,

but at length the youngest of the two fell asleep on her sister's arms, and the elder reclined and slept against the corner. When they awoke, they betook themselves to their devotions, and it was affecting to witness the simplicity and earnestness with which, whenever we passed an image of the Virgin by the roadside, they crossed themselves and prayed. Is it not sad to have this strong religious tendency, this yearning after the repose of the soul in faith, turned thus from its rightful object, and perverted into a sinful superstition? O, if the Gospel could be clearly preached in Italy, how would the people, the common people, flock to the joyful sound! If Christ could there be lifted up, he would draw all men unto him. The Scribes and Pharisees would rage, undoubtedly, but the common people would hear him gladly, as of old. Well! the time is coming.

Have you ever been travelling in the diligence by night through a lovely country, and experienced the dilemma of the conflict between sleeping and walking at that hour of prime, when the dawn is breaking, and all the processes of nature are so exquisitely beautiful, that you wish for every sense to be on the alert to watch them? At length you decide the matter by getting out in the cool morning twilight, and walking till your frame is warm with exercise, and your eyes are opened. A delicious cup of coffee awaits you at the next post, and you feel refreshed as if the diligence had been to you a comfortable elastic mattrass, or, at the worst, a bed of heather in the wilderness, from which you rose to see the pale brow of the morning, as saith Dante, looking o'er the eastern cliff, lucent with jewels.

> "Where we then were,
> Two steps of her ascent the night had past,
> And now the third was closing up its wing,
> When I, who had so much of Adam with me,
> Sank down upon my couch, o'ercome with sleep."

But the morning air is gently stirring the dew-laden leaves towards the breaking dawn, and bidding them drop their coronet of pearls upon the grass, in honour of the approaching sun,

already making the East glow like a sapphire ; and the birds are singing their sweet early hymn of praise; and the stars, that all night long spangled the firmament with fires, are dimly withdrawing into the blue ether; and between all this, and the fragrance of the aromatic eastern berry, if we too are not awake, and singing our morning hymn of gratitude and love, we shall make Nature herself ashamed of us.

What pictures of beauty are the villages that lie nestled above us in the verdant nooks of the mountains! Ah yes, in the distance they are the very perfection of the romantic and picturesque, but the charm disappears when you ride through them as through a row of beggars on a dunghill. Both in the moral and material world, so far as man mingles his work with it, distance has always much to do with enchantment. Now up the broad valley, the secluded city of Aoste, nigh buried among mountains, opens upon us, the approach to it from the south as well as the north being most beautiful, through the rich foliage of magnificent chestnuts and walnuts. Romantic castles crown, here and there, the crags that rise from the bosom of the luxuriant vegetation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GRAND ST. BERNARD BY MOONLIGHT.—FLOOD OF THE DRANCE.

It was about noon on Friday that I set out from Aoste on foot for the Grand St. Bernard, in order, by passing the mountain that night, to make a possible day's march to Chamouny before the Sabbath. Mine host gave me a miserable, drunken guide, a fat, bloated, hairy, savage looking wretch, whom, however, he recommended so highly, that between his word, and my anxiety to get on in season, I was persuaded to commit my knapsack to him, and we marched. But I almost had to drag the creature after me. He would drink nothing but wine, and quenched his thirst as often as he could get the opportunity; he was like a full hogshead attempting to walk. Then, at the

last village below the Hospice, he stopped and ordered supper, saying that they would give him nothing but soup and water on the mountain, and he chose to have something solid and palatable. The poor fellow might have got a very sufficient supper at the Hospice *gratis*, but he could not forego his wine. In order to hurry him, I took my knapsack on my own shoulders and hastened on, leaving him to follow, if he chose. It was night-fall, and we arrived at the Hospice about eight o'clock by the light of the rising moon.

The view of the lovely lake and the Hospice by moonlight, with the surrounding mountains, makes one of the wildest and most impressive scenes that can possibly be conceived of. There is a deep and awful stillness and solemnity, with the most gloomy grandeur.

> "The moon, well nigh
> To midnight hour belated, made the stars
> Appear to wink and fade; and her broad disk
> Seemed like a crag on fire, as up the vault
> Her course she journeyed."—DANTE.

The day being Friday, as before, I could get no meat, though I had walked seven mortal hours and the air was keen; not even an egg, though I was actually hungry. No wonder my drunkard was determined to eat at St. Remy; the devout instinct of his stomach taught him that it was fast-day at the Hospice, which I had forgotten. But the coffee was delicious. Such a cup of Mocha, with the richest boiled milk, I never tasted. The material elements of life provided by the good monks are of the best kind, and doubtless it was my fault being hungry on Friday. It was a very heretical appetite, for which I could not get even the absolution of an egg.

I persuaded a stout young herdsman at the Hospice to accompany me down the mountain, dismissed my drunkard, and after getting quite rested and enlivened by the hospitable coffee of the fast-keeping monks, we started about ten o'clock. Before leaving, I went once more over the magnificent collection in the Museum Egyptiacum at the Hospice, with the gallery of paintings. One of the paintings is a very remarkable piece, a blind fiddler by Espagnoletto.

The moonlight descent of the mountain, in so glorious a night, is an excursion of the greatest enjoyment, the air being cold and sparkling, inspiriting, and bracing the frame for exercise. With what majesty and glory did the moon rise in the heavens! With what a flood of light, falling on the ancient gray peaks, crags, and rugged mountain ridges, glittering on the glaciers, shining on the white foaming torrents, gilding the snowy outlines with ermines of pale fire, robing the fir-forests with a vail of melancholy, thoughtful, solemn beauty! In such an hour, in the stillness of midnight, the voices of the torrents, to the sky, the moon, and the mountains, go down into the soul. The wild gorges, the deep, torn ravines, the jagged precipices, the white glaciers, are invested by this moonlight of harvest, amidst their stern and awful desolation, with a charm that is indescribable. The little stone refuges by the path-side for storm-beaten travellers, and burial vaults for dead ones, slept quietly under the moon, with their iron grated windows, singular objects, of which no man could guess the purpose.

The lonely area of the Cantine, or house of refuge, so desolate when I passed up, was now clad in grandeur and beauty. The snowy peaks, rising above the more sombre and gray ridges, might have been deemed the alabaster spires and domes, or the encircling walls of some celestial city. The utter loneliness of the city was singularly shaded and humanized by a light visible so far up the mountains, that it seemed as if it burned from the bottom of the glacier. My guide said it was possibly a light in the cabin of some bold, industrious Chamois hunter. How that single light, in the recesses below the glacier, vails and softens the wild mountain with an imaginative, almost domestic interest!

> "Even as a dragon's eye, that feels the stress
> Of a bedimming sleep, or as a lamp,
> Sullenly glaring through sepulchral damp,
> So burns yon taper mid its black recess
> Of Mountains, silent, dreary, motionless:
> The lake below reflects it not; the sky
> Muffled in clouds affords no company
> To mitigate and cheer its loneliness.
> Yet round the body of that joyless thing,

Which sends so far its melancholy light,
Perhaps are seated in domestic ring
A gay society with faces bright,
Conversing, reading, laughing; or they sing,
While hearts and voices in the song unite."

Our descent from the mountain was so rapid, that we arrived at Liddes between twelve and one o'clock, but the surly inhabitants would not admit us into either of the inns. Not a soul was stirring in the village. After many ineffectual attempts, we roused some signs of life in the main hôtel, a window was cautiously raised, a nightcap appeared, and a female voice informed us that every room in the house had been taken in possession by a party of Englishmen for the mountains, and they would not let us in. We enquired if they would make us sleep in the street, but they shut the window, and Parley the porter was not to be tempted. In the other inn we succeeded in getting the door open, but were warned off the premises by angry sleepers in their beds. Here was a predicament. There was not a shed nor a bundle of straw where we could lie down, but we could walk all night more safely than we could have slept by the way-side; and so I determined to go on.

The next village of Orsieres was about three hours' distance, We could get there with all ease between three and four o'clock in the morning, and the night was so glorious that it might have tempted a traveller to the walk, even had there been no compulsion. For us there was no alternative. My guide had engaged to come only as far as Liddes, but I persuaded him by a new bargain, and again we started off. So, after a walk of thirty-nine miles, performed between twelve at noon and four the next morning, we came to a conclusive halt at Orsieres, where I succeeded in getting a bed in a very comfortable hôtel, and slept soundly, as a labouring man has a perfect right to do.

About nine o'clock the same morning, I was on my way again with a new guide, for who could think of walking all the way to Chamouny under a heavy knapsack, after forty miles pedestrian travel of the preceding sixteen hours? The weather continued delightful, and strange to say, I felt very little fatigue. The air bore me up in its elastic embrace, and made

me cheerful. It was like the effect of earnest spiritual effort in the heavenly pilgrimage; the soul grows strong and elastic by journeying upwards. The fatigue of one day fits it the better for the labours of the next. My soul followeth hard after Thee; thy right hand upholdeth me:—when there is this hard labour of the soul after God (and David's language is very emphatic), there is also the right hand of God upholding it; it is upborne on indefatigable wings, every effort bringing new strength and lightness. Very blessed is such mountain air and exercise.

I am right glad to find that the wonders of Alpine scenery lose none of their effect by familiarity; nay, they grow upon the mind, as it learns to appreciate and compare them. I was more impressed with the features of the landscape before me than I had been in coming up the valley in August. The road between St. Branchier and Beauvernois presents a scene of savage desolation and picturesque wildness not often rivalled, even in Switzerland.

The furious torrent Drance thunders down the gorge between rugged and inaccesible mountains, where there is no vegetation but such as has fallen from its hold, as it were, in despair, and struggles in confusion. Rocks are piled up as if a whole mountain had fallen with its own weight; a gallery overhanging the torrent is passed through, and to add some picturesqueness in a view of almost unrelenting desolation, you have a rude little wooden bridge carelessly thrown across the cataract for the inhabitants. A friar was leisurely fishing for trout along the eddying borders of the water.

This valley was the scene of that awful sweep of destruction caused by the gathering and bursting of a great lake among the glaciers, where the Drance was dammed up in the mountains. The chaos of rocks I had passed through were memorials of its progress. One of the boulders rolled down by the cataract is said to contain 1400 square feet. This inundation happened in 1818. From a similar cause, the falling of great glaciers from the mountains across the bed of the Drance, and so damming it up, there was a much more terrible destruction in the year 1595, by which more than one hundred and forty

persons perished. It is thus that the Alpine torrents prove from time to time the sources of vastly greater ruin than the avalanches, overwhelming whole regions that the avalanches cannot visit, bursting whole mountain ridges, and changing the landmarks and the face of nature.

One of the best descriptions of the catastrophe of 1818 is given by the artist Brockedon, from the account of Escher de Linth, published in the Bibliothéque de Genève. The reader may learn from it something of the dangers that ever lie in wait on Alpine life even in the midst of fancied security.

"In the spring of 1818, the people of the valley of Bagnes became alarmed on observing the low state of the waters of the Drance at a season when the melting of the snows usually enlarged the torrent; and this alarm was encreased by the records of similar appearances before the dreadful inundation of 1595, which was then occasioned by the accumulation of the waters behind the debris of a glacier that formed a dam, which remained until the pressure of the water burst the dike, and it rushed through the valley, leaving desolation in its course.

"In April, 1818, some persons went up the valley to ascertain the cause of the deficiency of water, and they discovered that vast masses of the glaciers of Getroz, and avalanches of snow, had fallen into a narrow part of the valley, between Mont Pleureur and Mont Mauvoisin, and formed a dike of ice and snow 600 feet wide and 400 feet high, on a base of 3000 feet, behind which the waters of the Drance had accumulated, and formed a lake above 7000 feet long. M. Venetz, the engineer of the Vallais, was consulted, and he immediately decided upon cutting a gallery through this barrier of ice, 60 feet above the level of the water at the time of commencing, and where the dike was 600 feet thick. He calculated upon making a tunnel through this mass before the water should have risen 60 feet higher in the lake. On the 10th of May, the work was begun by gangs of fifty men, who relieved each other, and worked, without intermission, day and night, with inconceivable courage and perseverance, neither deterred by the daily occurring danger from the falling of fresh masses of the glacier,

nor by the rapid encrease of the water in the lake, which rose 62 feet in 34 days—on an average nearly 2 feet each day; but it once rose 5 feet in one day, and threatened each moment to burst the dike by its encreasing pressure; or, rising in a more rapid proportion than the men could proceed with their work, render their efforts abortive, by rising above them. Sometimes dreadful noises were heard, as the pressure of the water detached masses of ice from the bottom, which, floating, presented so much of their bulk above the water as led to the belief that some of them were 70 feet thick. The men persevered in their fearful duty without any serious accident, and, though suffering severely from cold and wet, and surrounded by dangers which cannot be justly described, by the 4th of June they had accomplished an opening 600 feet long; but having begun their work on both sides of the dike at the same time, the place where they ought to have met was 20 feet lower on one side of the lake than on the other: it was fortunate that latterly the encrease of the perpendicular height of the water was less, owing to the extension of its surface. They proceeded to level the highest side of the tunnel, and completed it just before the water reached them. On the evening of the 13th the water began to flow. At first, the opening was not large enough to carry off the supplies of water which the lake received, and it rose 2 feet above the tunnel; but this soon enlarged from the action of the water, as it melted the floor of the gallery, and the torrent rushed through. In thirty-two hours the lake sunk 10 feet, and during the following twenty-four hours 20 feet more; in a few days it would have been emptied; for the floor melting, and being driven off as the water escaped, kept itself below the level of the water within; but the cataract which issued from the gallery, melted and broke up also a large portion of the base of the dike which had served as its buttress: its resistance decreased faster than the pressure of the lake lessened, and at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 6th of June the dike burst, and in half an hour the water escaped through the breach, and left the lake empty.

"The greatest accumulation of water had been 800,000,000 of cubic feet; the tunnel, before the disruption, had carried off

nearly 330,000,000—Escher says, 270,000,000; but he neglected to add 60,000,000 which flowed into the lake in three days. In half an hour, 530,000,000 cubic feet of water passed through the breach, or 300,000 feet per second; which is five times greater in quantity than the Rhine at Basle, where it is 1300 English feet wide. In one hour and a half the water reached Martigny, a distance of eight leagues. Through the first 70,000 feet it passed with the velocity of 33 feet per second—four or five times faster than the most rapid river known; yet it was charged with ice, rocks, earth, trees, houses, cattle, and men; thirty-four persons were lost, 400 cottages swept away, and the damage done in the two hours of its desolating power exceeded a million of Swiss livres. All the people of the valley had been cautioned against the danger of a sudden irruption; yet it was fatal to so many. All the bridges in its course were swept away, and among them the bridge of Mauvoisin, which was elevated 90 feet above the ordinary height of the Drance. If the dike had remained untouched, and it could have endured the pressure until the lake had reached the level of its top, a volume of 1,700,000,000 cubic feet of water would have been accumulated there, and a devastation much more extensive must have been the consequence. From this greater danger the people of the valley of the Drance were preserved by the heroism and devotion of the brave men who effected the formation of the gallery, under the direction of M. Venetz. I know no instance on record of courage equal to this; their risk of life was not for fame or for riches—they had not the usual excitements to personal risk, in a world's applause or gazetted promotion,—their devoted courage was to save the lives and property of their fellow-men, not to destroy them. They steadily and heroically persevered in their labours, amidst dangers such as a field of battle never presented, and from which some of the bravest brutes that ever lived would have shrunk in dismay. These truly brave Vallaisans deserve all honour!"

The devastation at Martigny was fearful. More than twenty years have not sufficed to restore the fertility of nature, covered as the soil then was with a thick, desolating mass of stones, sand, and gravel.

At Beauvernois the valley again assumes an aspect of great luxuriance, which encreases as you draw towards the opening into the great valley of the Rhone. Here you turn aside into a crosspath, through beautiful slopes, and woods of walnut and chestnut, to gain the fatiguing ascent of the Forclaz. It was the walnut harvest; the peasants, men, women, and children, were gathering the nuts by cartloads, and a pleasant sight it was to see Mother Earth's abundance for her offspring. Their Heavenly Father feedeth them. *That thou givest them, they gather.*

CHAPTER XIX.

SUNSET.—THE TETE NOIRE.—THE VALORSINE BY MOONLIGHT.—PIETY OF THE GUIDES.

I ARRIVED at the Auberge of the Tete Noire about four o'clock in the afternoon, and found it shut and abandoned for the season. But here I had promised to dismiss my guide, and so was obliged to march forward with my heavy pack alone, a fatigue by no means despicable, after the long wearying walk already encountered. Most happily I had stored the pockets of my fancy blouse with a luncheon, and possessed, with some other fruits, an enormous pomegranate, which had added to the weight of my knapsack since leaving the city of Turin. I had no idea the weighty delicious fruit was to stand me in so good stead.

I sat down at the shut of day in the wildest and most beautiful part of the Pass. The stream was roaring through the gorge with grand music at my feet, the foliage reflected the golden light of sunset, the evening shadows of the mountains were falling on the valley. I had some leagues to travel yet, before the shadow of Mont Blanc again would cover me, but the moon would rise and travel with me, and who, with such a companion, could feel friendless or lonely? He who made the moon, and bade it rise upon the mountains,—his mercy rises with it, our life's star. So, having laid my pack upon

the grass, to serve me for a table, beside the huge celebrated rock Balmarussa, that overhangs the pathway, I partook, with most romantic relish, my lonely, frugal repast of bread, Aostian pears, Parmisan cheese, and the ripe, ruddy, refreshing pomegranate. What a delicious fruit is this! It was well worthy of being associated with the music of the golden bells upon the ministering robes of Aaron.

The Poet Horace pays a great compliment to mulberries.

> "Ille salubres (says he),
> Æstates peraget, qui nigris prandia moris
> Finiet, ante gravem quæ legerit arbore solem."

This dietetic precept I shall render thus: That man will get along very comfortably through the hot weather, who will every day finish his dinner with black mulberries, gathered in the dewy coolness of the morning. If the measure would permit, instead of *moris* I would put *granada*, and say, If a man desires a quiet old age, let him every day eat a ripe pomegranate. But it is not every traveller that can know the pleasure of quenching his thirst with it in the Pass of the Tete Noire.

Shouldering my pack again, I hastened forward, greatly enjoying the wildness and grandeur of the scenery. At the Valorsine I found another guide, a sturdy peasant, who was just driving home his cows from pasture for the milking. "Wait till I change my clothes," said he, "and I will go with you." He was very glad of a visit to Chamouny, particularly as the next day was a feast day. He carried me into a cottage like a gipsey's cavern.

We proceeded still by moonlight, which is always so lovely among the mountains. The moon is the beautiful moon of harvest. In the deep glens of the valley it is long in rising, for its lovely light falls on the mountain summits, and kindles them like cressets in the sky, long before you catch a glimpse of the round silvery orb, which is the fountain of all this glory; until the bright vail of rays, as it falls softly from crag to crag, chases the shade down into the valley, leaving the rocks, the woods, the caverns steeped in an effulgence, which gives them a beauty not to be imagined in the glare of day.

The first appearance of the light of the rising moon upon a high mountain, while you are in obscurity below, produces an effect of enchantment. It is like a blush, or sudden glow, coming out of the mountain, like the emotion of some radiant spirit dwelling within, expressed externally, or like the faint beginning of the fire-light behind a transparency. On the opposite side of the valley, all is yet in deep shade, but at the mountain summit, behind which the hidden moon is sailing up the sky, there is a wild deepening light, and a fleecy cloud steeped in it, looking as if the moon were to break out into the blue depths, just there, at the point where the cliff cuts the stars and the azure. Still it is long before you see her full round orb, and you travel on in expectancy. Her light upon the virgin snow is wildly brilliant and beautiful.

My guides to-day have been Roman Catholics. I have had a good deal of conversation with them, and found in the first a truly serious disposition, and a regard for the forms of devotion in his church, which I would hope is mingled with something of true piety. He told me much about his habits of prayer, that he prayed every day, using the *pater noster*, the *ave*, the *credo*, *acts of faith*, etcetera, which he knew by heart. He also prayed to the saints, especially St. Bernard. I asked him if he ever prayed in any other manner, and he said No, never with any prayer but what was written for him. I asked him if he did not sometimes, from a deep sense of sin in himself, cry out to God thus, "Lord, have mercy upon me, a great sinner, and forgive my guilt," and he said Yes.

He told me that he had seen the Bible, and possessed a New Testament, which he read about twice a week. I asked him why not oftener? He said he had no time. I told him that he could easily read a few verses every day, if he chose, for it would take almost no time at all. I told him the word of God was the bread of the soul, *notre pain quotidienne*, for which he prayed in the *pater noster*, and that it was necessary to be eaten daily. What good would it do for our bodies, if we ate but twice in the week? We should soon starve; and just so with our souls. We need to receive God's bread, our spiritual food, the Bread of Eternal Life, every day, morning and evening at

least. This would be two meals for our souls, where we make three, or more, for our bodies. "Give us this day our daily bread." This does not mean merely give to our bodies wherewithal to eat; but far more it means, feed our souls with that precious spiritual bread, without which we perish. Sanctify us by thy truth. Be THOU our daily Bread, the Life of our Souls. For man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God shall man live.

My guide seemed much impressed with this manner of presenting the case, but I doubt if he ever had the least idea of what the Word of God really is for the soul. He told me that he goes to confession regularly, and takes the sacrament twice a year, when the priest gives him absolution, and all his sins are taken away. I told him that the Blood of Jesus Christ alone could take away sin, and he assented to it; but this was the great truth of the Gospel, which the Romish system renders "bed-ridden in the dormitory of the soul," while her own superstitions govern its active life. She does not turn the truth out of doors, but sets error to be its keeper, confined and strait-jacketed, as if it were a madman; or to be its nurse, as if it were a paralytic. So if any visitors enquire after its health, error answers them.

This guide was a person of the better sort, and there was a mixture of truth and error in him. Some day the truth may get loose, and save him.

My next guide was a Valorsine, a subject of the King of Sardinia. He shrugged his shoulders, and said it was necessary to believe in the Church and as the Church believed. He goes to confession once a year, and believes that then all his sins are washed away when the priest gives absolution. He believes that the holy sacrament gives life and saves the soul, alleging the words of our Saviour, "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood," etc. So much of the Gospel as this he had been taught like a parrot. He had never seen the New Testament, and hardly seemed to know what it was.

He put many questions to me concerning religion in America, and asked among other things if we believed in the commandments of God. Sidney Smith probably would have

answered him, "all except the one, 'thou shalt not steal.'" He prays night and morning with the *pater noster*, the *credo*, the *ave Maria*, *etc.* I gave him a little volume containing the gospel of Luke, which I had brought with me from the Waldenses.

Another man whom I talked with at Chamouny, told me that he *knew* of a Bible in one house, but it was at some distance. They were very rare, though sometimes families got them from Paris, but the priests did not like them to have the Scriptures. This man firmly believed that the priests have power to forgive sins.

Now what a monstrous system is this! What utter and complete destruction of a man's free agency, in that great and solemn business, in which of all others he should act for himself, and feel his responsibility. These men seemed to have shuffled off their religious anxieties without the slightest concern for the result, as a traveller deposits his funds with a banker, and takes a circular letter of credit. The transaction with the priest is an anodyne administered to the conscience, which makes it sleep profoundly, and if perchance it wakes, an appeal to the Virgin quiets it. O sad and dreadful Mystery of Iniquity! Prayer itself, the highest, most ennobling exercise of the soul, turned into idolatry and superstition! "How will these men," asks Dr. South, with his accustomed pith and power, in one of his sermons,—"*How will these men answer for their sins, who stand thus condemned for their devotions?*

Mont Blanc has been almost hidden during this last visit. But there is a wild hurried light at times under the clouds, when they are a little lifted, which shows what is concealed, with great sublimity. At times also the clouds open around a lofty peak, and it stands out in the sky alone, while the whole mountain and world besides is hidden in mist. A craggy or snowy peak so seen, seems to have gone like an island with wings up into the heavens, it appearing so lofty and so wildly bright. The glacier du Bosson struggling down the valley seems like a lost thing from another world. How beautiful the new-fallen snow upon the mountains!

CHAPTER XX.

CITY OF AOSTE—SABBATH—PEASANTS—MONUMENT TO CALVIN.

The city of Aoste, lying under an Italian sky, and out of the way of communication with the Gospel, has always remained in allegiance to the Pope and Tradition. It is not very far from the interesting territory of the Waldenses, where the light of Gospel truth has never gone out, and where, from age to age, men have suffered martyrdom rather than wear the mark of the Beast on their foreheads. But a few mountains interposed make Evangelical Christians of one party, and of the other subjects of Rome.

It is impossible to describe the feeling of confidence and comfort which you have, in a Romish city like this, on finding yourself in a pleasant Protestant family. The people of mine inn were not Christians in personal experience, but the bare absence of the bondage of the priesthood, and the disregard of the superstitious ceremonies of the Cathedral, with the speculative knowledge of the truth which they had in Switzerland, gave them a great superiority to those around them. What a shameful thing to human nature it is to feel afraid of your fellow-creatures on account of their religion, because their religion makes them your enemies, and teaches them to view you as criminals, who ought to be punished. One can hardly pass through a Romish city without seeing Giant Grim sitting at the door of his cave, and muttering, as you pass by, You will never mend till more of you be burned. But all the bigotry and jealousy in the world cannot make the grass less green in this delicious region, nor the song of the birds less sweet, nor cause the sun to shine less brightly upon Protestants, than he does upon Romanists. It is a lovely place, where you may experience both the delight of the Poet in the loveliness of Nature, and the grief of the Poet for what man has made of man.

> "I heard a thousand blended notes,
> While in a grove I sat reclined,
> In that sweet mode when pleasant thoughts
> Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran,
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played;
Their thoughts I cannot measure:—
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from Heaven is sent,
If such be nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament,
What man has made of man?

I spent the Sabbath in this city, and enjoyed much a solitary walk in the fields and along the margin of the river. Beautiful region! How calm and grand the mountains, looking down upon the green earth like venerable, benevolent genii, who guard the abodes of its inhabitants, or like ancient white-haired prophets speaking of the mysteries of heaven! It is sweet to commune with God amidst the lovely scenes of nature, when the desecration and forgetfulness of his Sabbath and his temples built by human hands compel you, as it were, to seek him in solitude, by the music of running water beneath the open temple of a sky so glorious, amidst groves of such quiet shade and luxuriance, with such Sabbath-like repose. And amidst the idolatry and wilful superstitions of Romanism, near the heart of the great system where its throbbings agitate the whole mass of society, it is good to plead with God, that his Holy Spirit may descend upon this region, and his own truth prevail.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,

And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who worship Thee.

My heart went back to America, to dear relatives and friends going to the house of God with those that keep the day holy. Ah, if our Heavenly Father is as good to them as he has been to me, I have nothing to ask for them but a heart filled with lively gratitude for all his mercy. Mountains, kingdoms, oceans are between us, but we are equally near to God, and we still meet at the Mercy Seat, though thousand leagues of sea and land separate us. This is better than looking at the moon, at hours appointed, even though marked by love.

"Oh ye, who guard and grace my home,
While in far distant lands we roam,
Enquiring thoughts are turned to you;
Does a clear ether meet your eyes?
Or have black vapours hid the skies
And mountains from your view?

"I ask in vain—and know far less
If sickness, sorrow, or distress
Have spared my dwelling to this hour:
Sad blindnes! but ordained to prove
Our Faith in Heaven's unfailing Love
And all controlling Power."

WORDSWORTH'S *Eclipse of the Sun.*

At the morning mass the Romish cathedral was full of worshippers, there being more men than I have seen in a Romish church for a long time. The streets were very quiet, but a little out of the city the common people were playing ball, and towards evening the noble public square in front of our hôtel was crowded with men, women, and children, gathered around a large band of musicians in the centre, who meet there and play every Sabbath evening. Their music-books and benches were arranged around a hollow square, in the centre of which the leader directed their operations and timed their movements with most energetic jerking and slapping of hands. Amidst the crowd, a group of three priests enjoying the music, conversing, and now and then apparently suggesting some piece which they would like to have performed. The respect paid

to them, and the air of ease and dignity with which they moved, were so strikingly different from the mutual deportment of priest and people on the other side of the Grand St. Bernard that I could not but remark it.

And yet, it is curious to listen to the talk of the common people in regard to the priests, even here, where so little light has been let in upon them. I had quite a long conversation with a well dressed peasant whom I met in the fields, and he told me that the priests were very avaricious—would do nothing for love, but everything for money, and attended more to the rich than to the poor, and all for self-interest. Now, there are in every country plenty of people who will talk abundantly and unwarrantably against their clergy; but this man considered himself a good Roman Catholic, and he had just then come from mass. He would hardly have got absolution if he had made confession of his talk this day to a heretic.

I spoke to him of the beauty and richness of the country. He said it was a country of *miseres*, poor, miserable people. I spoke to him of the goodness of God and the preciousness of the Saviour. He seemed to have some right ideas of the nature of prayer. He said that the world cared little for Jesus Christ, and that poor people had need of much patience to be pious amidst their poverty: most true indeed this was, but the poor fellow seemed to have the idea that their sufferings in this life, if rightly endured, would be considered as a sort of penance, in consideration of which they would gain eternal life in the world which is to come.

It never came to my mind so forcibly before, how the idea of penance and merit by suffering is inwrought by the Romish system into every conception of religion in the souls of the poor misguided multitudes. Imbued as they are from infancy with the errors of that system, how *can* they have any true idea of the Gospel? Alas! how pernicious! how destructive of the true view of Christ as a Saviour! Penance and human merit as the purchase of salvation! This is the theology which Rome teaches, and if I am not mistaken, it is the religious atmosphere, an atmosphere of thick blending, ruinous error, in which almost every soul under that teaching grows and dies. I mean,

if possible, to get at the practical effect of this atmosphere in the almost unconscious thoughts and feelings of unsophisticated peasants, and common ignorant men. I wish to learn how far it is possible for a common mind, in innocence and simplicity of purpose—for a person who sincerely, and, as it were, unconsciously, pursues the routine dictated and taught by the Romish Church, to have any right conception of religion or of Christ. I believe it will be found, that even if Rome were chargeable with no other error or iniquity, this idea of the purchase of salvation by human works and merit, effectually darkens the mind *in every case*, and excludes from it the light of the Gospel; as much so as the vilest rites of idolatry do degrade and darken the mind in lands utterly heathen. Therefore it is that the multitudes under the delusions of Rome need missionaries as much as the Pagans. They are totally ignorant of the great truth of faith in Christ. It is not in their system. It is far from the teachings of the priests—far from the knowledge of the people.

Let the poet Danté, the great poet of a Romish creed and scholastic philosophy intermingled, but a poet "all compact" with freedom and great thought, seeing beneath the surface, and telling what he saw,—let *him* describe the route of Romish teachers and you will no more call it prejudice and harsh judgment, if you find the same colours copied now from the reality of things.

"Men, thus at variance with the truth,
Dream, though their eyes be open; reckless some
Of error; others well aware they err,
To whom more guilt and shame are justly due.
Each the known track of sage philosophy
Deserts, and has a by-way of his own:
So much the restless eagerness to shine,
And love of singularity, prevail.
Yet this, offensive as it is, *provokes*
Heaven's anger less, than when the Book of God
Is forced to yield to man's authority
Or from its straightness warped: no reck'ning made
What blood the sowing of it in the world
Has cost; what favour for himself he wins,
Who meekly clings to it.
The aim of all

Is how to shine: *e'en they, whose office is*
To preach the Gospel, let the Gospel sleep,
And pass their own inventions off instead.
One tells, how at Christ's sufferings the wan moon
Bent back her steps, and shadowed o'er the sun
With intervenient disk, as she withdrew.
Another, how the light shrouded itself
Within its tabernacle, and left dark
The Spaniard, and the Indian, with the Jew.
Such fables Florence in her pulpit hears,
Bandied about more frequent than the names
Of Bindi and of Lapi in her streets.
The sheep meanwhile, poor witless ones, return
From pasture, fed with wind: and what avails
For their excuse they do not see their harm?
"Christ said not to his first conventicle
Go forth and preach impostures to the world;
But gave them TRUTH to build on; and the sound
Was mighty on their lips; nor needed they,
Beside the Gospel, other spear or shield,
To aid them in their warfare for the faith."

What a noble, powerful voice is this! Danté had in his soul the germ of the very principle of Protestantism and of freedom, *adherence to the Word of God above all authority*; and hence no small portion of his power; hence the fetters broken from his genius. He could scarcely have said more had he seen the modern Romish preachers taking for their text the Holy coat of Trêves.

"The preacher now provides himself with store
Of jests and gibes; and, so there be no lack
Of laughter while he vents them, his big cowl
Distends, and he has won the meed he sought.
Could but the vulgar catch a glimpse the while
Of that dark bird, which nestles in his hood,
They scarce would wait to hear the blessing said,
Which now the dotards hold in such esteem,
That every counterfeit, who spreads abroad
The hands of holy promise, finds a throng
Of credulous fools beneath. St. Anthony
Fattens with this his swine, and others worse
Than swine, who diet at his lazy board,
Paying with false indulgences their fare."
PARADISE, Canto XXIX, Carey's Danté.

I met several women on the Sabbath, reading in Romish

books of devotion, and observed that in the Cathedral many persons had their prayer-books in their hands. Sometimes a maiden would be sitting at the house door in the street, reading. Again, I passed an old man clad in his Sabbath garments, reading to his wife. Again, a little out of the city, a woman sitting under the shadow of the trees and reading to her children. It was a collection of Roman Catholic hymns, some of them very excellent, others addressed to the saints, and full of error from beginning to end. But it was pleasant to see that there were so many people who knew *how* to read. This being the case, they are *prepared*, at least, to receive the Bible; it could not be lost upon them.

One of the little girls, seeing I was very curious in my enquiries as to the books they read and studied, and as to whether they had the Bible, ran into the house, and brought me the two other books, which I suppose constituted their little library, one of which contained the lives of some excellent devout persons in humble situations, one of them being celebrated for his great devotion to the Virgin Mary. The other book was a History of the Holy Bible, which was all they possessed approximating to the Scriptures. The priests give them the History of the Bible, but withhold the Bible itself.

The woman asked me what religion they were of in my country, and I told her the Reformed Religion; but finding that she did not understand me, I told her the religion of Jesus Christ. Ah, said she, it is the same religion as ours; our religion is the religion of Jesus Christ, you have the same. I did not attempt to explain to her the difference, but simply spoke of the necessity of faith in Christ, and of prayer always. But really, to what a system of monstrous error the name and seal of Jesus Christ are affixed in the Romish Church! Their religion has with great propriety been called the religion of the Virgin rather than of Christ, Marianism instead of Christianity.

The city of Aoste was for a little season the scene of the labours of Calvin, a place of retreat from the persecutions of his enemies. But he was obliged by the roar of the Beast to flee from this beautiful valley; and now in the city itself there is a stone cross with an inscription at its base, to commemorate

his departure, a curious testimony of the priests as to the power of this great man, and the dread with which his presence, his influence, and his labours, were regarded among them.

Mine host told me a curious story, which he said was current and firmly believed in the city and the valley as to the cause of Calvin's flight, which was that he had promised the people, as a sign of the truth of his teaching, to raise a dead man to life ; that he made the attempt and failed, and that the whole city was so enraged against him that he had to flee at midnight, or rather at eleven o'clock, across the Grand St. Bernard, to save himself from destruction. As a proof of this legend, the inhabitants of Aoste, to commemorate this event, have ever since made the hour of eleven their midday and midnight, so that they dine at eleven instead of twelve, and consider eleven as noon. They dine and sleep on the remembrance of Calvin's flight from their holy Romish Apostolic city. Much good may it do them. It is a dream, which mingles with their dreams, and facilitates their digestion ; the inscription on the monument is as good to them as wine after dinner ; and much more innocent is it than many other Popish lies and superstitions, of which the ridiculous legend about Calvin raising a dead body bears the stamp of a notable example.

One of the most striking features in the character of this great man (as in that of all the prominent Reformers) was the extreme remove of his mind from everything like fanaticism. Without being a Stoic, he was one of the calmest of them all. They were all remarkably characterized by strong faith, a living faith, celestial but sober, as men who see realities, and never degenerating into presumption or fanatical pretence. The whole life of Calvin, as the steady burning of a uniform but intense energy, reminds us of Foster's original remark in regard to the fire of Howard's benevolence : "it was the calmness of an intensity kept uniform by the nature of the human mind forbidding it to be more, and by the character of the individual forbidding it to be less." Intense, unremitting determination, so intense "that if, instead of being habitual, it had been shown only for a short time on particular occasions, it would have appeared a vehement impetuosity," never had a

more signal exhibition. Calmly, but rapidly, it burnt his life to the socket. Of him, as of Howard, one might wonder what must have been the amount of that bribe, in emolument or pleasure, that would have detained him a week inactive, after the final adjustment of his plans. It was this inflexible decision of mind, as much as the largeness and acuteness of his intellect, and the depth of his piety, which gave him such supreme influence and sway in the Genevese republic. Perhaps it was *more* this than all his other great qualities, in which his friends, and they who were much older than himself, felt his superiority.

Calvin was not a man to attempt a miracle, but to strip the disguise from every pretender. It would have been a strange hallucination indeed, if his clear intellect, and uniform logical passion, had ever taken the form of a miracle-working enthusiasm. He was the incarnation of the Logic of the Reformation, as Melancthon was of its Benevolence, Zuingle of its Zeal, and Luther of its Faith, Boldness, and Hope. It was not a mere scholastic Logic, but rich and large, and at the same time simple and natural, and all informed, permeated, and kindled by Divine Truth. It was not subtlety, but the faculty of keen, clear insight, without the rambling of a thought, and of rigid, severe expression, without the waste of a word. In Calvin's life and character, two great qualities met, Method and Passion; not the creations of the senses, but deep in the soul; qualities of Intellect and Duty, the mould and frame-work of the man.

And now as to intolerance. If it came under the guise of an angel, we should hate it; and we abhor it not the less, where it is an accident in a system of truth, than where it is the very spirit, demand, and breathing necessity of a system of error. It grows *out of* the Romish system *at all times*; it has attached itself *to* the system of the Reformation *sometimes*; it springs almost inevitably from the union of Church and State with any system whatever. The intolerance of the Reformed Churches has been the detestable fruit of this detestable connection.

Edmund Burke once remarked that "the whole class of the severe and restrictive virtues are at a market almost too high for humanity." Calvin was distinguished for these virtues, and perhaps he bore his faculties as meekly as any mortal

mixture of earth's mould could have done, endowed with them so highly. They are of an unbending class, and may sometimes put the mind out of a proper sympathy for human weakness. But the secret of that intolerance which sometimes darkened the progress of the Reformation, and which has been permitted to throw so deep a shade over the character of Calvin, has been better told by Coleridge than by any other writer.

"At the Reformation," said he, "the first Reformers were beset with an almost morbid anxiety not to be considered heretical in point of doctrine. They knew that the Romanists were on the watch to fasten the brand of heresy upon them whenever a fair pretext could be found; and I have no doubt it was the excess of this fear which at once led to the burning of Servetus, and also to the thanks offered by all the Protestant Churches, to Calvin and the Church of Geneva, for burning him."

Poor human nature! A wiser and still more loving John than Calvin would once have burned all Samaria, if our blessed Lord would have permitted it. But Grace shall one day take all these wrinkles from the Church of Christ, and present it without spot, fair as the Moon, clear as the Sun, and terrible as an army with banners.

Mark the perverted and fanatical use which James and John would have made of the example of Elias! "Lord! wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven, and consume them, even as Elias did?" But what a sweet rebuke was that which restrained and corrected a zeal so mingled with the unrighteous spirit! "The Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them." Who could have thought, after this, that fire to burn up erring men would have passed into the Church as one of its great sacraments, "Acts of Faith," and most solemn celebrations of worship? But in so doing, it constitutes one of the most glaring, evident seals, not of the Church of Christ but of Anti-Christ. Whoever adopts it adopts a seal of the Great Apostacy.

Mark you, also, that James and John, before they would have used it, consulted their Divine Master—"Lord, *wilt thou* that we command fire?" If always, in such a mood, men had so consulted Christ, when thinking of applying fire, they would

have found out its wickedness; they would have received and felt the answer, Ye know not what spirit ye are of.

It is remarkable that death by burning has always been considered as consecrated, if I may so speak, to the crime of a religious faith. It is the Baptism of Fire, with which the Court of Rome prećminently has chosen to finish and perfect the etherealization of those noble spirits, who in the midst of torture and death opposed her errors and her despotism. It is the only Sacrament that Romish bigotry and superstition have ever granted to heretics; the sacrament with which a multitude of souls of the best mould ever shaped have been dismissed in a chariot of fire to Immortality.

CHAPTER XXI.

ANTIQUITIES, CALAMITIES AND BY-LAWS OF AOSTE.— MONT BLANC FROM IVROGNE.

The old Romans left a more enduring memorial of their residence and conquests in the city of Aoste than Calvin did of his. There is a triumphal arch erected by Augustus twenty-four years before Christ, a Roman bridge across the river, and a remarkable double Roman gate or entrance to the city. There are ruins of an amphitheatre, subterranean vaults, and many fragments of antiquity and use unknown. Mine host carried me into one of the long subterranean passages beneath the city, built, it is said, by the ancient native inhabitants before the time of the Romans; now half filled and choked with rubbish, but running in different directions clear across the city, and even, it is said, under the bed of the river. The old city in the time of the Romans was called Cordéle, the chief city of the Salassi.

The city is most beautiful in its position, close to the junction of the rivers Buttier and Doire, in the centre of a luxurious valley, from many points of which you can see both the Mont Blanc and the snowy ranges of the grand St. Bernard. Magnificient mountains, girdled with beautiful verdure far up to-

wards their rocky summits, enclose the valley, and rich vineyards cover their beautiful slopes below. In the eleventh century Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, was born in this city, and St. Bernard in his day was Archdeacon of Aoste, so that it is a city of great names and memories in other triumphs than the flight of Calvin.

The inhabitants speak French, and are horribly disfigured with *cretinism* and *goitre*, enormous bag necks, and idiots or *cretins*, meeting you, in both men and women, in almost every street. What a calamity is this! and amidst such fertility and beauty, such softness, sweetness, purity, and luxuriance of nature! While nature smiles (Foster sadly remarks), there are many pale countenances that do *not*. But sadder is the sight of a living face, from which the last gleam of intellect has departed, than of many dreadful forms of pain and misery. This fearful disease of *cretinism* excludes its victims from society, and reduces them to the level of brutes. Men of science have endeavoured without success to discover its cause and arrest its progress. Saussure supposed that it is occasioned by a vicious atmosphere, not changed and renewed, and wanting in certain elements necessary to the healthful development of man. But if this were the case, why should not all the inhabitants of the village feel it? Why should it decimate them? Why should any escape? Strange, indeed, and dreadfully subtile and penetrating, must that peculiarity in the atmosphere be which passes through the frame to attack the intellect.

Mine host told me that the *goitre* was to be attributed to the filthy habits of the people, who live in the stables with the cattle, in winter, for the sake of warmth: this is not improbable, but again, on the other hand, there are communities quite as filthy in various parts of the world, where this *goitre* never yet made its appearance. The streets of the city are clean, and indeed, in the midst of most of them a clear running stream from the mountains pours over the pavements. Fruits are abundant and delicious; moreover it was the season of strawberries, with plenty of cream.

I was amused with looking over the exposition of the articles of law relative to the government of the city. No loud singing

is allowed in the streets after ten o'clock in the evening, nor any noises capable of disturbing good people who wish to sleep. Vagabonds are to be carried to watch-houses, and nothing but honest callings are to be permitted, and decent moral amusements for recreation. All persons are forbidden to expose for show any images in wood or wax, of Venus, or *any* great notable assassins, or men famous for their crimes in any way. All the world knows that Venus *is* a great assassin, well deserving of capital punishment; and if the priests had stated that this was one of the laws which Calvin caused to be framed while residing in the city, it might be easier believed than their tale of Calvin raising the dead. In these laws the utmost vigilance is enjoined against the introduction into the city of books or tracts of any kind tending injuriously towards the Holy Catholic Roman Apostolic Church Religion or Government. The cleanness of the streets may possibly be accounted for by a law that every person shall be held to keep the street clean before his own door, carefully removing all the dirt, and preventing its accumulation. This is somewhat different from our laws in New York, where the swine have a premium as city scavengers.

There is a most curious propensity in the lower orders to associate a foreign language, or the supposed ignorance of their own, with deafness. Most persons have probably met with instances of this, but I never knew a more singular example than that of a peasant in Aoste, who, seeing that I was a foreigner, stepped up to me, and answered a question I had asked him, with a shout such as you would pour into the ear of a person incurably deaf. He evidently supposed, that being a foreigner, I had lost my hearing, or rather that I possessed the sense of hearing only for my own language, and could understand his only when it thundered. On this principle, all a man needs in travelling through foreign countries would be an ear-trumpet, instead of the grammar and dictionary.

From the Cité d'Aoste to Courmayeur, at the end of the valley near Mont Blanc, it is about twenty-seven miles. I had a return *char-à banc* entirely to myself, for the very small sum

of five francs. The ride and the views of Mont Blanc enjoyed in it were worth five hundred. For twelve miles the road winds along the bottom of the valley, sometimes at the edge of a torrent, sometimes crossing it, through scenes of the richest vegetation. The openings of rich valleys here and there lead off the eye as in a perspective wilderness of wildness and beauty; and the grandeur of the mountains, snow-topped even in August, encreases as the valley narrows towards Mont Blanc.

About half way up the valley from Aoste to Courmayeur is a little vagabond village named Ivrogne, I know not on what principle or for what reason so baptized, unless it were from the fact that you pass immediately to a point where, in the language of Lord Byron, the scene is of such effulgence, that you are well nigh "dazzled and drunk with beauty." For, a little beyond this village of Ivrogne, Mont Blanc bursts upon you with indescribable sublimity. Your weather must indeed be fine, and you must be there at a particular hour, for the most favourable position of the sun upon the scene; but when these requisites concur, nothing in nature can be more glorious than the vision, which I had almost said blazes in floods of living light before you.

I have seen Mont Blanc from all the best points of view, from the Breven, the Flegére, from St. Martin, in fine weather in August, with every advantage, and from the Col de Balme on a day in October so glorious that I then thought never could be presented, at any other season, such a juncture of elements in one picture, of such unutterable sublimity and beauty. But all things taken together, no other view is to be compared for its magnificence with this in the Val d'Aoste. The valley from this point up to Courmayeur, more than twelve miles, forms a mighty infolding perspective, of which the gorges of the mountains, inlaid and withdrawing one behind another, like ridges of misty light, lead off the eye into a wondrous depth and distance, with Mont Blanc completely filling up the close. This scene, by the winding of your way, bursts almost as suddenly upon you as if the heavens were opened. The poet Danté may give you some little impression of the glory.

"As when the lightning, in a sudden sheen
Unfolded, dashes from the blinding eyes
The visive spirits, dazzled and bedimmed;
So, round about me, fulminating streams
Of living radiance played, and left me swathed
And veiled in dense impenetrable blaze.
I looked,
And in the likeness of a river saw
Light flowing, from whose amber-seeming waves
Flashed up effulgence, as they glided on
'Twixt banks on either side painted with spring
Incredible how fair: and from the tide
There ever and anon outstarting flew
Sparkles instinct with life; and in the flowers
Did set them, like to rubies chased in gold.
Then, as if drunk with odours, plunged again
Into the wondrous flood.
How vast a space
Of ample radiance! Yet, nor amplitude,
Nor height impeded, but my view with ease
Took in the full dimensions of that joy."

PARADISE, Canto XXX.

If to this you please to add Milton's description of the gate in heaven's wall, as seen out of Chaos, you will have, not indeed an accurate picture, but a semblance, an image by approximation, of the manner in which Mont Blanc may rise before the vision.

"Far distant he descries,
Ascending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of heaven, a structure high,
At top whereof, but far more rich, appeared
The work as of a kingly palace gate
With frontispiece of diamond and of gold
Embellished; thick with sparkling orient gems
The portal shone, inimitable on earth
By model or by shading pencil drawn.
The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw
Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
To Padan-Aram in the field of Luz,
Dreaming by night under the open sky,
And waking cried, This is the gate of heaven."

CHAPTER XXII.

MONT BLANC FROM THE UPPER VAL D'AOSTE.

Almost every separate view of Mont Blanc from different vales and mountains has some peculiarity to characterize it. I never obtained so complete an idea of the vastness of its slopes of snow, and the immensity of its glaciers as when gazing on it in a fine day from the summit of the Flegére in the vale of Chamouny. But that day the peculiar interest of the view was derived from the fact that a number of travellers could be seen ascending Mont Blanc, and it was in fact particularly on that account that at that time we made the ascent of the Flegére. The French government had sent several scientific gentlemen to climb the mountain, remain upon its summit several nights, and fill the world with the glory of their observations. They had made several most perillous and unsuccessful trials to accomplish their mission, but Mont Blanc always proved too surly for them, till there came an interval of fine weather; then, it being known in the valley that they were on their way up the mountain to the number of about forty, guides and all, many of the travellers then in the valley seized this opportunity to ascend the Flegére and have a look at the French *voyageurs* in their perillous expedition. And intensely interesting it was to look at them with the telescope, about two thirds up the mountain, creeping along like emmits, in a single file behind one another, over the surface of the ice and snow.

Now they seemed hanging to the face of one precipiee, and suspended over the awful gulf of another. Now they wound carefully and painfully along the brink of an enormous glacier, where a slide of snow from above, or the separation of the mass over which they were treading would have carried them all to destruction. Again they were seen higher up, evidently engaged in cutting footsteps in the steep ice path, and making such slow progress, that the eye can scarcely distinguish their motion at all. Then we would lose sight of them entirely, and again they would appear in another direction, having surmoun-

ted the obstacles successfully, but again we saw them in a position evidently so hazardous, that from moment to moment it would have been no surprise to see them fall. The exclamation of almost every individual looking at them was this, What a foolhardy enterprise! What fools to risk their lives in such an undertaking! And yet the danger is probably not so extreme as it appeared to us, although indeed the hazards of the ascent of Mont Blanc are at all times very great, while there is really no sufficient recompense to the traveller on the summit, for the peril and fatigue encountered in reaching it.

It is like those heights of ambition so much coveted in the world, and so glittering in the distance, where, if men live to reach them, they cannot live upon them. They may have all the appliances and means of life, as these French savans carried their tents to pitch upon the summit of Mont Blanc; but the peak that looked so warm and glittering in the sunshine, and of such a rosy hue in the evening rays, was too deadly cold, and swept by blasts too fierce and cutting; they were glad to relinquish the attempt and come down. The view of the party a few hours below the summit was a sight of deep interest. So was the spectacle of the immeasurable ridges and fields, gulfs and avalanches, heights and depths, unfathomable chasms and impassable precipices of ice and snow, of such dazzling whiteness, of such endless extent, in such gigantic masses. The telescope sweeps over them, and they are brought startlingly near to the eye, and the spectator feels grateful that neither himself nor any of his friends are compelled to hazard their lives amidst such perillous sublimities of nature, whether in individual or governmental scientific curiosity.

The views of Mont Blanc from the Flegére, from the Breven, and from the Col de Balme, might each seem, under favourable circumstances, so sublime and glorious, that nothing could exceed them, or cause any increase in their sublimity. But Mont Blanc from the Italian side, from the Val d'Aoste, is presented to the eye in a greater unity of sublimity, with a more undivided and overwhelming impression than from any other point. In the vale of Chamouny you are almost too near; you are under the mountain, and not before it; and from the heights

around it, there are other objects that command a portion of your admiration. But here Mont Blanc is the only object, as it were, between you and eternity. It is said that on this side the mountain rises, in almost a sheer perpendicular precipice, thirteen thousand feet high; an object that quite tyrannizes over the whole valley, so that you see nothing else; and in a day of such glowing brilliancy as I am writing of, you desire to see nothing else, for it seems as if heaven's splendours were coming down upon you!

It was between four and five in the afternoon that I came upon this view—and I gazed, and gazed, and gazed, almost wishing that I could spend as many days as these were minutes in the same position, and full of regret to leave a spot of such glorious beauty. The splendour was almost blinding. A brilliant sun, a few fleecy clouds around the mountain, a clear transparent atmosphere, the valley invested with the richest verdure, range after range of mountains retreating behind one another, tints softening from shade to shade, the light mingling with, and, as it were, entering into, the green herbage and forming with it a soft, luminous composition, dim ridges of hazy light, and at the close of this perspective of magnificence, Mont Blanc sheeted with snow, and flashing like a type of the Celestial City!

Coming suddenly upon such a scene, you think that no other point of view can possibly be equal to this, and you are tempted not to stir from the spot till sundown; but looking narrowly, you see that the road scales the cliffs at some distance beyond, at an overhanging point, where Mont Blanc will still be in full view; so you pass on, plunging for a few moments into a wood of chestnuts and then lose Mont Blanc entirely. Then you emerge, admiring the rich scene through which you have been advancing, until you gain the point which you observed from a distance, where the road circles the jagged, outjutting crags of the mountain at a great distance above the bottom of the valley, and then again the vision of glory bursts upon you. What combinations! Forests of the richest, deepest green, vast masses of foliage below you, as fresh and glittering in the sunlight as if just washed in a June shower,

mountain crags towering above, the river Doire thundering far beneath you, down black, jagged, savage ravines; behind you, at one end of the valley, a range of snow-crowned mountains; before you, the same vast and magnificent perspective which arrested your admiration at first, with its infolding and retreating ranges of verdure and sunlight, and at the close, Mont Blanc flashing as lightning, as it were a mountain of pure alabaster.

The fleecy clouds that here and there circled and touched it, or like a cohort of angels bruised its summit with their wings, added greatly to the glory; for the sunlight reflected from the snow upon the clouds, and from the clouds upon the snow, made a more glowing and dazzling splendour. The outlines of the mountains being so sharply defined against the serene blue of the sky, you might deem the whole mass to have been cut out from the ether. You have this view for hours, as you pass up the valley, but at this particular point it is the most glorious.

It was of such amazing effulgence at this hour, that no language can give any just idea of it. Gazing steadfastly and long upon it, I began to comprehend what Coleridge meant, when he said that he almost lost the sense of his own being in that of the mountain, so that it seemed to be a part of him and he of it. Gazing thus, your sense almost becomes dizzy in the tremulous effulgence. And then the sunset! The rich hues of sunset upon such a scene! The golden light upon the verdure, the warm crimson tints upon the snow, the crags glowing like jasper, the masses of shade cast from summit to summit, the shafts of light shooting past them into the sky, and all this flood of rich magnificence succeeded so rapidly by the cold gray of the snow, and gone entirely when the stars are visible above the mountains, and it is night!

Now again let me collect some images from the burning pen of Danté, who, if he had been set to draw from an earthly symbol, what his imagination painted of the figurings of Paradise, might have chosen this mountain at this evening hour. For, indeed, it seems as if this must be the way travelled by happy spirits from earth to heaven, and this the place where

the angels of God are ascending and descending, each brighter than the sun.

"A lamping as of quick and volleyed lightning,
Within the bosom of that mighty sheen
Played tremulous.
And as some cliff, that from the bottom eyes
Its image mirrored in the crystal flood,
As if to admire its brave apparelling
Of verdure and of flowers; so, round about,
Eyeing the light, on more than million thrones,
Stood, eminent, whatever from our earth
Has to the skies returned.
Behold this fair assemblage, snowy white,
How numberless. The city where we dwell
Behold how vast; and these our seats so thronged,
'Twixt gladness and amaze,
In sooth no will had I to utter aught,
Or hear. And, as a pilgrim, when he rests
Within the temple of his own, looks round
In breathless awe, and hopes sometimes to tell
Of all its goodly state; e'en so mine eyes
Coursed up and down along the living light,
Now low, and now aloft, and now around,
Visiting every step,
Emboldened, on
I passed, as I remember, till my view
Hovered the brink of dread infinitude."

PARADISE, Cantos XXV and XXXI.

The feelings are various in viewing such a scene. It lifts the soul to God—it seems a symbol of his invisible glory—you are almost entranced with its splendour! Wonderful! that out of the materials of earth, air, ice, rock, and mist, with the simple robe of light, such a fit type of the splendours of eternity can be constructed. It is the light that makes the glory. Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment! Who dwellest in light inaccessible and full of glory! It is God that makes the light; it is God that with it makes such shadows of his own brightness. But if such be the material, what is the immaterial?—if such be the earthly, what is the spiritual?—if such be the hem, as it were, of God's robe of creation, what is God? And if he can present to the weak sense of men in bodies of clay such ecstasy of material glory, what must be the scenes

of spiritual glory presented to the incorporeal sense of those that love him?

> "If such the sweetness of the streams,
> What must the Fountain be,
> Where saints and angels draw their bliss
> Immediately from Thee?"

But the view of such a scene also makes one sensible of his own insignificance and sinfulness; it makes one feel how unfit he is for the presence of a God of such inaccessible glory. The one powerful impression made upon my mind was this: if out of such material elements the Divine Being can form to the eye a scene of such awful splendour, what mighty preparation of Divine Grace do we need, as sinful beings, before we can behold God—before we can see his face without perishing—before we can be admitted to his immediate spiritual presence! Ah, Mont Blanc, in such an hour, utters forth that sentence, Without holiness no man shall see God!

CHAPTER XXIII.

PASS OF THE COL DE LA SEIGNE.

After a day of so much enjoyment, I arrived at Courmayeur, thankful that I had been led to persevere in my pedestrian excursion. There are at this village some most salutary mineral springs, very like the Congress springs at Saratoga, resorted to by many of the Piedmontese. The water pours directly out of the rock, in a natural grotto, with which a rude building is connected, and in each tumbler deposits a good deal of flinty sediment. One might have enjoyed a fortnight at these refreshing waters, with such sublime scenery around, and I had a great mind to stay awhile, for I know of no such glorious watering-place in the world; but the difficult passes of the Col de la Seigne and the Col de Bonhomme were before me, and who could tell how long the fine weather I was enjoying might last, or how soon it might change? Courmayeur is close beneath Mont Blanc; ten minutes' walk from the village brings

you to a full, magnificent view of him, much more perpendicular on this side than on that of Chamouny. You may step from a sward of the greenest delicious grass enamelled with flowers, into ice-bergs as old as the creation.

After some deliberation I resolved to start at once, with one of the brothers Proment for my guide, and had cause to be grateful for this resolution, since our fine days lasted but just long enough to bring us within three or four hours of Chamouny, and the mountain-passes could not have been crossed in bad weather.

Immediately on leaving the village, you have before you a very grand view of Mont Blanc, with his whole majestic train of sweeping snowy mountains. The Allée Blanche, up which you pass, must have been so named from the stupendous fields of ice and snow, and from those vast white glaciers, on the very borders of which you traverse a long time, as you may on the borders of the Mer de Glace. There is no situation in which these mighty ice-creations are seen to more advantage, or appear in greater sublimity. There is none where your path passes so near to them. You might suppose that it was in crossing one of these Alpine gorges verging on chaos, that Danté gathered first some dim struggling conception of his nine hells. It would be easy to people the region with blue-pinched spirits, thrilling in thick-ribbed ice, and ghosts, fiend-like chained to the splintered rocks, or wrestling in their dismal cloisters.

> "The shore, encompassing th' abyss
> Seems turreted with giants, half their length
> Uprearing, horrible, whom Jove from heaven
> Yet threatens, when his muttering thunder rolls."

Here you may see the distorted resemblances of a thousand prodigious things, crouching, deformed, unutterable, of earth, and ice, and subterranean, tortured floods, freezing or fiery Phlegethon, Styx, Acheron, with all the abhorred brood of Night and Chaos; remnants of a world, where the thick air may have upborne upon its crude consistence winged lizards a league long, now petrified and fixed upright in mummy cases

under coats of ice, as the bas-reliefs, and grinning, iceberg Caryatides of the mountains. The cold, hoarse brooks growl when the storm rages, till, fed from ten thousand sluices, they swell into impetuous cataracts, and thunder down, tearing the hills in their passage. Sometimes a whole glacier drops wedge-like into them, when they rise into broad imprisoned lakes, pressing and tugging at their crystal barriers; till at length, bursting all restraint, they are precipitated down into the vales with dreadful ruin.

Sometimes from a great height you look down upon the glaciers, and observe their monstrous minarets, battlements, shivered domes, and splintered, deep, frightful ravines, and sometimes you look up, where they seem as if pouring down from heaven across your path their frozen cataracts. The *moraines*, or colossal ridges of broken rocks, which they have ploughed up, are truly wonderful. Sometimes you can almost command the whole length and windings of the glacier up to its issue, and down to the point where a river rushes from its icy caverns. At one spot the guide traced for me the perillous route to Chamouny by the Col de Geant. We crossed a whole mountain of frightful ruins, looking as if some lofty Alps of granite had toppled down by its own weight, and burst into a wild chaos of ridges of fragments.

Along this scene of stupendous desolation, the uneasy path upcoiling, scales the huge fallen crags, vestiges of Titanic convulsions and conflicts, where a storm would bring down an avalanche from the accumulated ruins of other avalanches. All this way, the snowy mountains are overhanging you on one side, and the bare outjutting precipices look ready to fall from the sky on the other. We are continually following the valley of the Doire to the crash and roar of its thundering music. At a spot on the other side of the stream, my guide pointed me to a cave, at the base of a mountain impregnated with saltpetre, which he said was of a frightful depth, and was the resort of great numbers of chamois. Under a huge rock opposite this cave, the hunters lay in ambush, to take aim at the chamois without being seen.

We passed the little lake of Combal, encreased by a massive

artificial rocky barrier, and bordered, on the side opposite Mont Blanc, with hardy green shrubbery and beautiful flowers. It cost us nearly five hours to accomplish the height of the pass, but about three hours from Courmayeur, just above the last beautiful farms watered by the Doire, where the women and maidens were busy making hay, we stopped at the solitary Auberge and made an excellent dinner of time-defying bread, that might outlast the mountains, together with goats' milk, rich, light and wholesome. The woman told me she had four children, two boys and two girls, and added that it was two girls too many.

This was one of the most *unmotherly* speeches I ever heard, but it was uttered on the extreme verge of the habitable world, where Mont Blanc darts his frost-arrows through the air, and shakes over the earth his robe of glaciers, and looks you out of countenance with a theory of population sterner than that of Mr. Malthus. Yet it *was* strange that a mother could wish to have had not one daughter for herself, not one loving sister for her sons! What must be the hardship of that life, how full of unrelenting toil, how pressed with chill penury, how stript of flowers, and barren of all beauty and dry as summer's dust, that could suffer in a mother's heart so unnatural a wish! Ah, there must have been something of hardness in the heart, as well as hardship in the life, to bring about such feelings.

I remonstrated with the poor woman in behalf of her daughters, but she observed that other families had girls enough, and intimated that they were a mere incumbrance, while the boys could earn their own bread. But if the girls who were making hay lower down the valley did not earn theirs, there is never a hunter in all Switzerland *could* earn it. Indeed, there seemed to me to be almost no labour, in which the *women-folk* do not bear a good part in these Alpine solitudes. Their station in the household is anything but a sinecure; they only do not hunt for chamois.

Farther up than this we passed a little cluster of huts for making cheese, and drank of the rich fresh milk which they were just drawing from the cows, pouring it into a colossal Titanic kettle, to undergo in mass the process preparatory for the cheese-press.

At length over fields of ice and snow we gained the summit of the Col de Seigne, from whence a very grand view is to be enjoyed on both sides, but especially on the side towards the Val d'Entrèves and Courmayeur. The summit of Mont Blanc is sublimely visible, with the glaciers pouring down its sides into the valley, at the distant end of which the Mont Velan and the summits of the Grand St. Bernard fill up the view. The descent from this point to Chapieu was rapid and easy. Arriving at a cluster of chalets called Motet, we were advised to go over the Col de Fours to Nant Bourant for the night, instead of proceeding down to Chapieu, as this would be adding an hour's travel to Nant Bourant; but it was late, and looked threatening, so that we determined to proceed towards Chapieu for our sleeping place, and glad was I for this determination. For, in less than an hour the clouds gathered towards us with every appearance of a sudden storm, which would have been terrible, had we been overtaken by it at evening, on the heights of the Col de Fours, as we must have been had we attempted that course.

To get to our shelter at Chapieu before the rain, we hurried, and ran, even after a day's fatiguing march; and we had but just arrived at these lonely huts, when it began to thunder and lighten on the mountains, and the rain fell; and never did shelter appear to me more grateful. I was reminded of my adventures in Spain, outside the city of Barcelona, in the midst of the Carlist war at night-fall. The thunder among the mountains was terribly grand. I feared a wet day for the next, but the storm spent itself in the night, and at break of dawn cleared off beautifully.

But here the morn sows not the earth with orient pearl, "her rosy steps in the eastern clime advancing," nor are there leaves, nor fuming rills, nor thick, delicious boughs, nor verdurous walls of foliage, with birds singing their matin song among them, but a cluster of miserable hamlets, inhabited only in the summer, in the midst of desolate torrent-beds of rocks, hemmed in by bare rough mountains. The valley is like a gloomy triangular shaft sunk in a continent of granite, or like the broad, deep crater of an extinct volcano. Nevertheless, on first rising

out of it, the view of the mountains opposite, as you climb towards the Col de Bonhomme, is very grand. The shafts of light, pouring down into it from the mountain-peaks at sunrise, as the sun gains and surmounts one after another, present a spectacle of the greatest beauty. The Morn thus kindles the dreariest bare crags with an imaginative glory, before the dewy leaves or the grass under our steps have begun to reflect it. So Schiller beautifully says, "before truth sends its triumphant light into the recesses of the heart, the imagination intercepts its rays; and the summit of humanity is radiant, while the damp night still lingers in the valleys."

CHAPTER XXIV.

PASS OF THE COL DE BONHOMME.

THE chalet where we lodged and breakfasted was, I believe, the death-place of an English traveller, a few years ago, who had been overtaken by a storm on the Col de Bonhomme, and perished, it was said, not so much from exposure to the cold upon the mountain (from the effect of which he might perhaps have been saved) as from too sudden exposure to the fire, on being brought into the cottage. He and his companions were both lost, one of them a clergyman aged 30, the other a young gentleman of 20. They had two guides, but the snow fell so fast and thick, with such intense cold, that one of the travellers sank down entirely exhausted and perished on the mountain, and the other reached the house of refuge in the valley only to die. The story is of deep and melancholy interest.

The summit of the pass is more than 8000 feet above the level of the sea, and in bad weather is of extremest difficulty and danger. It was easy to see that whether on the ridge of the pass, or for a long way down, to be overtaken by an Alpine storm would almost inevitably be fatal. So it would, if compelled to go on in one of those fogs, which sometimes settle for days upon the mountains.

We reached the height of the pass by a very difficult ascent,

in about three hours from Chapieu. Those unfortunate English travellers were coming from the other side, and had arrived within little more than an hour of our resting-place, when the storm conquered them. On either side the prospect commanded is one of the sublimest and most extensive views in Switzerland. The magnificent snow-covered mountain beyond the valley from which we ascended, being one of the most beautiful summits of the Alps, is here in so bright a day seen in all its grandeur, with its triangular pyramidal peak towering against the sky, far above the ocean of mountains around it.

> "How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright,
> The effulgence from yon distant mountain's head,
> Which, strewn with snow as smooth as heaven can shed,
> Shines like another sun, on mortal sight
> Uprisen, as if to check approaching night."

Mighty and glorious vision! serene, radiant as the face of an Archangel, dazzling as the morn risen on mid-noon, and glittering with such entire and steadfast, yet tremulous effulgence beneath the blaze of day, that you can hardly leave the spot that commands an object of so great sublimity. On the side towards Piedmont and France, the vast and multitudinous mountain ranges are scarcely less sublime, from their immense extent and variety.

Going down from such a view into the valley, one's sensations are full of regret, it makes you almost sorrowful. When you gain such a view, you feel it to be well worth all the fatigue you have encountered in the ascent, and the time it has cost you. But how little time you can enjoy it, how short the moments! Nevertheless, the memory of it does not pass from the mind when you come down into our common world, and mingle again with its inhabitants, and live amidst its every-day scenes; but it is put away as an additional picture in the remembrance-gallery of the soul, and you often recur to it, as a vision of glory.

Descending from such an elevated point, where you are so far above the world and so near heaven, where the air is so pure and bracing, and the landscape swells off into infinity, you feel like a Christian Pilgrim compelled to descend from the Mount of Transfiguration, where he has been spending a season with

Moses and Elias, and Peter and James and John, beholding the glory of the Saviour. It takes a long time and much spiritual discipline, much prayer and toiling upwards, to reach such a height, and many get discouraged and go down without reaching it, and without entering into the glory that is around its summit. When you are there, you think with Peter, Let us build here three tabernacles; here would we stay the remnant of our days, and go no more down amidst the cares and temptations of a world so dangerous, so full of care and sin. But you cannot always be upon the Mount; your duties are in the world, though your delight may be with Moses and Elias in glory. Meanwhile, even one such view ought to be of such invigorating, animating, refreshment and encouragement, that in the strength of it you might go for many days and nights of your weary pilgrimage.

Upon the Spiritual Mount you are never in danger of a storm, and the way upward is the safest of all ways, and you have no need to seek a shelter, for it is never night. But upon this earthly mountain elevation, you are in the situation of all others the most exposed to storms. This view on the Col de Bonhomme is one which you are compelled to leave, however unwilling, having no time to lose in admiration, if you would get to a resting place in good season.

It was this passage, so perillous in bad weather, across which the brave Henri Arnaud passed in the 17th century, with his 800 Waldenses, on that wonderful, heaven-directed enterprise of re-peopling their native valleys with the Church of Christ's witnesses. They passed, strange to say, without loss, though in the midst of a torrent of rain, with the snow at the same time knee-deep upon the mountain. The same Divine Hand guided them on this occasion, that afterward covered them with the cloud, that they might escape from their enemies. No expedition recorded in the annals of history, except the flight of the Hebrews from Egypt, and their passage of the Red Sea, is to be compared with this, for its marvellous greatness and success.

The descent from the Col de Bonhomme to Nant Bourant is over many partial glaciers, amidst wild and appalling precipices; and just below Nant Bourant, the torrent, which you

cross by a bridge thrown over a gulf of great depth, falls into a fearful, contorted gorge in the mountains, torn and twisted with split crags, against which the cataract in its fall crashes, roars, and rebounds from one side to the other with terrific din and fury. The passage is so overhung with thick black firs, and the gulf is so deep, that though the road passes within a few feet of it, it is with the utmost difficulty and danger that you get a fair view down into the roaring hell of waters.

From the chalets, pasturages, and cataract of Nant Bourant you follow the furious torrent down by a steep and rocky path into a deep dell at the village of Notre Dame de la Gorge, at the base of the Mount Joli. Here a church is set; indeed the church and its appendages constitute almost the whole village; it must be a place of pilgrimage, and for some distance down the valley, which begins to be very beautiful, a series of Roman Catholic "Stations" extends at short intervals, with niches for pictures, representing the life and sufferings of Christ, to the number of some twenty-four. It forms a sort of *sacra via* such as they had of old in Thebes, but without the Sphinxes. Farther down toward Contamines, you pass chapels in honour of the Virgin, where the inscriptions indicate the idolatrous veneration which the misguided people are taught to pay her. For example, on one of these chapels, in connection with the rude image of the Virgin, you may find these ruder lines:

Quand la Mort fermera nos yeux
Accordez nous, Reine de Cieux,
La Sejour de bienheureux.
Jesus et Maria ayez pitié de nous.

When grim Death shall close our eyes,
Accord to us, Queen of the skies,
A dwelling place in Paradise.
Jesus and Maria have mercy on us!

On another altar or chapel erected in the same way in honour of the Virgin, you may find the following inscription, which imitates, in a manner approaching very near to blasphemy, the language appropriated in Scripture to God and the Saviour.

Qui invenerit Mariam,
Inveniet vitam.

He who findeth Mary,
Findeth life.

Alas! the influence and the end of these things is death! For who, of all the crowds that are taught this idolatrous trust in and worship of the Virgin, can be supposed to have any true sense of the nature of faith in Christ, or any true knowledge of Him as the soul's only Saviour!

"Our Mother who art in heaven (says this great system of *Marianism*, instead of Christianity), O Mary, blessed be thy name for ever! let thy love come to all our hearts; let thy desires be accomplished on earth as in heaven; give us this day grace and mercy, give us the pardon of our faults, as we hope from thine unbounded goodness, and let us no more sink under temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen."

Passing from this valley through the village of Contamines and some other hamlets, through scenery which sometimes is of great beauty, and sometimes combined with very grand views of Mont Blanc, we at length reached the village of Gervais. I had before visited its celebrated baths, and the singular wild valley at the end of which they are situated, and now, after gaining, with a good deal of difficulty, a view of the cataract from above the falls, in the savage rift through which it thunders, I proceeded on my way for Chamouny through Servoz. We had but arrived at the last village, when there came on a tremendous thunder-storm, and it being evening, it was in vain to think of advancing farther that night. A bed was made for me in the *salle á manger*, the inn being completely full, and so I fell asleep listening to the rain, and hoping for fine weather in the morning. And in the early morning it was indeed fine, perfectly clear, so that we set out with the expectation of a fair day for our six hours' walk to Chamouny.

Scarcely had we been an hour on our way when the thunder began again to reverberate, and as we reached the height between Servoz and the entrance upon the vale of Chamouny, the rain came down in torrents driven by the wind as in a tempest. Should we keep on in the storm? Why, thought we, it will doubtless rain all day, so that there is no use in turning aside for a shelter. So we persevered, but by the time one could get comfortably wetted, the clouds, rain, and wind once more passed over, and the sun came out bright and warm, so that with

the exercise of walking we were dry again without danger of taking cold.

On arriving at our Hôtel de l'Union, the rain set in again and continued without interruption into the evening. The weather proved that I was wise in not stopping at the springs among the mountains. Take Time by the forelock is a good proverb. Had I been a day later from Courmayeur, it would have been well nigh impossible to have crossed the Col de Bonhomme, and I must either have turned back, or waited nearly a week for available weather. As it was, I was happy in encountering only one storm, and this was an experience which, considering that I was something of an invalid, might perhaps with propriety be regarded as an instance of the water-cure. It is true that I was not wrapped up in blankets, nor put to bed in my wet clothes, but I was wetted and dried the same day; and the question may be submitted, if a thorough wetting in a soaking rain, and an immediate consecutive drying by exercise in a warm sun, the patient being accustomed to wear flannel, may not constitute a more natural and effective water-cure than the artificial soaking and drying within doors.

I tried it again partially the very next day, and with equal success, having travelled in snow and water over our shoes, and of course walking some hours with cold and wet feet, till we walked ourselves dry again, without the least injury. We were ascending the Breven, right opposite Mont Blanc. The day looked promising for nothing but mist and rain; nevertheless we started, four in all, in the hope that by the time we reached the summit, the clouds might clear away, and reveal to us the glorious prospect, which in fine weather is enjoyed so perfectly from that height. One of our party was the lamented Mr. Bacon of Connecticut, a noble-hearted and cheerful traveller, but not being well, he gave out about a third of the way up, and amused himself with toppling down the loose rocks into the savage ravines below us. We left him in that agreeable occupation, and went on with our guide.

After some two hours' clean climbing over heights and depths, crags, rock-fields, and terraces of green sward interspersed, we entered upon the last ascent just below what is

called "the chimney," which is said to be (for I did not succeed in reaching it,) a hollow perpendicular tunnel or groove, up which you climb (like a bear or tree-toad, in the hollow of a dead knotty pine or oak), and on coming out of the top find yourself on the summit of the Breven, some 10,000 feet in the air, looking Mont Blanc in the eye, and tracing the perillous *crevasses*, precipices, inaccessible savage ravines, bottomless glaciers, ice-slides, and snow-fields, with the *avalanchian* scars and abysses deep entrenched on the face and shoulders of the mountain. The yesterday's storm of rain in the valleys had been a deep fall of snow on the mountain-heights, which was now about the consistency of a fresh-water ice, or of ice-cream made out of blue milk. After making our way for some time in this penetrating *sposh*, we found ourselves quite too hungry and exhausted to attempt the chimney without dining; so our load of provisions was unslung from the guide's shoulders, and we stood and ate and drank what had been intended for the whole party, as it had been Peter's sheet, with an appetite keen as the air we were breathing, not at all diminished by being obliged to keep stamping all the while with our feet in the snow to avoid freezing.

In proportion as my hunger was allayed, my wet feet grew cold, and my ardour for the chimney cooled also; and as the mist was round about us like a blanket, though now and then bursting open and revealing at a glimpse both the snowy heights above and the depths below, Mont Blanc flashing before us, and the peaceful vale shining and smoking beneath, I therefore concluded for once to play the better part of valour, and leaving my more resolute friend and the guide to report concerning the chimney and the mist above, turned and ran down the snow-sheeted rocks with incredible velocity, somewhat like Timorous and Mistrust running down the hill of Difficulty. However, I was leaving no "celestial city" behind me, nor could I even have got a glimpse from the "Delectable Mountains;" as my friend afterwards confessed that he got nothing but a prodigious deal of fatigue, and a more sublime experience of the infinitude of mist, for his pains, when he rose from the craggy tunnel, like a chimney-sweeper in the smoke. I got back quite

dry, and without any cold, to the vale of Chamouny, and this was my second successful experiment of the water-cure.

CHAPTER XXV.

CHAMOUNY TO GENEVA.—THE BISHOP OF CASHEL PREACHING IN THE DINING-HALL.

Having once more visited the beautiful Cascade des Pelerines, we started for Geneva at five in the morning in what is called the diligence, being, until you get to St. Martin's, a simple *char-à-banc* for three. The most beautiful sight in the excursion, after the magnificent view of Mont Blanc from the bridge at St. Martin's was that of the miniature Staubach cascades, which fall softly, like a long vail of wrought lace, over the precipices by the road-side, many hundred feet high. You catch them now before, now behind, now sideways, now in front, now beneath, where they seem dropping on you out of heaven, now among the trees, glancing in fairy jets of foam, so light that it seems as if the air would suspend them. They are like—what *are* they like?—like beautiful maidens timidly entering the gay world—like Raphael's or Murillo's pictures of the Virgin and Child—like the light of unexpected truth upon the mind—like a 'morrice band' of daisies greeting a 'traveller in the lane'—like a flock of sheep among lilies—like the white doe of Rylstone—like the frost-work on the window—like an apple-tree in blossom—like the first new moon. How patiently, modestly, unconsciously, they throw themselves over the cliff, to be gazed at They are like fairies dancing in the moonlight; like the wings of angels coming down Jacob's ladder into the world.

The saddest and most dismal sight in this excursion (for where does the shadow of Mont Blanc fall without meeting some sorrow?) was the burned town of Cluses, with the inhabitants like melancholy ghosts among the ruins. A whole village of industrious peasants devoured by fire, and only one whole house left! All their property, all their means of sub-

sistence gone! A substantial, thriving village it was, the key of the valley, at the mouth of a romantic gorge, where there was room for only one street and the bridge, all annihilated. Just so the town of Thusis, near the pass of the Splugen, has been burned entirely within a short period; and just so, nearly the whole town of Sallenches, a few miles from Cluses, was not long ago laid in ashes. This terrible calamity desolates the Swiss villages more frequently than the overwhelming avalanche, or the tempest-driven torrents from the glaciers. Benevolence was busy sending in her supplies from every direction, but the sight was a very sad one; the people literally sitting in sackcloth and ashes. Had the calamity fallen in the winter, the suffering would have been terrible.

After this beautiful day's ride amidst the grandeur of the gorges, valleys, and castellated ridges of mountains between Chamouny and Lake Leman, we arrived for a quiet, pleasant Sabbath, at the Hotel de l'Ecu, from which we had departed.

The change from Chamouny to Geneva is from the extreme of sublimity to the highest degree of beauty.

> "Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
> With the wide world I dwell in, is a thing
> That warns me, by its stillness, to forsake
> Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.'

If Byron had but tasted of that spring—if he had known who it was, and what better impulse, that was whispering to him when he wrote these lines, he would have asked, and Christ would have given him of that living Fountain which would have been in him a well of water springing up to everlasting life. And then he would not have again returned to "earth's troubled waters;" instead of descending from the elevation of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage to the degradation of Don Juan, he would have gone up, *excelsior;* he would have shaken off the baser passions of humanity, and his poetry would have breathed the air of heaven.

Alas! this sweet stanza of the Poet's thoughts on the lake of Geneva recalls to my mind the image of the noble-hearted companion before mentioned, of some of my rambles among the mountains (Mr. Bacon, of Connecticut,) with whom I parted,

one bright morning, on the lake, repeating that very stanza. He was just setting out on his way through the north of Switzerland, and by the Rhine, for England. There was a melancholy upon his mind, produced in part, no doubt, by illness; but he had spoken of a beloved father, of the delight to which he looked forward in rejoining him in America, of his only earthly wish to make the declining years of his parent happy, and of the strife in his mind between the desire to spend a few months more in Europe, and his impatience to be again with those who seemed so dependent on him for enjoyment.

The Sabbath evening before we parted Mr. Bacon had gone with me to hear the Bishop of Cashel. The service was in the dining-hall of the Hôtel de Bergues, a fashionable resort, where there were gathered as many of the votaries of rank and wealth from England as ordinarily are to be found in Geneva on any Sabbath. It was an unusual step for a Bishop of the English Church ;—a regular conventicle—a Sabbath evening extempore sermon from a Bishop in the dining-hall of the Hôtel. I love to record it as a pleasant example of a dignitary of the Establishment using the influence of his rank to do good, to gather an assembly for hearing God's word, in circumstances where no one else could have commanded an audience of half a dozen persons, where, indeed, the use of the room for such a purpose would hardly have been granted to any other individual.

The hall was perfectly crowded. The preacher's sermon was a most simple, faithful, practical, affectionate exhibition of divine truth. It was on the subject of Paul's conversion, its steps, its marks, its results, especially the blessed temper, *Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?* He showed that every creature who would be a Christian must be converted *just like Paul;* that the change in Paul was no extraordinary case, as it is sometimes viewed, but a case of *conversion;* and that they must every one be *converted*, and become as little children, in like manner, saying, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do ?

A second Sabbath evening, the good Bishop having been unexpectedly detained in Geneva, appointed a second service of the same kind. Again the hall was crowded. He took for his

subject, this time, the conversion of that sinful woman who loved much, because much was forgiven ; and again it was a most unostentatious, straight-forward, practical exhibition of the truth, plain, convincing, humbling, direct to the conscience and the heart. Every person, he told his hearers, needed conversion by the grace of Christ, just as much as this woman. Without that grace, be you ever so refined, so amiable, so upright, so pure, you are just as certainly unfit for heaven, and in the way to perdition, as she was. And you must come to Christ just as she did, be as penitent for your sins as she was, and love your Saviour, like her, with all your heart.

Indeed it was pleasant, it was delightful, it was heart-cheering to hear a Bishop of the Church of England, in the midst of the prevalence of Oxfordism, the resurrection of a religion of forms, baptisms, crossings, and not of faith and conversion, take these simple themes, and go with Christ's bare truth straight to the hearts of his hearers. He must have had a unity of design in taking Paul for the first evening, and the sinful woman for the second; two extremes of society, two great sinners, high and low; and the grace of Christ equally necessary for both, and for all intermediate characters ; and the grace of Christ just the same *with* both, and with all sinful hearts under whatever exterior; grace, divine grace, and not form ; conversion, and not baptism.

Among others present at these meetings, we noticed the youthful and extremely beautiful wife of M. Bodisco, the Russian Ambassador to America, our fair countrywoman. What can console her amidst the trials of her rank and expatriation, but that same grace which the Bishop of Cashel commended with such affectionate earnestness to the heart of every one of us? Probably many a sermon of the same nature had she listened to in her own dear native land. May she find the pearl of great price! There were others there who perhaps never before in all their lives listened to such plain truth. The good Bishop may reap a great reward from these two Sabbath evenings of simple labours.

He had just been made Bishop of Cashel in Ireland; before, he was plain Rev. R. Daly. A Scottish clergyman of my ac-

quaintance, who had formerly known him well, called on him in Geneva. "I hope," said he, when allusion was made to his recent elevation, "that you will find me Robert Daly still."

Mr. Bacon was much struck with the simplicity and directness of the preaching. "Pretty well for a bishop," said he; "this is like our good New England practical theology." We conversed on the subject, and the next morning, when we parted, I handed him a letter, pursuing the same train of thought, knowing well that he would read it with kindness and affection.

I often thought of him. Where was he, while I was wandering? Then I heard of his sudden death in Spain, in the lovely region of Seville, but in a land of strangers, with only the image of distant childless parents in his heart! What a destruction of the fondest hopes, on the one side and on the other! And what a vail there is between the traveller and the future! I had crossed seas, passed through the severest trial and sorrow I ever encountered, in the death of a younger brother unutterably dear, and indescribably lovely in his character; but yet I was on my way *home*, had been preserved in mercy amidst all dangers, and on my way took up a newspaper in my native land, to behold the record of *his* death in Spain. from whom I parted that bright morning on the lake of Geneva! I thought of the desolation of his home, its flower gone for ever. What a blow was that! An only son! an affection far deeper than the mere elastic energies of our humanity can bear up under. But there is One who bindeth up the broken in heart, and healeth all their wounds. He alone, who inflicts such a blow, can mingle consolation with it; he only can support the soul beneath it.

The shadow of Mont Blanc falls upon sickness, trial, and suffering, as well as upon elastic frames, gay hearts, buoyant hopes and joyous spirits. And sometimes it falls upon those whose own shadow, as they stand unawares on the brink of the grave, falls already from Time into Eternity. Would that the pilgrimage of all, who tread from year to year that wondrous circle of sublimity and glory, sometimes in shadow, sometimes in sunshine, sometimes in storm and danger, might terminate in the Light of Heaven!

WANDERINGS OF A PILGRIM

IN THE

SHADOW OF THE JUNGFRAU ALP.

PREFACE.

I WISH all my readers a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. May their holidays be graced with good cheer, and what is infinitely better, may the grace of Him whose love gives us our true holidays, make every heart a temple of gratitude and holy joy. A Pilgrim may wander all over the earth, and find no spot in the world where men are bound to God by so many ties of mercy as we are in our own dear native country, or where old and young, rich and poor, have so much cause for heartfelt rejoicing.

Therefore an American, wherever he goes in the world, should go with the feeling that his own country is the *best* in the world. Not as a proud feeling let him carry it, but a gentle one, a quiet feeling behind all other moods and varieties of thought, like the sense of domestic happiness, which makes a man sure that his own home is the sweetest of all homes. So, wherever an American goes, the image of his country, like a lake among the mountains, should, as a mirror, receive and reflect the world's surrounding imagery. He should see all other countries in the light of his own.

The first time I left America for Europe, the last word said to me by Mr. Dana was this: See all that you *can* see. A good rule for a traveller, to whom things that he has neglected seeing always seem very important to him after he has got beyond their reach, though while he was by them they seemed unimportant. But a man should not look upon external shows or ostentations merely, but at men's habits of thought and

action, as they have grown in the atmosphere of surrounding institutions. So Mr. Dana would doubtless add to his advice the maxim that a man should say just what he thinks of what he sees, and not be frightened by the weird sisters of criticism. Among all classes there will be found here and there a frank, free, gentle-hearted critic, with the milk of human kindness and indulgence for another's prejudices; though there be some who will accuse a man of bigotry whenever he says any thing that does not square exactly with their own religious views. But if a man tries to please everybody, there is a fable waiting for him, of which it is a sorry thing to *experience* the moral instead of being warned by it. We do love the good old New England privilege of speaking one's mind.

As this book of the Jungfrau will probably be bound up, if any think it worthy of a binding, with the other of Mont Blanc, I may say of both that, if I had been intending to make a regular book of travel, with statistical information, political speculation, records of men's Babel-towers, and all the ambitious shows of cities, I should have made a very different work indeed. But there are so many more books in the world of that sort than of this pilgrimage kind, that I have preferred to go quietly, as far as posssible, hand in hand with Nature, finding quiet lessons. So, if you choose, you may call the book a collection of Sea-weed; and if there were a single page into which there had drifted something worthy of preservation, according to that fine poem of Longfellow, I should be very glad;—any thing, whether from my own mind or the minds of others, that otherwise would still have floated at random. There are many such things ungathered, for the waves are always detaching them from the hidden reefs of thought in our immortal being, and tossing them over the ocean.

"Ever drifting, drifting, drifting,
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart;
Till at length in books recorded,
They, like hoarded
Household words, no more depart.

The reader will find, in our two pilgrimages, a rehearsal, if I may so speak, of most of the noted passes of Switzerland, and of the wonders of some that are not usually threaded by travellers. We have passed amidst the magnificence and sublimity of Chamouny in the face of Mont Blanc, have crossed the Col de Balme with its sights of glory, and the pass of the Tête Noire, with the hospitable Grand St. Bernard, the sunset splendours of the Vale of Courmayeur, the stormy Col de Bonhomme, and the glittering icebergs of the Allée Blanche. Now we climb the wondrous Gemmi, and in the face of the Jungfrau march across the sublime pass of the Wengern Alp, by the thunder of the avalanches, then over the Grand Scheideck, the gloomy and terrible Grimsel, the pass of the Furca, the romantic St. Gothard, the sky-gazing brow of the Righi, the Wallenstadt passes, and last and grandest of all, the amazing pass of the Splugen. And as we go, we visit the great glaciers and cataracts, shining and roaring, and the infant cradles of some of the largest rivers in Europe, and the most romantic lakes in the world, and many a wondrous scene besides. We go moralizing all the way, not at all unwilling to be accused, sometimes, of *discourses* upon our icy texts, and wishing to make a volume more of thoughts than things. I beg those who do not like them to remember, that there may be those also who will think they are the best parts of the book.

I somewhat regret not having incorporated into this volume my early visit to Italy through the Pass of the Simplon, but this deficiency will be more than made up in the excellent book of Mr. Headley on the Alps and Rhine, to which I heartily commend the reader.

WANDERINGS OF A PILGRIM

IN THE

SHADOW OF THE JUNGFRAU ALP.

CHAPTER XXVI.

INTRODUCTION.—THE SERIOUS SIDE OF TRAVEL.

HAIL to the Oberland Alps! As Mont Blanc is the Monarch of Mountains in all Switzerland, so the Jungfrau is the Maiden Queen, with her dazzling coronet of sky-piercing crystal crags for ever dropping from their setting, and her icy sceptre, and her robe of glaciers, with its fathomless fringe of snow. She too is "Earth's rosy Star," so beautiful, so glorious, that to have seen her light, if a man had leisure, would be worth a pilgrimage round the world. To have heard her voice, deep thunder without cloud, breaking the eternal stillness in the clear serene of heaven, and to have beheld her, shaking from her brow its restless battlements of avalanches, were an event in one's life, from which to calculate the longitudes of years.

But how can any man who has seen this describe it? To think of doing this perfectly is indeed perfectly hopeless; and yet any man may tell how it affected *him*. A celebrated treatise on self-knowledge has the following curious intellectual recipe: "Accustom yourself to *speak* naturally, pertinently, and rationally on *all* subjects and you will soon learn to *think* so on the best." This is somewhat as if a man should say, Learn to float well in all seas, and you will be able to swim in fresh-water rivers. But a man may both have learned to think and to speak, naturally, pertinently, and rationally, if not on

all subjects, yet on some, and still may find himself put to shame by a snow-covered mountain in the setting day, or beneath "the keen full moon."

In attempting to paint scenery by words, you are conscious of the imperfection of language, which, being a creation of the mind, is by no means of so easy use, skilfully and accurately, in delineating form, as in conveying thought. I am reminded of the curious experience related by Coleridge. "Some folk," he says, "apply epithets as boys do in making Latin verses. When I first looked upon the Falls of the Clyde, I was unable to find a word to express my feelings. At last a man, a stranger to me, who arrived about the same time, said—'How majestic!' It was the precise term, and I turned round and was saying—'Thank you, sir, that *is* the exact word for it,' when he added in the same breath, 'Yes, how very *pretty!*'"

It is easier to tell how nature affects the heart and mind than to describe nature worthily; and the passages in our favourite poets which go down deepest into the heart, and are kept as odorous gums or bits of musk about our common thoughts, are those which express, not the features so much as the voice of nature, and the feelings wakened by it, and the answering tones from the Harp of Immortality within our own souls. It is much easier for the Imagination to *create* a fine picture, than for the mind to draw a *real* picture with power of Imagination; for the soul works more feelingly and intensely in the Ideal than the actual senses report ideally in the actual. What an exquisite picture has the sensitive, sad genius of Henry Kirke White drawn of a Gothic tomb! Had he been to copy it from some fine old church-yard or cathedral, it would not have been half so affecting, so powerful.

"Lay me in the Gothic tomb,
In whose solemn fretted gloom
I may lie in mouldering state,
With all the grandeur of the great:
Over me, magnificent,
Carve a stately monument,
Then thereon my statue lay,
With hands in attitude to pray,
And angels serve to hold my head,
Weeping o'er the marble dead."

How then, says the authoress of some very beautiful letters to a Mother from abroad, speaking of the land of Tell, over which we are about to wander, "How then can I *describe*, for there I could only *feel*? And in truth, the country is so beautiful and sublime, that I believe had Schiller seen it, he would have feared endeavouring to embody it in his immortal play. How courageous is imagination! And is it not well that it is so, for how much should we lose, *even of the real*, if the Poet drew only from reality!"

There is profound truth in this. And hence one of those homely and admirable observations, which, amidst gems of poetry, Coleridge was always dropping in conversation, as fast as a musician scatters sounds out of an instrument. "A poet," said he, "ought not to pick Nature's pocket: let him borrow, and so borrow as to repay by the very act of borrowing. Examine nature accurately, but write from recollection; and trust more to your imagination than to your memory."

And yet, how many are the books of Travellers, who have gone among the finest scenes of nature, and given us free and careless pictures and incidents, lively stories, anecdotes, the talk of men, the wayward etchings of wild life and manners, but have made no attempt whatever to connect with nature the eternal feeling and conscience of the soul. Perhaps they would call this sermonizing; as Charles Lamb once playfully translated one of Coleridge's mottos, *sermoni propriora, properer for a sermon!* But unless we travel with something in our hearts higher than the forms of earth, and a voice to speak of it, to report it, "little do we see in nature that is *ours*." And we bring ourselves under the Poet's condemnation:

> "Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes,
> He is a slave the meanest we can meet."

Therefore, if any reader thinketh that he finds things "more proper for a sermon" in our little picture of a pilgrimage, we pray him to remember that the sermons in stones are precisely the things in nature most generally overlooked; and we only wish that we had more of them and better reported. For mere pictures, ever so beautiful, are scarcely worth travelling so far

to see, unless we link their sacred lessons to our inner selves. Many of Wordsworth's sonnets are gems beyond all price, because they embalm rich moral sentiments, like apples of gold in baskets of silver; and in his own words,

> "The Grove, the sky-built Temple, and the Dome,
> Though clad in colours beautiful and pure,
> Find in the heart of man no natural home:
> The immortal mind craves objects that endure."

And it ought to have them, it ought to be accustomed to them; every man ought to endeavour to present them to his fellow-man. And indeed how *can* a man go about the whole circle of our humanity, copying everywhere the hieroglyphics on its external temple, and yet elude all serious reference to our Immortality and Accountability? Say that these things will make his book less popular; why wish to make it popular, and not endeavour at the same time to make it useful? "Whole centuries," says Schiller, "have shown philosophers as well as artists busied in immersing truth and beauty in the depths of a vulgar humanity; the former sink, but the latter struggles up victoriously, in her own indestructible energy."

How noble is that maxim of Schiller, how worthy of all endeavour to fulfil it:—"Live *with* your century, but be not its creature; bestow upon your contemporaries not what they *praise*, but what they *need*."

The tendency of travel, in our day, is strong towards habits of outwardness, and forgetfulness of that which is inward. The world is in two great moving currents, each looking at the other as its spectacle, its show, its theatrical amusement. A book must be a comedy; there is scarcely such a thing possible as serious meditation. The world are divided between living for what other people will say of them, and living to see how other people live. Certes, this is an evil habit, and every record of external shows that does not lead the mind to better things tends to consolidate and fasten the world's incurable worldliness. Thus, the more a man knows of other things, the less he may know of his own being; and the more he lives upon the food of amusement, the less power will the Word of God, and those trains of thought that spring from it, and di-

rect the mind to it, have over him. "We know ourselves least," says Dr. Donne,

> "We know ourselves least; mere outward shows
> Our minds so store
> That our souls, no more than our eyes, disclose
> But form and colour. Only he who knows
> Himself knows more."

So then we *will* remember, while wandering amidst form and colour, that we ourselves are not *mere* form and colour; that while all we look on and admire is transitory and changing, we ourselves are eternal; and *we* are gathering an *eternal* hue, even from the colours that are temporal. Amidst the wreck of *is* and *was*, we will be mindful that "His finger is upon us, who is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

Most strikingly does John Foster remark that "A man may have lived almost an age, and traversed a continent, minutely examining its curiosities, and interpreting the half obliterated characters on its monuments, unconscious the while of a process operating on his own mind to impress or to erase characteristics of much more importance to him than all the figured brass or marble that Europe contains. After having explored many a cavern, or dark ruinous avenue, he may have left undetected a darker recess in his character. He may have conversed with many people, in different languages, on numberless subjects; but having neglected those conversations with himself, by which his whole moral being should have been continually disclosed to his view, he is better qualified perhaps to describe the intrigues of a foreign court, or the progress of a foreign trader—to represent the manners of the Italians or the Turks—to narrate the proceedings of the Jesuits or the adventures of the gypsies—than to write the history of his own mind."

I have no need of an apology for this quotation, and I may add one short word more, from the same great writer, before we take our Alpen-stock in hand, as a prelude, or grand opening symphony, to the solemn beauty of which sound we may step across the threshold of the great Temple we are entering.

"This fair display of the Creator's works and resources will be gratifying, the most and the latest, to the soul animated with the love of God, and the confidence of soon entering on a nobler scene. Let me, he may say, look once more at what my Divine Father has diffused even hither, as a faint intimation of what he has somewhere else. I am pleased with this, as a distant outskirt, as it were, of the Paradise toward which I am going."

Yes! the Paradise towards which we are going! The trees of Life, the River of the Water of Life, the City of God, the streets of gold, the walls of jasper, the gates of pearl, and the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb for the Temple of it; no night, nor storm, nor darkness, nor need of sun nor moon, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the Light thereof.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!

CHAPTER XXVII.

LAKE LEMAN.—ENTRANCE ON THE VALLEY OF THE RHONE.

It must be of a Monday morning, in August, in delightful weather, that you set out with me from Geneva, on a pedestrian tour through the Oberland Alps, which may perhaps be closed with the grass of the Splugen, and a march through the North of Italy, into the secluded valleys of the Waldenses. But as we cannot walk across the Lake, our pedestrianizing begins by sailing in a crowded steamer, on board which we probably find a number of just such travellers as ourselves, accoutred with knapsacks and stout iron-soled shoes, and perhaps a *blouse* and an Alpen-stock, determined on meeting dangers, and discovering wild scenes, such as no other traveller has encountered. I was happy in having for a companion and friend an English gentleman and a Christian. For this cause, our communion had no undercurrent of distrust or difference, and we could sympathize in each other's most sacred feelings, although he was a Churchman and a Monarchist, while I belong-

ed to the Church with the primitive Bishop, and the State without a King.

By the way, that word Churchman is a singular appellation for a Christian. It seems to be taking the species instead of the genus for designation, and it reminds me of the saying, "Israel hath forgotten his Maker, and buildeth Temples." It is a pity to put the less for the greater. We are all Churchmen, of course, if we be Christ's men, but we may be furious Churchmen, in any denomination, without being Christ's men at all.

We started at half past eight for Villeneuve, at the other end of the Lake, and the day being very lovely, we had a most enchanting sail. A conversation with some Romish priests on board was productive of some little interest. They defended their Church with great earnestness against the charge of saint and image worship, which we dwelt upon. Then we compared our different pronunciation of Latin, repeating the *Quadrupedante putrem*, et cetera, for illustration. They knew nothing about Greek, and of course had never examined the New Testament in the original.

The end of Lake Leman near Vevay and Villeneuve can scarcely be exceeded in beauty by any of the lakes in Switzerland. It very much resembles the Lake of Lucerne. The finest portion of Lake George looks like it, except that the mountains which enclose and border the Lake of Geneva beyond Vevay are vastly higher and more sublime than any in the neighbourhood of the American lakes. To see the full beauty of the Lake of Geneva, the traveller must be upon the summit of the Jura mountains in a clear day; then he sees it in its grand and mighty setting, as a sea of pearl amidst crags of diamonds; coming from France, the scene bursts upon him like a world in heaven. But if in fine weather sailing toward Villeneuve, he have a view, as we did, of the Grand St. Bernard, magnificently robed with snow, he will think also that the sublimity and beauty of this scene, and of the Lake itself, can scarcely be exceeded.

The Lake, you are aware, is the largest in Switzerland, being at least fifty miles in length, a magnificent crystal mirror

for the stars and mountains, where even Mont Blanc, though sixty miles away, can see his broad glittering diadem of snow and ice reflected in clear weather. How beautifully Lord Byron has described the lake in its various moods, and the lovely scenery, connected with a sense of its moral lessons calling him away from evil, like a sister's voice, Brother, come home! Ah, if the Poet had but followed those better impulses, which sweet Nature sometimes with her simple sermons awoke in his soul!

> "Clear placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
> With the wild world I dwelt in is a thing
> Which warns me with its stillness to forsake
> Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring!
> This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
> To waft me from destruction; once I loved
> Torn ocean's roar; but thy soft murmuring
> Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reproved
> That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved."

The lesson of the quiet sail is lost on board the anxious steamer with her noisy paddles; but any traveller may enjoy it, if he will take the time, and few things in nature can be more lovely than a sail or a walk along the Lake of Geneva in some of its exquisite sunsets. Meditation there "may think down hours to moments," and there is something both solemn and melancholy in the fall of the curtain of evening over such a scene, which quickens the inward sense of one's immortality and accountability, and irresistibly carries the heart up to God in prayer.

Our boat lands her passengers in small lighters at Villeneuve, where we take a diligence for St. Maurice, some three hours' drive up the Valley of the Rhone. The river runs into the Lake at Villeneuve, and out of it at Geneva; though why the radiant sparkling stream, that issues with such swiftness and beauty, should bear the same name with the torrent of mud that rolls into it, it is difficult to say. Nevertheless, a Christian bears the same name after his conversion that he did before; and the new and beautiful characteristics of this river, when it rushes from the lake at the republican and Protestant end of it, might well remind you of the change which takes place between the character of a depraved man, and a regenera-

ted child of God. Our hearts come down wild and ferocious from the mountains, bearing with them rocks and mud, casting up, as the Word of God saith, mire and dirt. So are we in our native, graceless depravity. It is only by flowing into the crystal Lake of Divine Love that we leave our native impurities all behind us, on the shore of the world, and then when we reappear, when we flow forth again from this blessed Baptism, we are like the azure, arrowy Rhone, reflecting the hues of heaven. Then again the muddy Arve from the mountains falls into us, and other worldly streams join us, so that before we get to the sea we have, alas, too often, deep stains still of the mud of our old depravity. The first Adam goes with us to the sea, though much vailed and hidden; but the last Adam is to have the victory. Some streams there are, however, that flow all the way from the Lake to the Sea, quite clear and unmingled. The course of such a regenerated stream through the world is the most beautiful sight this side Heaven.

The immense alluvial deposit from the Rhone, where it pours into the Lake, makes the valley for some distance from Villeneuve a dreary bog, which every year is usurping something more of dominion; but you soon get into wilder scenery, which becomes extremely beautiful before reaching St. Maurice. Here Mr. Roger's "key unlocks a kingdom," for the mountains on either side so nearly shut together, that there is only the width of the river and the narrow street between them. You cross a bridge upon a single arch, and find yourself wondering at the great strength of the pass, and entering a village, which is like a stone basket hanging to a perpendicular wall. Farther on, an old hermitage high up overhangs the road, like a gray wasp's nest, under the eaves of the mountain. Hereabouts you cross a vast mound of rock-rubbish, made up of the ruins of one of the various avalanches which from time to time bury whole fields of the verdant Alpine Valleys, and sometimes whole villages. This was an avalanche of mud, glacier, granite, and gravel, which came down from the lofty summit of the Dent du Midi in 1835, not swiftly, but like thick glowing lava, and covered the valley for a length of nine hundred feet.

At St. Maurice you pass from the Canton de Vaud to the

Romish Canton of the Valais, a transition perceptible at once in the degradation of the inhabitants. We took a *char-à-banc* from St. Maurice to Martigny, about eleven miles, arriving at seven o'clock in the evening, having visited the superb cascade formerly called the Pissevache, on our way. It only wants a double volume of water to make it sublime, for it rolls out of a fissure in the mountain three hundred feet high, and makes a graceful spring, clear of all the crags, for more than a hundred and twenty feet, and then, when it has recovered, so to speak from the fright of such a fall, runs off in a clear little river to join the muddy Rhone. So, sometimes, a youth from the country, who had, at first, all the freshness and purity of home and of a mother's love about him, gets lost in the corruption of a great city.

Our pedestrianizing this day, you perceive, was accomplished first in the steamer, second in the diligence, third in the *char-à-banc*. For myself, having got wet with a furious cloud of spray, which the wind blew over me as I advanced too near under the water-fall, I did really walk the greater part of the way from thence to Martigny, about four miles, leaving my friend to enjoy the *char-à-banc* alone, and to order our supper when he arrived at the inn. This *char-à-banc*, so much used in Switzerland, is a hard leathern sofa for two, or at most three, in which you are placed as in the stocks, and trundled sideways upon wheels. It is a droll machine, somewhat as if a very short Broadway omnibus, being split in two lengthwise, each half provided with an additional pair of wheels, should set up for itself. It was in this conveyance that we rode, while travelling in the Canton du Valais, for no one would dream of pedestrianizing here, unless indeed along the sublime pass of the Simplon between Briegg and Domodossola. I had moreover passed through the Valley of the Rhone before into Italy, and deferred my pedestrianizing till I should come upon a new route over mountains so rough, that my companion with his mule could go no faster than I on foot. He preferred to ride always; I chose to walk, whenever the scenery was sublime enough to justify it, and the road rough enough to make it agreeable.

The evening at Martigny was transcendently beautiful, the weather being fine, the atmosphere wildly, spiritually bright, and the moon within one night of her fulness; "the moon above the tops of the snow-shining mountains." We ascended the hill near Martigny to the picturesque old Feudal Tower by this moonlight, and rarely in my wanderings have I witnessed a scene to be compared with this. Looking down the valley, the outline is bounded by a snowy ridge of great beauty, but in the direction of the Grand St. Bernard mountains of dark verdure rise into the air like pyramidal black wedges cleaving the heavens. We are high above the village, and on one side can look down sheer into the roaring torrent, many hundred feet; it makes you dizzy to look. The ruins of the castle, the verdure around it, the village below, the silence of night, the summer softness of the air, combined with an almost autumnal brightness, the mountains in their grandeur sleeping in such awful, such solemn repose, the distant landscape, so indistinctly beautiful, the white rays of the moon falling in such sheets of misty transparence over it, and the glittering snowy peaks which lift themselves before you like gray prophets of a thousand years, yea, like messengers from Eternity, —is there anything needed to make this *one* of the most magnificent scenes, and most impressive too, that we shall be likely to find in all Switzerland?

——"A deep
And solemn harmony pervades
The hollow vale from steep to steep,
And penetrates the glades."

The night is *so* beautiful that it is difficult to intrude upon it by going to bed; and yet, if travellers would be up betimes in the morning, they must sleep at night. But all night long methinks one could walk by such a moon, amidst such glorious mountains, and not be wearied. Some years ago we passed this same valley in a very different season, when a great part of the Swiss world was covered deep with snow, and the frost was so sharp that the trodden path creaked under our feet, and our breath almost frose into little snow-clouds in the air. The scenery then was of a savage sublimity, but now, how beautiful!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ECCLESIASTICAL DESPOTISM IN THE VALAIS.—MEASURES OF THE JESUITS.

We started at six in the morning, again in a *char-à-banc*, for Sion and Sierre, twenty-seven miles. A party of lads from the Jesuit Seminary at Fribourg were at the door, under the care of their instructors, accoutred for the day's pedestrian excursion. They spend some weeks in this manner, attended by the priests; but learning lessons of freedom from wild nature, drinking in the pure mountain air, and gaining elasticity of body and spirit by vigorous exercise. They were going to Chamouny. Between Martigny and Sion, our man of the *char-à-banc* pointed out to us the scene of a recent desperate conflict between the liberalists and despotists of the Canton, part of which *ille fuit*, and the whole of which he saw, being on the Sion side when they burned the beautiful bridge which the furious torrent had so long respected. The matter has ended in the establishment of a *priestal* republican despotism, under which the protestant religion is proscribed, its exercise forbidden even in private, the protestant schools are broken up, and intolerance to the heart's content of Romanism forms the political and religious régime of the Canton. The Bishop or Archbishop of Sion, which is the chief town of the Canton du Valais, presides over the general assembly.

Here is an opportunity of instruction for impartial observers, which they ought not to let pass. It is always interesting to see a fair experiment, on a questioned subject, either in chemistry or morals. You must have a large laboratory, good retorts, furnaces, crucibles, blowpipes, and so forth, and let the chemical agents work without hindrance. This Canton in Switzerland is a grand laboratory, where the Jesuits, unimpeded, have just demonstrated the nature of their system. They have played out the play, and all who please may satisfy themselves as to the residuum. In point of oppression, it is remarked abroad, they have run beyond all that can be imagined of the

most exorbitant despotism, not stopping contented with the laws of Louis XIV, but dragging from the mould of ages the legislation even of Louis IX.

I shall draw a description of their freaks from a Parisian Journal before me,[1] which answers the question, How the Jesuits govern the Canton du Valais. The Grand Council of the Canton, under direction of Jesuit Priests, have adopted a law respecting *illegal assemblies, and condemnable discussions and conversations*, of which the first article runs as follows: Those who hold conversations tending to scandalize the Holy Catholic Apostolic and Roman religion, or contrary to good morals, shall be punished with a fine of from 20 to 200 francs, and imprisonment from a month to two years. Also those who introduce, affix, expose, lend, distribute, or keep secretly and without authorization, writings or bad books, or caricatures which attack directly or indirectly the Holy Religion of the State and its Ministers. The objects designated shall be confiscated, and in case of a second offence, the highest amount of fine and imprisonment shall be doubled. Blasphemers are to be punished according to the criminal laws.

Here are two classes of crime noted; scandalous and blasphemous conversations, and having bad books in your library. A Valaisan may chance to say that such or such a miracle published, by the Reverend Fathers, appears to him somewhat Apocryphal; the opinion is scandalous against the Holy Catholic Apostolic and Romish religion, and he shall undergo fine and imprisonment for his enormous crime. He dares to pretend that certain priests do not set the best possible example; the opinion is thrice scandalous, for which he shall suffer the highest amount of fine and imprisonment. He goes even a little farther; possibly he discusses the claim of the Virgin Mary to the adoration of the faithful, and maintains that on this point the Romish Church is contrary to the New Testament. This is worse than a mere scandalous opinion or proposition; it is blasphemy; and blasphemy is a crime for criminal law to punish. If the hardy Valaisan shall dare affirm that the morality

[1] The Semeur.

of the Jesuits is possibly very immoral, this is blasphemy in the first degree, and must be punished with the highest infamy.

It is almost incredible that a law of this nature can have been promulgated in 1845, upon the frontiers of France and Italy, under notice of the public press, when the Jesuits have so many reasons for making men believe that their system is not incompatible with some degree of liberty. But it is a fair experiment fully played out. It would scarcely have been believed that they would have dared offer to Europe a spectacle of such drunkenness of despotism. In France, the people were full of indignation against the *law of sacrilege* in that nation, and after the Revolution of July, they utterly abolished it. But that law, in comparison with this of the Canton du Valais, concerning scandalous opinions and propositions, was sweetness and benevolence itself. It was necessary at least to have actually committed the offence in some place of worship, during the religious exercises, or to have directly attacked some minister of the church. But in the Canton du Valais it is enough to have simply expressed a scandalous opinion, in the street, or the tavern, or in one's own house in presence of a neighbour! Did the Inquisition ever go farther than this?

We should have thought that the laws of the eleventh century commanding to pierce the tongues of blasphemers and heretics with a hot iron, existed now only in history, as monuments of an atrocious barbarity. But it is a great mistake. The Jesuits suffer nothing of cruelty and infamy to perish. They keep it concealed for a season; they shut up their arsenal when the popular storm thunders; but so soon as the sun shines, they bring up again their chains, their pitiless axes and instruments of torture.

Again by this law men shall be fined and imprisoned, not only for having written bad books, or drawn wicked caricatures against the holy religion of the State, not only for having introduced into the Canton, or exposed, or distributed, or lent, such books or writings, but even for having knowingly or without authorization kept them in their libraries. An inhabitant of the Valais, for example, has among his books the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Montesquieu, or even the new writings pro-

scribed in the Index of the Romish Congregation, such as the books of Guizot, Cousin, Dupin, Jouffroy, Thierry, in a word, whatever work may have been published in France for half a century except the nauseous productions of the Jesuitical school. Well! the bare fact of having kept these volumes constitutes a crime, unless the authorization of the Company of Ignatius shall have been obtained, a thing which cannot be, except for its most devoted creatures. Certainly, this is new, original, unheard of. We have heard of certain ordnances of our ancient kings punishing the *readers* of a bad book, after having condemned the author; but we never heard of a law pronouncing a universal sentence against the proprietors and keepers of works contrary to the Holy Catholic Apostolic and Romish religion.

But how can the law be executed? Will they make domiciliary visits, to examine, one after another, the books belonging to each individual? Will they ferret for them in the secret corners of the household, in order to be sure that the proscribed writings are not shut up in some hiding-place? When a poor inhabitant of the Canton comes under the suspicions of the Clergy because he has not regularly kept the fasts, or taken his note of confession at canonical times, will they break upon his bureaus, his furniture, to discover the unhappy volumes, which have inspired him with such infidelity? We should not be at all surprised at this. Where there is a will, there is a way. If they would not shrink from publishing such a monstrous law, neither will they quail before the measure necessary to carry it into execution. It will be a permanent inquisition, which will always possess the means of oppressing and breaking down those who will not humbly bow beneath its yoke of bondage.

Talk to us after this of the generous principles of the Jesuits and the Romish Priests! Tell us, ye propagandists of the Romish faith, your love of liberty! Tell us for the millionth time that you, and you only, know how to respect the rights of the people and the progress of humanity! Pretend your loving democracy in your sermons and your journals! Go to, we know you of old, and soon there will not be a reasonable man in the world who will not discover under your mask the deep imprints of your insatiable instinct of tyranny! If there were the least

particle of sincerity in your liberal maxims and pretences, you would at least express your indignation against such monstrous laws promulgated in the Canton du Valais; you would attack these abominable enterprises of the Jesuits; but what one of your journals is there, that would have the frankness and sincerity to do this? Every Ecclesiastical Gazette is silent, and yet to-morrow these same despotic journals will dare tell their adversaries that *they* are the enemies of liberty.

Comedians, comedians! the execrable farce you are playing will have to be finished, and then beware of the conclusion!

This is an energetic strain of criticism, appeal, and invective, before which, if there be much of it, such detestable measures cannot stand. The Jesuits are the Mamelukes of the Romish Church; neither king nor people can be independent or free where such a body of tyrants, the worse for being secret, bear sway. Note the expression *directly or indirectly* in the law against writings and propositions tending to bring into disrepute the Holy Romish religion of State. What traps and caverns of tyranny are here! What room for more than inquisitorial acuteness and cruelty, in searching out and detecting the indirect tendencies of publications, which the Priests see fit to proscribe. The most innocent writing may thus be made the ground of a severe imprisonment; and as to all investigation or discussion of the truth, it becomes impossible.

But we have more pleasant footsteps to follow than those of the Jesuits; so farewell to their trail for the present. We shall meet them again in Switzerland.

CHAPTER XXIX.

PHYSICAL PLAGUES OF THE CANTON DU VALAIS AND OF SWITZERLAND.—HOSPITAL FOR THE CRETINS.

Approaching Sion from Martigny the view is exceedingly picturesque and romantic, by reason of several extensive old castles on successive craggy peaks, that rise in commanding grandeur, like the Acropolis at Athens, and seem, as you advance

upwards, to fill the whole valley. One of the highest summits is crowned with a church or convent, a most imposing object, seen against the sky long before you arrive at the base of the village. The view from this church in every direction, or from the crags on which it is perched, is so extensive, so rich, and so picturesque, as abundantly to recompense even a tired traveller for the toil of the ascent. Besides, there is on this hill an exceedingly aged old rocky edifice of worship, that looks as if it might have existed before the Roman Catholic Church itself began to have a being. Of the village below, wooden shoes and woollen stockings seemed to be the staple commodity, while a knot of industrious women, washing clothes around the fountain in the centre of the street, were, when we passed, the most striking object in view.

Age, disease, uncleanly cottages, hard labour, penury, scanty and unwholesome food, will transform beauty into ugliness, anywhere in the world, even under the most delicious climate. What a change! Could any being, unacquainted with the progress of our race from elastic youth to that colourless, toothless time, when the grasshopper is a burden, believe that these forms, which seem now a company of the personified genii of wrinkles, were once as fair as the Virgin Mother of their invocations? They may have been. Youth itself is beauty, and the most secret, black, and midnight hags were once young. But Shakspere need not have gone upon the Continent, nor Wordsworth among the fish-women of Calais, to find good types of witches. I think I have seen in Edinburgh as fair examples of tough, old, furrowed ugliness, as in Switzerland, or Turkey, or Italy, or Spain, or Egypt. Old age is beautiful, when gentleness goes with it, and it has filial tenderness and care to lean upon; the Christian's hope within, and the reverential fond pride and honour of gray hairs in the household, make up a picture almost as beautiful as that of a babe in the cradle, or a girl at play. But where, from infancy to threescore years and ten, there are only the hardest, wrinkle-making realities of life, its tasks without its compensations, and its withering superstitions without its consolations, there can be nothing left of beauty; humanity stands like a blasted pine in the desert.

"'Tis said, fantastic Ocean doth unfold
The likeness of whate'er on land is seen;
But, if the Nereid Sisters and their Queen,
Above whose heads the tide so long hath rolled,
The dames resemble whom we here behold,
How terrible beneath the opening waves
To sink, and meet them in their fretted caves,
Withered, grotesque, immeasurably old."

Your attention in the Valley of the Rhone is painfully turned to the miserable *cretins* or idiots, and those unfortunate beings, whose necks are distended with the excrescences of the *goitre*, as if hung round with swollen bladders of flesh. The poor creatures so afflicted did always seem to me to have an exceeding weight of sadness in their countenances, though they went about labouring like others. These frightful diseases prevail among the population of the Valais to a greater extent than anywhere else in Switzerland. The number of inhabitants in Sion is about 2500. Poverty, disease, and filth mark the whole valley; and so long as the people are shut up to the superstitions of Romanism, so long they must remain shut out from the only consolations that could be some support amidst their miseries, and debarred from the only refining and elevating influences, that could soften and bless a condition so sad as theirs.

Of the two physical plagues that infest the beautiful valleys of Switzerland, *cretinism* is by far the worst. It is the most repulsive and painful form of idiocy I have ever witnessed. It makes the human being look less intelligent than the brute. A hooting cry between a howl and a burst of laughter sometimes breaks from the staring and gibbering object before you, a creature that haunts the villages, you cannot say like a spectre, for these miserable beings seemed always in good flesh, but like the personification of the twin brother of madness, and far more fearful. It creates a solemn awe in the soul, to look upon one of these beings, in whom the mind does not seem so much deranged, as departed, gone utterly, not a gleam of the spirit left, the household dog looking incomparably more human. It is a dreadful sight. The cretin will sometimes hobble after you with open hand, grinning for charity, with a cha-

otic laugh, like a gust of wind clattering through the hall of a ruined castle.

In the midst of poverty this calamity is doubled, and none of its salient points of grim, disgusting misery can be concealed. The families and villages where it is developed are for the most part miserably poor. Filth, squalid corners for sleep, and impure nourishment, help on the disease, like fuel for the plague. No moral causes are set in motion, no more than physical, to combat or hinder its progress, or ameliorate the condition of its victim; the family and the village bear the burden in silent hopeless despair, as a condemned criminal wears his chains. The only milder feature of the wretchedness that you can think of is this, that the poor *cretin* himself is not in pain, and is perfectly insensible to his condition.

But perhaps you are asking if there are no benevolent efforts to remedy this great evil, no asylums or hospitals for the poor creatures so stricken. I know of only one, and that of recent establishment, though there was never a more suitable field for philanthropy to work in. The celebrated philosopher Saussure conceived that this disease of *cretinism* must be owing to a vicious atmosphere, wanting in some of the elements necessary to the healthful development of the human system. Meditating on this point, a philanthropic physician among the Oberland Alps not long since conceived the happy idea of combating this evil at its commencement, by taking the children in their infancy from the fearful influence darting upon them, and carrying them away to be nourished and strengthened by the pure air of the mountains.

The name of this excellent man was Doctor Guggenbühl. He had been called one day to examine a case of some malignant disease, which for ages from time to time had ravaged the beautiful valleys of the higher Alps, when his attention was fixed by an old *Cretin*, who was idiotically *blating* a half-forgotten prayer before an image of the Virgin at Seedorf in the Canton Uri. How melancholy that the only religion learned by the poor idiot was that of an Ave Maria before a wooden image! But the sight deeply agitated the sensibilities of the physician on behalf of those unfortunate creatures, and, as he

says, "fixed his vocation." A being susceptible of the least idea of God seemed to him worthy of every care and every sacrifice. "These stricken individuals of our race," said he, "these brethren beaten down, are they not more worthy of our efforts than those races of animals which men strive to bring to perfection? It is not in vain formulas, but in charitable efforts that we must find that divine love which Jesus Christ has taught us."

Dr. Guggenbühl went immediately to work. The attempt had never been tried, of which the idea had come to him, but he found encouragement and sympathy. He fixed upon a Mountain in the Oberland called the Abendberg, elevated about three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and seeming to him to combine all the requisites for the foundation of his establishment. Having issued his appeals and subscriptions, he soon received funds sufficient for the support of some twenty children, and consecrated all his efforts to the moral and physical development of his interesting family. He placed them in the circle of a simple but comfortable domestic life, so distant from the world as not to be distracted by its noise, so near to it as to be accessible to all the good resources of a civilized society.

The mountain air was pure and sweet for them to breathe in. The mountain streams gave them pure running water for drinking, bathing, and washing. The forests afforded wood for the construction of their asylum, around which the land was laid out in gardens. The farm gave them plenty of butter and milk, eggs and poultry. Regular means of communication were established with Unterseen, Interlachen, and other subjacent villages.

The first medical efforts of Dr. Guggenbühl with his interesting patients were applied to the education, and, in a manner, the regeneration, of the physical organs attacked first by the malady, which plays such frightful ravages afterwards upon the mind. The sensitive form is first to be restored to its natural strength and delicacy, and then the conscience and the wandering faculties shall be won back, as it were, to abide within it. The change from the hot, damp, and stagnant at-

mosphere of poor filthy hovels in narrow valleys, to the clear, cool, bracing air of the mountain summits, is itself enough to create a gradual regeneration in the whole physical being. The patient breathes the principle of a new life, and this is powerfully aided by a simple, healthful nourishment, exercise in the open air, varied and encreasing in proportion as strength is regained. Cold bathing, frictions, and various games adapted to fix the attention, and inspire quick voluntary movement, are added to this routine of discipline.

When thus he has succeeded in modifying the physical organs, and giving them a direction towards health and activity, Dr. Guggenbühl begins upon the mental faculties. Probably the degrees of idiocy, towards which the disease has advanced, are various sometimes, but the commencement sometimes sadly confirmed. The report from which I draw these particulars states that Dr. Guggenbühl possesses an admirable assistant in his labours of instruction. I have watched this person descending, says the writer, with the sweetest patient benevolence, to the level of these little idiots, and there striking with perseverance upon the hard stone within, till some little sparkle of fire shall be elicited, some sparkling indication of intelligence. And when he has once succeeded in seizing the least end of the thread of thought, with what infinite precautions does he unroll it, lest it be broken. Then at length are multiplied in the depths of the previous intellectual obscurity a series of fruitful, thought-awakening images.

How delightful is this! It is almost worth the suffering of the calamity, to have so truly benevolent an institution sprung from it. This indeed, if not one of the final causes of calamity in this world, is one of its compensating blessings, to give men opportunity for the growth and discipline of charity and love. For the benefit of this Mountain Hospital contributions have been made at Geneva, at Bâle, Hamburg, Amsterdam, and London. The King of Prussia with many foreigners of distinction have interested themselves in it. Its successful and benignant influence is but a type of what would wait upon the whole Valley if all its families could be blest with a truly Christian education. Indeed, if all the ignorant and degraded children

of the Canton du Valais could be taken to the mountains and freely and fully educated, the Canton itself would speedily be free; all the Jesuitism in Europe could not bring back the people to their old bondage of ignorance and superstition.

CHAPTER XXX.

GORGE OF THE DALA.

At Sierre, a few miles beyond Sion, we were to leave the valley of the Rhone for the wonderful pass of the Gemmi, and here commenced my pedestrianizing in good earnest. It is always a singularly interesting excursion to go by a side pass from one valley, across an apparently impregnable barrier of mountains, over into another. To cross the Gemmi from the valley of the Rhone, you may start from the village of Leuk, or turn off as we did from Sierre by a path of incomparable beauty, winding gradually within the mountains, and rising rapidly by a precipitous ascent, where at every step your view up and down the valley you are leaving becomes more illimitably grand and vast. You clamber over the little village of Varen, which at first was hanging above you, leaving it far below, as well as that of Leuk, which you see farther up the valley, and thus you are toiling on, thinking perhaps that you are witnessing some of the wildest, most picturesque and extensive views to be enjoyed on this excursion, when all at once there bursts upon you a scene, surpassing all previous experience and anticipation. You rise to the summit of a steep ascent, step upon a space of table land, advance a few feet, and suddenly find yawning before you a fearful gulf of some nine hundred feet deep, into which the ridge on which you stand seems beetling over, ready to fall with your own weight. It is the gulf of the Dala, a torrent which rolls at the bottom, but almost too far down for you to see the swift glance of the water, or hear the roar, for even the thunder of the cataract of Niagara would be well nigh buried in its depths.

Advancing a few steps in the direction of this gulf, and turn-

ing a natural bastion of the mountain, there comes sweeping down upon you from above a gorge of overwhelming grandeur, overwhelming both by the surprise and the deep sublimity of the scene. You tremble to enter it, and stand fixed in silent awe and admiration. Below you is that fearful gulf down plunging in a sheet perpendicular of almost a thousand feet, while above you is a tremendous overhanging precipice of near an equal height, adown and across the face of which runs, cut out, the zig-zag perillous gallery, by which you are to pass. Whole strata of this perpendicular face of the mountain seem loosened above, and ready to bury you in their fall, and the loose stones come thundering down now and then with the terror of an avalanche. You step carefully down the gallery or shelf, till perhaps you are near the centre of the pass; now look up to heaven along the perpendicular height above you, if you can do it without falling, and see those bare pines that seem bending over the edge; they look as if blanched with terror. What a steep gigantic mountain brow they fringe! You feel as if the gallery where you are treading were a perillous position, and yet you cannot resist going back and gazing again down into the measureless gulf, and enjoying again the sudden sweep of this sublime gorge upon your vision. Towards the pass of the Gemmi it is closed by a vast ridge of frowning castellated mountains, and still beyond that loftier snowy mountains are shining, such pyramids of pure snow that they seem as if they would fling the hues of sunset that flash upon them down into the farthest recesses of the valley as it darkens in the evening.

It was such a sight as this that suggested that beautiful sonnet of Wordsworth, closing with so fine an image.

> "Glory to God! and to the Power who came
> In filial duty, clothed with love divine;
> That made his human tabernacle shine
> Like Ocean burning with purpureal flame;
> Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes its name
> From roseate hues, far kenn'd at morn and even,
> In times of peace, or when the storm is driven
> Along the nether region's rugged frame!
> Earth prompts—Heaven urges; let us seek the light,
> Studious of that pure intercourse begun

When first our infant brows their lustre won;
So like the Mountain may we grow more bright,
From unimpeded commerce with the Sun,
At the approach of all-involving night!"

But what is it that arrests your eye on the other side of the gulf, overhung, in like manner, with a sheer perpendicular mountain? There seems to be something in motion along the smooth face of the precipice, but it is not possible. You look again steadily; it is actually a line of mules and travellers, creeping like flies along the face of a wall, and you find there is a road there also, cut along this fearful gulf out of the solid rock; but it is so far across that the passing caravans of travellers seem like moving insects. You watch them a few moments, as they perhaps are watching you; and now they pass from the cliff, and enter on the winding fir-covered path, that takes them along the thundering torrent of the Dala down to the village of Leuk.

The view of this gorge might not perhaps have appeared to us quite so sublime, had we been prepared for it, or had we come gradually upon it; but the solemn, sudden, overwhelming grandeur of the view makes it one of the finest passes in all Switzerland. It stirs the very depths of your soul within you, and it seems as if you could remain motionless before it, and not wishing to move, from daylight to sunset, and from sunset to the moon, whose pale, soft, silver light steeps the vales and crags and glaciers with such romantic beauty.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ELEMENTS OF THE LANDSCAPE.—ALPINE FLOWERS.—JONATHAN EDWARDS.

Passing out from this wonderful scene, through a forest of larches, whose dark verdure is peculiarly appropriate to it, and going up towards the baths of Leuk, the interest of the landscape does not at all diminish. What a concentration and congregation of all elements of sublimity and beauty are before you! what surprising contrasts of light and shade, of form

and colour, of softness and ruggedness! Here are vast heights above you, and vast depths below, villages hanging to the mountain sides, green pasturages and winding paths, chalets dotting the mountains, lovely meadow slopes enamelled with flowers, deep immeasurable ravines, torrents thundering down them, colossal, overhanging, castellated reefs of granite, snowy peaks with the setting sun upon them. You command a view far down over the valley of the Rhone with its villages and castles, and its mixture of rich farms and vast beds and heaps of mountain fragments, deposited by furious torrents. What affects the mind very powerfully on first entering upon these scenes is the deep dark blue, so intensely deep and overshadowing, of the gorge at its upper end, and the magnificent proud sweep of the granite barrier which there shuts it in, apparently without a passage. The mountains rise like vast supernatural intelligencies taking a material shape, and drawing around themselves a drapery of awful grandeur; there is a forehead of power and majesty, and the likeness of a kingly crown above it.

Amidst all the grandeur of this scenery, I remember to have been in no place more delighted with the profuse richness, delicacy, and beauty of the Alpine flowers. The grass of the meadow slopes in the gorge of the Dala had a depth and power of verdure, a clear, delicious greenness, that in its effect upon the mind was like that of the atmosphere in the brightest autumnal morning of the year, or rather perhaps like the colours of the sky at sunset. There is no such grass-colour in the world as that of these mountain meadows. It is just the same at the verge of the ice oceans of Mont Blanc. It makes you think of one of the points chosen by the Sacred Poet to illustrate the divine benevolence (and I had almost said, no man can truly understand why it was chosen, who has not travelled in Switzerland), "*Who maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains.*"

And then the flowers, so modest, so lovely, yet of such deep exquisite hue, enamelled in the grass, sparkling amidst it, "a starry multitude," underneath such awful brooding mountain forms, and icy precipices, how beautiful! All that the Poets

have ever said or sung of daisies, violets, snow-drops, king-cups, primroses, and all modest flowers, is here outdone by the mute poetry of the denizens of these wild pastures. Such a meadow slope as this, watered with pure rills from the glaciers, would have set the mind of Edwards at work in contemplation on the beauty of holiness. He has connected these meek and lowly flowers with an image, which none of the poets of this world have ever thought of. To him the divine beauty of holiness "made the soul like a field or garden of God, with all manner of pleasant flowers; all pleasant, delightful, and undisturbed; enjoying a sweet calm, and the gentle, vivifying beams of the Sun. The soul of a true Christian appears like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year; low and humble on the ground; opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture; diffusing around a sweet fragrancy; standing peacefully and lovingly, in the midst of other flowers round about; all in like manner opening their bosoms to drink in the light of the sun."

Very likely such a passage as this, coming from the soul of the great theologian (for this is the poetry of the soul, and not of artificial sentiment, nor of the mere worship of nature, will seem to many persons like violets in the bosom of a glacier. But no poet ever described the meek, modest flowers, so beautifully *rejoicing in a calm rapture.* Jonathan Edwards himself, with his grand views of sacred theology and history, his living piety, and his great experience in the deep things of God, was like a mountain glacier, in one respect, as the "parent of perpetual streams," that are then the deepest when all the fountains of the world are driest; like, also, in another respect, that in climbing his theology you get very near to heaven, and are in a pure and bracing atmosphere; like again in this, that it requires much spiritual labour and discipline to surmount the heights, and some care not to fall into the *crevasses;* and like, once more, in this that when you get to the top, you have a vast, wide, glorious view of God's great plan, and see things in their chains and connections, which before you only saw separate and piecemeal.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE MOON AND THE MOUNTAINS.—VILLAGE OF LEUK.

THE village of the Baths of Leuk is at the head of this gorge, at the foot of the celebrated pass of the Gemmi. The wonders of the scenery are greater than the marvels of Oriental romance; it is a totally different world from that which lies below you, that where you were born. You seem to have risen to the verge between the natural and the supernatural, between the visible and the invisible; or to have come to the great barriers, behind which lies open "the multitudinous abyss," where Nature hides her secret elemental processes and marvels. Strange enough, the village in the remembrance reminds me of Nicomedia in Turkey. The moon rose about eight o'clock from behind the mountains beneath which the baths and the hamlets are situated, so that we had the hour and the scene of all others in some respects most beautiful. No language can describe the extraordinary effect of the light falling on the mighty perpendicular crags and ridges of the Gemmi on the other side, while the village itself remained in darkness. It appeared as if the face of this mountain was gradually lighting up from an inward pale fire, suffused in rich radiance over it, for it was hours before we could see the moon, though we could see her vail of soft light resting upon those gigantic, rock-ribbed regal barriers of nature.

There is an inexpressible solemnity to the mind in the sight of those still and awful forms rising in the silent night, how silently, how impressively! Their voice is of eternity, of God; and why it is I cannot tell, but certain it is that the deep intense blue of distant mountains by day impresses the mind in the same way with a sense of eternity. Vastness of material masses produces the same impression on the mind as vastness of time and space; but why intensity of colour should have so peculiarly sublime an effect I know not, unless it be simply from connection with such vastness of material form. At all events the mountains in these aspects do raise the mind irresistibly to God and eternity, making the devout heart adore

him with praise and awe, and compelling even the careless heart into an unusual sense of his power and glory. Sometimes the mountains seem as if shouting to one another, God! Sometimes they seem repeating in a low, deep, stilly murmur of adoration, God! Sometimes they seem to stand and gaze silently at you with a look that goes down into the soul, and makes the same impression, God!

How different it is with men, their huts, their palaces, their movements, their manners! Often there is nothing to remind you of God, save the profane oath, in which his dread, sacred name drops from the lips in blasphemy; that fearful oath, which on the continent of Europe has given a name to Englishmen, and of which no European language can afford a rival or a parallel.

This beautiful night, after the moon was fully risen, I could not resist the temptation, notwithstanding the fatigues of the day, to walk down alone to that deep, wild, fir-clad gorge, through which the torrent of the Dala was thundering, that I might experience the full and uninterrupted impression of moonlight and solitude in so grand a scene. As I passed down from the village through the meadow slopes toward the black depths of the ravine, one or two peasants were busied, though it was near midnight, silently mowing the grass; I suppose both because of the coolness of the night, and to secure their hay during the pleasant weather. A beautiful gray mist, like the moonlight itself, lay upon the fields, and the sweep of the scythes along the wet grass was the only sound that rose upon the perfect stillness of the atmosphere, save the distant subterranean thunder of the falls of the Dala, buried in the depths of the chasm. Looking down into those depths amidst the din and fury of the waters, the sublimity of the impression is greatly heightened by the obscurity; and then looking upward along the forest of dark verdure that clothes the overhanging mountain, how still, how beautiful in the moonlight are those rising terraces of trees! They seem as if they too had an intelligent spirit, and were watching the night and enjoying its beauty. My friend was sound asleep at the inn. Who was wisest, he or I? Considering the fatigues of the day, and those to be

encountered on the morrow, there was great wisdom in the act of sleeping. But then again it is to be considered that any night is good for sleeping, while such a night as this for waking might not again be enjoyed, with all its accessories, in a man's lifetime.

These labourers, that were but making hay, could toil all night, and the day after go to their work as usual. But all the hay in Switzerland would not be worth the impulse that *might* be gained from such a night as this, were the soul only prepared for it. Night and stars! Silence and voices deep, calling the soul to hear them, not the sense! What music were it, if those living lights, waxing in splendour, would let us hear, as Danté saith, "the chiming of their angelic bells."

> "One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine,
> And light us deep into the Deity:
> How boundless in magnificence and might!
> O what a confluence of ethereal fires
> From urns unnumbered, down the steep of heaven!
> My heart at once it humbles and exalts,
> Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies.
> Bright legions swarm unseen, and sing, unheard
> By mortal ear, the Glorious Architect,
> In this, his universal Temple, hung
> With lustres, with innumerable lights,
> That shed religion on the soul, at once
> The Temple and the Preacher!
> Who sees Him not,
> Nature's controller, author, guide, and end?
> Who turns his eye on nature's midnight face
> But must enquire.—What hand behind the scene,
> What arm almighty put these wheeling globes
> In motion, and wound up the vast machine?
> Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs?
> Who bowled them flaming through the dark profound,
> Numerous as glittering gems of morning dew,
> Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,
> And set the bosom of old Night on fire?"

What grand lines are these! The sublimity of Young rises sometimes higher than that of Danté, as his devotion is more direct and scriptural. The grandeur of that image or conception of the *spacious orbs bowled flaming through the dark profound, numerous as glittering gems of morning dew*, could scarcely be

exceeded. It is like the image of the same great Poet, of Old Time sternly driving his ploughshare o'er Creation. The Poem of the Night Thoughts is full of great and rich materials for the mind and heart; it is one of the best demonstrations in our language of the absurdity of that strange idea of Dr. Johnson, that devotion is not a fit subject for poetry! Let the Christian stand at midnight beneath the stars, with mountains round about him, and if the influences of the scene are rightly appreciated, though he may be no Poet, he will feel that Prayer, Praise, and the highest Poetry are one.

> "In every storm that either frowns or falls
> What an asylum has the soul in prayer!
> And what a Fane is this, in which to pray!
> And what a God must dwell in such a Fane!"
>
> NIGHT THOUGHTS, IX.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BATHS OF LEUK.

THE village or hamlet of the baths is a place of about three hundred inhabitants, whose clusters of wooden nests hang to the mountains at an elevation of more than 4500 feet above the level of the sea. The bathing houses and inns are spacious, crowded for some six weeks in July and August, deserted almost all the rest of the year, and shut up and abandoned from October to May. Three times since their establishment in the sixteenth century they have been overwhelmed by avalanches, though to the eye of a stranger in the summer, their position does not seem to be of imminent peril. But the scenery is of an extreme grandeur, a glorious region, where the sublimities of nature combine to elevate the mind, at the same time that the body comes to be healed of its infirmities. These healing springs, wherever they occur, are proofs of the Divine benevolence; may they not be regarded as peculiarly so, when placed in the midst of scenes so adapted to raise the thoughts to heaven?

But what invalid here ever thinks of the scenery who has to

spend eight hours a day immersed and steaming in hot water? The grand spring bursts forth like a little river close to the bath-house, of as great heat as 124 Fahrenheit, and supplies the great baths, which are divided into wooden tanks, about twenty feet square, four in each building, where men, women, and children bathe indiscriminately, clad in long woollen gowns. There they sit for hours in the water, some two or three weeks together, four hours at breakfast and four hours after dinner. It is very droll and very disgusting to look at them, floating about, such a motley crew, in such a vulgar mixture, some fifteen or twenty in each tank. It is surprising that persons of either sex, with any refinement of feeling, can submit to such a process, so coarse, so public, so indelicate; but they say that this social system is resorted to, because of the tedium of being obliged to spend six or eight hours a day in the water; so they make a regular *soirée* of it, a sort of Fourier affair, having all things common, and entertaining each other as much as possible.

The traveller stands on a wooden bridge, and gazes at the watery community in amazement, looking narrowly for fins; but he sees nothing but groups of human heads, emerging and bobbing about like the large corks to a fishing net, among which are floating a score of little wooden tables with books, newspapers, and so forth, for the occupation of said heads, or tea and coffee with toast, or a breakfast *á la fourchette*, for the supply of the bodies belonging to them. Some are reading, others amphibiously lounging, others coquetting at leisure with a capricious appetite, others playing chess, all up to the chin in hot water. Inveterate chess-players would make excellent patients in these baths. Without some occupation of that nature, one would think there must be no little danger of falling asleep and getting drowned. One of the bathing-houses is for the poor, who are admitted free of expence; and here it is not so surprising to see them all parboiling together; but that the better rank should suffer such a system of vulgarity and publicity seems incredible.

It is principally from France and Switzerland that the visitors come, and they have to be steeped three weeks in the water for cure. Eight hours daily in the baths and two in bed, to-

gether with the eight or ten spent in sleep, nearly finish the twenty-four of our diurnal existence. There are no provisions for private baths, so that the necessity of making a *tête-à-tête* of some fifteen or twenty together is inexorable. And, after all, there may be no more want for refinement in a social Neptunian pic-nic of this sort than there is in tripping over the white sands at Brighton, or floating in the surf on the beach at Newport, Naiad-like in companies.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

PASS OF THE GEMMI.—TRIALS OF FAITH.

From the baths we set our faces, and my companion the face of his mule, to traverse the pass of the Gemmi, in many respects the grandest and most extraordinary pass in all Switzerland. If the builders of Babel had discovered this mountain, methinks they would have abandoned their work, and set themselves to blast a corkscrew gallery in the rock, by which to reach heaven. No language can describe the sublime impression of its frowning circular ridges, its rocky, diademic spheroids, if I may so speak, sweeping up, one after another, into the skies. The whole valley is surrounded by ranges of regal crags, but the mountain of the Gemmi, apparently, absolutely inaccessible, is the last point to which you would turn for an outlet. A side gorge that sweeps up to the glaciers and snowy pyramids flashing upon you in the opposite direction, is the route which you suppose your guide is going to take, and visions of pedestrians perilously scaling icy precipices, or struggling up to the middle through ridges of snow, begin to surround you, as the prospects of your own experience in this day's expedition. So convinced was I that the path *must* go out in that direction, that I took a short cut, which I conceived would bring me again into the mule-path at a point under the glaciers, but after scaling precipices, and getting lost in a wood of firs in the valley, I was glad to rejoin my friend with the

guide, and to clamber on in pure ignorance and wonder. The valley is what is called a perfect *cul-de-sac*, having no opening except where you entered from the Valley of the Rhone, and running up blunt, a little beyond the Baths of Leuk, against one of the loftiest perpendicular barriers of rock in all the Alpine recesses. It was therefore not possible to imagine where we should emerge, and not being able to understand clearly the dialect of our guide, we began to think that he did not himself know the way.

Now what a striking symbol is this, of things that sometimes take place in our spiritual pilgrimage. We are often brought to a stand, hedged up and hemmed in by the providence of God, so that there seems no way out. A man is sometimes thrown into difficulties, in which he sits down beginning to despair, and says to himself, Well, *this* time it is all over with me; like Sterne's Starling, or worse, like Bunyan's Man in the Cage, he says, I can't get out. Then, when God has driven him from all self-confidence and self-resource, a door opens in the wall, and he rises up and walks at liberty, praising God.

Sometimes he says within himself, "This *cannot* be the path of duty; the mountain is too high, too inaccessible; there is no possibility of scaling it; the undertaking, Sir Conscience, that you point out to me by God's Word, is desperate. The path *must* go this other way; I am *sure* it must." Alas, poor pilgrim, try it, if you dare! Leave the Guide, whose dialect you think you can't understand, though Conscience all the while understands it, and too soon you will get lost amidst woods and precipices; and well for you it will be, if you do not fall over some fearful crag, or wander so far and so irretrievably, that no longer the voice of your Guide can be heard, and you stumble upon the dark mountains, till you are lost in the congregation of the dead. Remember By-Path Meadow, and Giant Despair's Castle, and come back, yea, haste back, if you are going where the Word of God does not go before you. Let your feet be towards the King's highway, and the mountain you will find *is* accessible, and the Lions are chained.

Shall I pursue the simile any farther? I will; for it makes me

think of the course of some men, who will not suffer themselves to be led across the great mysteries of God's Word, but endeavour to wind their way out of the gulf without scaling the mountain. They say it is utterly impossible, it is irrational, it cannot be, there must be some other mode of explaining these passages than that of admitting the stupendous, inexplicable mystery and miracle which they bear upon the face of them. So they would carry you round by side galleries, across drifts of snowy reasoning, as cold and as deceitful as the crusts of glittering ice, that among the Alps cover great fissures, where, if you step, you sink and are out of sight forever. Keep to the appointed path, over the mountain, for there alone are you safe. It is the path of Faith, faith in God's Word, faith in God's mysteries, faith in God's Spirit, faith in God's Son. Sometimes it is the path of Faith without reasoning, and you must take it, because God says so; indeed that great Word, GOD SAITH, is the highest of all reasoning, and if your reasoning goes against it, your reasoning is a lie.

Now have you tried your own way, and found it deceitful and ruinous? And are you ready to follow your Guide, as an ignorant little child, in all simplicity? This is well, and God sometimes suffers us to *have* our own way, to take it for a while, that we may find by sore experience that his way is the best. Your path seems to be shut up, but if *he* points it out, you may be sure that he will open it. As to the children of Israel, when brought to a stand at the verge of the Red Sea, so he says to you, Go forward!

The mysteries in God's Word, and the practical difficulties in our Pilgrimage, are like these mountain-passes. If you refuse to clamber, you must stay in the gulf, or go, by apostacy, backward, for there is no other way out. And if you will not accept the path, walking by Faith, not Sight, then you will never see the glory that is to be enjoyed on the summit. The great fundamental truths of God's Word, the Resurrection, the Atonement, the Triune Mysteries of the Godhead, the Eternity and Providence of God, the Deity and Grace of Christ, the Work of the Holy Spirit,—these are all mountain passes, to be crossed only by Faith; but *when* you so cross them, then

what glory! O what glory! So you rise to Heaven; while they who deny them, are creeping and feeling their way as dull materialists blindfold groping in the gulf below.

Well! let us go on, after our digression, in the strange path of the Gemmi. My steady companion, in this case, answered to the principle of Faith, and I, of self-willed Reason. But I came back, before I got beyond reach of his powerful voice shouting to me, and we advanced together.

CHAPTER XXXV.

PASS OF THE GEMMI.—SUCCESSIVE SPLENDOURS OF THE VIEW.

It is a scene as singular as it is sublime. You march up towards the base of the mountain; you look above you, around you, but there is no way; you are utterly at a loss. You still advance to within three or four feet of the smooth perpendicular rock, and still there is no outlet. Is there any cave or subterranean passage, or are you to be hoisted, mules and all, by some invisible machinery, over the crags? Thus musing, your guide suddenly turns to the left, and begins a zig-zag ascent, where you never dreamed it was possible, over a steep slope of crumbling rocky fragments, that are constantly falling from above, by which at length you reach a ridgy winding shelf or wrinkle on the face of the mountain, not visible from below. Here you might have seen from the valley parties of travellers circling the rocky wall, as if they were clinging to it sideways by some supernatural power, and you may see others far above you coming down. Sometimes sick persons are borne on litters down these precipices to visit the baths, having their eyes blindfolded to avoid seeing the perils of the way.

It is a lovely day, most lovely. Far and near you can see with dazzling distinctness; trees and crags, streams, towns, meadow-slopes, mountain outlines, and snowy summits. And now every step upwards increases your wonder and admiration. You rise from point to point, commanding a wider view at every turn. You overhang the most terrible precipices. You scale

the face of crags, where narrow galleries have been blasted like grooves, leaving the mountain arching and beetling over you above, while there is no sort of barrier between you and the almost immeasurable gulf below. It is a passage which tries a man's nerves. My companion did not dare to ride, but dismounted, and placing the guide outside between him and the outer edge of the grooves, crept along, leaning against the mountains, and steadying himself with his hands. The tremendous depths, without fence or protection, made him sick and dizzy. Once or twice I had the same sensation, but generally enjoyed the sense of danger, which adds so greatly to the element of sublimity.

This ascent, so perpendicular, yet by its zig-zags so gradual, affords a constant change and enlargement of view. The little village and baths of Leuk look like a parcel of children's toys in wax, it is so far below you. Now you can see clear across the Dala valley with its villages and mountains, clear down into the valley of the Simplon. Now the vast snowy range of mountains on the Italian side begins to be visible. Now you can distinctly count their summits, you may tell all their names, you gaze at them as a Chaldean shepherd at the beauty of the stars, you can follow their ranges from Monte Rosa and the Velan even to the Grand St. Bernard, where the hoary giant keeps guard over the lovely Val d'Aoste, and locks the kingdom of Italy. How dazzling, how beautiful are their forms! verily, you could sit and watch them all day, if the sun would stay with them, and not tire of their study.

But now a ziz-zag takes you again in the opposite direction, and again you enter a tremendous gorge, by a blasted hanging gallery, where the mountains on either side frown like two black thunder-clouds about to discharge their artillery. On the other side of this awful gulf the daring chamois hunters have perched a wooden box for a sort of watch-tower beneath a shelf in the precipice, utterly inaccessible except by a long pole from beneath, with a few pegs running through it, in imitation of a dead pine. An inexperienced chamois might take it for an eagle's nest, and here a man may lie concealed with his musket till he has opportunity to mark his prey. How majesti-

cally that bird below us cleaves the air, and comes sailing up the gorge, and now circles the gigantic cliffs of the Gemmi, and sweeps away from us into the sky! Would it not be a glorious privilege to be able in like manner ourselves to sail off into liquid air, and mount up to heaven? Oh that I had wings like a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest. So we shall be able to soar, from glorious peak to peak, from one part of God's universe to another, when clothed upon with our spiritual body, our house which is from heaven.

Where we stand now there is a remarkable echo from the depths of the gorge and the opposite face of the mountain. You hear the sound of your footsteps and your voices, as if another party were travelling on the other side. You shout, and your words are twice distinctly reverberated and repeated. In some places this echo is as if there were a subterranean concert, muffled and deep, of strange beings, creatures of wild dreams, the Seven Sleepers awakened, or people talking in a madhouse. The travellers shout, then hold their breath, and look at one another, and listen with a sense of childish wonder to the strange, clear, bold answers, out-spoken across the grim black gorge in the mountain. The poet Wordsworth seems to have heard the full cry of a hunting pack, rebellowing to the bark of a little dog, that took it into its head to wake the echo. Thence came that fine sonnet from his tour on the Continent.

> "What beast of chase hath broken from the cover?
> Stern Gemmi listens to as full a cry,
> As multitudinous a harmony
> As e'er did ring the heights of Latmos over,
> When, from the soft couch of her sleeping lover,
> Upstarting, Cynthia skimmed the mountain dew
> In keen pursuit, and gave, where'er she flew,
> Impetuous motion to the stars above her.
> A solitary wolf-dog, ranging on
> Through the bleak concave, wakes this wondrous chime
> Of aëry voices locked in unison,—
> Faint—far off—near—deep—solemn and sublime!
> So from the body of a single deed
> A thousand ghostly fears and haunting thoughts proceed!"

This last comparison unexpectedly reveals one of the most impressive thoughts ever bodied forth by Wordsworth's imagi-

nation. There is an eternal echo both to the evil and the good of our actions. The universe is as a gallery, to take up the report and send it back upon us, in music sweet as the celestial harmonies, or in crashing thunder of wrath upon the soul. Evil deeds, above all, have their echo. The man may be quiet for a season, and hear no voice, but conscience is yet to be roused, and he is to stand as in the centre of eternity, and hear the reverberation coming back upon him, in remorse, judgment, retribution. The reproduction of himself upon himself would alone be retribution, the reverberation of his evil character and actions. Every man is to meet this, whose evil is not purged away by Christ; whose life is not pardoned, whose soul is not cleansed, whose heart is not penitent and made new by divine grace.

So neither the evil nor the good that men do is ever interred with their bones, but lives after them. There is always going on this process of reverberation, reproduction, resurrection. Wherefore let the wicked man remember, when he speaks or acts an evil thing, though in present secrecy and silence, that he is yet to hear the echo from eternity.

> "Now! It is gone! Our brief hours travel post;
> Each with its thought or deed, its why or how.
> But know, each parting hour gives up a ghost,
> To dwell within thee, an eternal Now."

You continue your zigzag ascent, wondering where it can at length end. Your mule treads with the utmost unconcern on the very brink of the outjutting crags, with her head and neck projecting over into the gulf, which is so deep and so sheer a perpendicular, that in some places a plumb line might be thrown into the valley below, nearly 1600 feet, almost without touching the rock. It makes you dizzy to look down into the valley from a much less height than this, but still you ascend, and still command a wider and more magnificent view of the snowy Alps on the Italian side of the Canton du Valais. You are now on a level with those hanging lines of misty light, so distant and so beautiful, floating over the valley of the Simplon, where the vapour is suspended in lazy layers, just beneath the limit of perpetual snow. Above are the snow-shining moun-

tains, below the gray crags, forests of fir, pasturages, chalets, farms, castles, and villages.

> "Fancy hath flung for me an airy bridge
> Across thy long deep valley, furious Rhone!
> Arch, that *here* rests upon the granite ridge
> Of Monte Rosa—*there* on frailer stone
> Of secondary birth—the Jungfrau's cone;
> And from that arch, down looking on the vale,
> The aspect I behold of every zone:
> A sea of foliage tossing with the gale,
> Blithe Autumn's purple crown and Winter's icy mail."
>
> WORDSWORTH.

And now at length you have accomplished the ascent and reached the highest point of the pass of the Gemmi. You turn with reluctance from one of the grandest views in Switzerland, though you have been enjoying it for hours; but it is always a grief to quit a chain of snowy Alps in the landscape, for they are like a wide view of the ocean; it thrills you with delight when you come upon them. You emerge from the gorge, pass the little shed, which would be somewhat better than an umbrella in a storm, walk a few steps, and what a contrast! What a scene of winter and of savage wildness and desolation! You are 7200 feet above the level of the sea. Stupendous walls and needles of bare rock are shooting into the sky, adown whose slopes vast fields of ever-changing snow sweep resistlessly, feeding a black lake in the centre of storm-beaten ridges of naked limestone. A vast pyramid of pure white snow rises so near you on the right, from behind these intervening ridges of bare rock, that it seems as if a few minutes' walk might plunge you into the midst of it. If you were to undertake it, you would find it a day's work, across frightful ravines, and over mountains. The desolation encreases as you descend, till you come to the solitary *auberge* built upon the ruins of an avalanche, the scene, it is said, of one of the German poet Werner's tragedies.

You are suspicious here, though glad enough to have come to a place of refreshment, because Mr. Murray, whose Guide-book is the Bible of most Englishmen on the continent, has put into his pages the warning that the landlord of this inn is not

well spoken of. You naturally expect to meet a surly, ill-looking fellow, who is going to cheat you, and who might on occasion murder you; but you find a pleasant looking man, who speaks pleasantly, treats you kindly, and charges no more for your fare than it is fairly worth; and you pass from the place exclaiming against the extreme injustice which has thus, upon the chance report perhaps of some solitary, well-fed, English grumbler, affixed a libel to the name of this landlord, which is sure to prejudice every traveller against him beforehand.

Well it is for the poor man, that travellers who have passed the Gemmi have a sharp appetite, and cannot eat fossils, and that there is no other inn but his in the desolate pass of the mountain. This being the case, they eat, and afterwards survey the character of the landlord in better humour, and then having got ready to be cheated, it is a most agreeable surprise to find that there is no cheat at all, though 7000 feet above the level of the sea might almost justify it, for who could be expected to keep such an inn without some inordinate compensation? There is nothing that travellers ought to pay more cheerfully than high charges in such places; but from the manner in which John Bull sometimes complains, you would think he was a very poor man, close upon the verge of his last farthing. I have seen an Englishman in a storm of rage for a charge in Switzerland which would have been three times as high in his own country, besides that there he would have been obliged to pay the servants in addition, no little proportion of what here the meal itself cost him.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CANTON BERNE.—SCRIPTURE ON THE HOUSES. TRUTH A GOOD TALISMAN.

Soon after quitting the inn, the pasturage vegetation commences, and you cross from the Roman Catholic Canton du Valais into the Protestant Canton Berne; it is impossible not to be struck with the great contrast between the two regions,

when you enter the villages. From the poverty, filth, and ignorance in the Valley of the Rhone you pass to abodes of comfort, neatness, and intelligence. A traveller cannot shut his eyes against this contrast. He may have heard it described, and may have set it down to the score of religious prejudice exaggerating the facts; but he finds the contrast to be an undeniable reality. Neither can he tell how much of this difference arises from physical causes, the Valley of the Rhone being subject to calamities and diseases from which the Canton Berne is happily free; nor how much is owing to the contrasted system of religion and education. The fact is quite beyond controversy, that the population of the Canton Berne are far superior in thrift, intelligence, and prosperity to that of the Canton du Valais.

I cannot say that Protestant grass is any greener than Romish, or that heretical cattle are any fatter than those on the Pope's side of the mountain; but the vegetation began speedily to luxuriate as we descended, large firs began to clothe the crags, herds of cows and oxen were pasturing, and the ridges of rock so bare and perpendicular on the other side the pass, on this were hidden under thick forests. The mountains are split asunder in deep ravines, immense jagged chasms, which are fringed with rich verdure, and the shade into which you enter is so deep, that it looks like evening, though the sun has not much passed the meridian. The side views of the Oeschinen and Gasteren valleys, one on your right, the other on your left, as you descend towards Kandersteg, are exceedingly impressive, both for their savage grandeur and beauty. On one side you seem to look through the torn rock-rifts of the pass, and over forest-crowned projections of the mountains, into the icy palace of Winter where he reigns alone; frosted sparkling peaks, and icy-sheeted crags, and masses of pure white snow, seen through the firs, make a singular wild contrast with the verdant scenery, that rises immediately around you, and is spread out below you. On the other side, the path that takes you into the Oeschinen valley winds over green grassy slopes to introduce you to a lovely lake encircled by precipices and glaciers, at the foot of the Blumlis Alps.

And now you arrive at Kandersteg, a scattered village in the midst of a smooth grassy expanse of table land at the foot of the Gemmi, about 3300 feet above the level of the sea. The change in the aspect of the hamlets, from the region where you have been travelling, attracts your notice. Some of the villages look like New England. Nature is more kindly than in the Valley of the Rhone, and the people have endeavoured to keep pace with her more equally. They are certainly better to do in the world, and under the Canton Berne, in a freer, more cheerful, less repressing government.

In place of the symbol of the cross, or the statue of the Virgin in her niche, or the picture of the Mother and Child, the traveller may see, as in some of the old houses in Edinburgh, sentences from the Scriptures piously inscribed over the doors, or across the outside walls of the cottages. It has a most pleasing effect upon the mind, although doubtless many of the inhabitants think no more of their meaning than the Jews did of that of the scriptural inscriptions on their broad phylacteries. Yet it is pleasant to see a rim of sentences from the Word of God running round the hamlet, and sometimes a stray thought may be caught by it and made devotional. If there could be an outward talisman, making the house secure from evil, forbidding the entrance of bad spirits,

"Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,"

sweetly reminding intelligent beings of duty, and making sacred things inanimate, this were it. Girt round about with Truth, what defence could equal it? No sprinkling with holy water, no spittle of priests, no anointing with oil, no forms of exorcism, could so frighten the wandering imps of darkness. Then, too, there is no superstition connected with it; it is justified by, and in perfect accordance with, the injunctions given to the Hebrews, Thou shalt write them upon the doorposts of thine house, thou shalt teach them to thy children.

It is a curious indication, that the religion of superstition and will worship resort to all other talismans and symbols save the Word of God. The Romanists, so profuse of signs and rites and things pretended holy, are very sparing and cautious

of this. On the other hand, the Mohammedans apply themselves to sentences from the Koran. The palace of the Alhambra in Spain is covered all over with leaves from the sayings of their prophet. The religion of the Mohammedans is not afraid of its professed books of inspiration; it never enacted a law forbidding them to read in the vernacular tongue, or by the common people. The religion of the Romanists is afraid of the Word, and instead of teaching it, conceals it and uses all other things but that as symbols. Here is matter for reflection

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

PICTURESQUE COTTAGES.—A PICTURESQUE LANGUAGE.—RIGHT AND UNRIGHT INNOVATION.

Some of the Swiss cottages are extremely picturesque, especially here in the Oberland Alps, with their galleries running round them outside, their rows of checkered windows, and their low-dropping, sheltering, hospitable roofs. Sometimes the shingles are curiously wrought with much pains-taking, and fitted like the scales of some sea-creature. But in general there is not the care for clustering shrubbery outside, which might add so much to their beauty, and which makes many a poor cot in England, when Spring has thrown its blossoming warp over them, for Summer to fill up, so rich with mossy greenness. The rows of yellow golden corn, hanging under the eaves of the Swiss cottages, might suggest to an imaginative mind a new order of architecture.

I see not why this quality of picturesqueness is not quite as desirable in buildings as it is in scenery, and also in language, in opinions, in literature, in the whole of life. There is much more of it in every way in the Old World than in America, and hence in part the romantic charm, which everything wears to the eye of a Transatlantic. Why should there be so much monotony with us? Why not more originality and variety? Is it because of the irresistible despotism of associations, which are so much and so usefully the type of modern society, break-

ing down and repressing, or rather hindering the development of individuality?

The desire to produce uniformity, when unaccompanied with the idea and the love of the free and the beautiful, and unchecked by a regard to the rights of others, produces despotism and monotony in the whole domain of life, as well as in the Church. Some men would push it even into the syllabic constitution of our language, which they would reduce to a monotonous regularity, quite undesirable, even if it could be accomplished. Why should we desire to do it, any more than we should wish to put the stars in strait jackets of squares or triangles, or all the trees into the form of quincunxes? There are men, Mr. Dana once said, who, if they could have had the making of the universe, instead of the fair vault of azure hung with its drapery of gorgeous cloud, and by night studded with innumerable wild stars, would have covered the sky with one vast field of dead, cold blue.

There are just such men in literature and spelling, for ever thrusting their dry, bare, sapless formulas of utility before the mind, telling you that nothing must be done without some reason, that everything must have its place, and its place for everything, and in fine, with a multitude of wise old saws and modern instances, they come to the conclusion that the world, which has gone wild and crazy in freedom and beauty, wild above rule or art, is now to be constructed over again, according to the precepts and analyses of their utilitarianism. Wo be to a superfluous letter, if these men catch it caracoling and playing its pranks in a word, which, though it may be none the better for its presence, yet, being accustomed to it, is none the worse; away it goes to the Lexicographer's watch-house, till it can be tried for vagrancy. Instead of the good old word *height*, these men would have us drop the *e* and spell *hight*, but to be consistent, both the *g* and the *h* should be dropped, and the word written *hyt*. That would be strict utilitarianism. The word *pretence* they would change into *pretense*, and so with others of that family. The word *theatre* they would print *theater*, and others of the same clan in like manner. The expressive word *haggard* they would change into *hagard*, because, forsooth, two

are superfluous. In this attempt at change they are going contrary to good usage, which must ever be the prevailing law of language, and instead of producing uniformity in the language itself (in which irregularities are of little consequence, nay, sometimes add to its beauty), they are causing one of the greatest evils of language, irregularity, uncertainty, and lawlessness in the mode of using it.

This is owing in a great measure to Dr. Webster's unfortunate orthographical eccentricities, which have set so many spellers and journeymen printers agog to imitate him. It is vexatious to think of the prospect of our becoming provincialized, and as obnoxious to the charge of dialects as any county in England, when heretofore we have been, as a people, so much more pure and classical in our use of the English language than the English people themselves. These innovations should be resisted, nor should any mere Lexicographer, nor University, nor knot of critics, have it in their power to make them prevalent. A great and powerful writer, like John Foster or Edmund Burke, a great Poet, like Shakspere or Milton, is a great king and creator in language; his sway is legitimate, for he enlarges the capacity of his native tongue, and encreases its richness and imaginative power, and when the soul of genius innovates, it has some right so to do. And such innovations will inevitably pass into the soul of language, and become a part of its law. But the mere critic and lexicographer has no right to innovate; he is to take the language as he finds it, and declare and set forth its forms according to good usage; he is out of his province, and becomes an usurper when he attempts to alter it.

These surveyors of the King's English are going about to prune the old oaks of the language of all supernumerary knots, leaves, and branches. If there is any question as to the propriety of their course, whist, they whip you out of their pocket the great American Lexicographer's measuring line, and tell you exactly how far the tree ought to grow, and that every part not sanctioned by his authority must be lopped off. It were well if these gentlemen were compelled to practise the same rules and attempt the same innovations with the bonnets of

their wives, that they are attempting with the King's English. Let them cut off every supernumerary ribbon, and shape the head-dress of the ladies by square and compass, and not by the varieties of taste, and in this enterprise they would find somewhat more of difficulty in carrying out their utilitarian maxims.

The sacred word Bible our coterie of critics must needs spell with a small *b*. This is worse than mere innovation. There is a dignity and sacredness of personification connected with the word Bible, which appropriately manifests itself in making the term a proper name. It partakes of the sacredness of the name of God, and ought always to be written with a capital B, for the usage has obtained, as a matter of religious reverence, and a good and venerable usage it is.

We shall have a grand world by and by, when it is all a dead level. Every mountain is to come down, and every valley to be raised, and a utilitarian railroad is to run straight across the world; an embargo is to be laid on all winding ways; the trees are to have just so many leaves, and no more; the oaks are not to be suffered to sport any more knots; the rose-bushes are to put forth no more buds than the essence-makers declare to be wanted; our prayers are to have only so many words, and if any minister appears in the pulpit without a white neck-cloth, or a surplice so many inches long, he is to be suspended and excommunicated. All our hymns are to undergo a revision, and to be cleansed of all hard and naughty words, and pruned of all supernumerary stanzas, and a fine is to be laid on every clergyman who shall give out more than four.

The corps of revisers would do well for awhile to let other men's productions alone, and to leave the English language in the hands of Addison and Goldsmith, Shakspere, Cowper, and our Translation of the Bible. Some poet-pedlars are especially fond of tinkering with old hymns, thinking they can solder up the rents in Watts and Cowper. Walker's Rhyming Dictionary and Webster's great Lexicon might constitute their whole stock in trade. Methinks we can hear them bawling from the wooden seat of their cart, "Any old hymns to mend, old hymns to mend?" This tinkered ware will not last. We should almost as soon think of adopting wooden nutmegs, at the in-

stigations of the pedlars "down east," instead of the old-fashioned genuine spices of *Morgenland*. But alas, the fictitious and the genuine have got so mingled up by generation after generation of menders, that poets like Cowper and Watts would find it difficult themselves, in some cases, to say which was their own version. The same is the case with some of the best old tunes in music, ground down to suit the barrel organs of new composers. O that men would leave some of the old stones with mosses on them!

What has all this to do, you are asking, with Kandersteg and the Swiss hamlets? We *have* made a digression, it must be acknowledged, but the way back is not difficult. It is clearly manifest that picturesqueness is as desirable a quality in language and literature as it is in trees and houses. And let us remember that the utmost simplicity is perfectly consistent with this quality of picturesqueness. If we must change our language, let it not be by making it more bare, but richer and more simple. Men often mistake barrenness for simplicity, but there is no necessary relationship between the two. A bare naked man, we take it, has no more simplicity than a decently dressed gentleman. The bald, staring, red front of a brick house on a dusty street is not half so simple an object, as a pretty cottage with verandahs and honeysuckles. It is not the things which are omitted, but those which are wisely retained, that constitute true simplicity. The simplicity of words is not to be judged by the equilibrium of syllables, or the balance of vowels and consonants, nor is language to be judged as the shopkeepers would measure tape by the yard, or carpets by the figures. It must grow as the trees do, with the same variety and freedom, under the same law of picturesque and not immutable vitality.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

KANDERSTEG.—FRUTIGEN.—THE BLUMLIS ALP.—LAKE AND VILLAGE OF THUN.

It was early enough in the afternoon to reach Thun, by taking

a *char*, the same evening, and I was sufficiently tired for the day, and quite well disposed for a ride through the lovely valley of Frutigen, still far below us. A few miles from Kandersteg we found ourselves on the outer edge of the spreading farms of that village, a most sudden and romantic contrast, to one stepping down from the icy top and rough sides of the Gemmi.

"Who loves to lie with me,
Under the greenwood tree,
Come hither, come hither, come hither
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather."

Here shall you see Summer and Winter conversing together, with but a wall between them, as a fair girl on an errand of mercy, might stand in the sweet open air outside a prison, and converse, through the grated black window, with a savage, shut up criminal, with wild eyes and matted hair. By and by the savage will break prison, and come down into the grassy plains, but this is not his season of liberty. You can talk with him, and hear his fierce voice, and look at his icy fingers, without his touching you.

Turning from Kandersteg and the Gemmi, you overlook at once the long descending vale, all the way to where it ends at Frutigen, with the spires and white houses of that village shining in the distant evening sun. Is not the view quite enchanting? Nearly at right angles with the gorge down which you are descending, lies the now concealed valley of Frutigen, one of the richest deep inclosures of the Alps. And now it opens upon us. We lose the Gemmi and the woods and roaring brooks of Kandersteg, and turn down towards the more open face of a world so beautiful.

Our drive through the vale brought us full upon the view of the snowy Blumlis Alp at sunset. What a form of majesty and glory! How he flings the flaming mantle of the evening sun down upon us, as if he were himself about to ascend in fire from earth to heaven!

"So like the Mountain, may we grow more bright,
From unimpeded commerce with the Sun,
At the approach of all-involving night."

WORDSWORTH.

Nothing earthly can be more glorious than such a revelation. Meantime, as we rode into the twilight of the Vale, there came and went, between the trees and the mountains, through which we looked into the western heavens, a sky, that seemed for a season to be growing brighter, as we were getting darker, a sky, as the same Poet describes it,

> "Bright as the glimpses of Eternity,
> To saints accorded in their dying hour."

So shone the Blumlis Alp. But we had hardly done admiring the crimson tints on that grand and mighty range, when turning from this valley and passing the lovely entrance of the Simmenthal, we came upon the borders of the Lake of Thun, and beheld suddenly the full moon rising behind the snowy ranges of the Bernese Alps, and gilding them with such mild, cloudless effulgence, that nothing could be more beautiful. They were distinct and shining, and so soft and white, so grand and varied in their outlines, that the sudden vision beneath the sailing moon seemed like a trance or dream of some eternal scenery. For the horizon, and the deep air above it, glowed like a pale liquid flame, and in this atmosphere the mountains were set, like the foundations of the Celestial City. Then we had the Lake, with the moonlight reflected from it in a long line of brightness, and amidst the beauty of this scenery, our day's excursion was ended by our entrance into Thun.

Now it would scarcely be possible in all Switzerland to fill a day with a succession of scenes of more extraordinary grandeur and sublimity, softness and loveliness. God's goodness has protected us from danger, and shielded us from harm in the midst of danger, unworthy that we are of his love. How have we wished for the dear ones at home to be with us, enjoying these glories! And is not the goodness of God peculiarly displayed, in giving us materials and forms of such exciting sublimity and beauty to gaze upon in the very walls of our earthly habitation? What a grand discipline for the mind, in these mighty forms of nature, and for the heart too, if rightly improved, with its affections. These mountains are a great page in our natural theology: they speak to us of the power and

glory of our Maker. And for the food and enkindling of the imagination they are in the world-creation what such a work as the Paradise Lost is in the domain of poetry; they are what a book of great and suggestive thoughts is to a sensitive mind; they waken it up and make it thrill with great impulses; and as a strain of grand unearthly music, a thunder-burst of sound, or as the ringing of the bells of the New Jerusalem permitted to become audible, they put the soul itself in motion like an inward organ, and set it to singing in the choral university harmony.

The next day after this memorable excursion opened with a morning cloudy and misty, but it was clear again at ten. We are at the Pension Baumgarten, in the picturesque town of Thun, under the shadow of a green mountain, with the Lake to the right, the town before us, and the clear rapid Aar shooting like an arrow from the Lake, under old bridges, and past houses and battlements, as the crystal Rhone from the Lake at Geneva. There are about 5000 inhabitants, with a noble old Feudal Castle of the twelfth century towering on a steep, house-clad hill in the centre of the village, and an antique venerable church nearly as lofty. From the church-yard tower and terrace, where I am jotting a few dim sketches in words, you have a magnificent view of the Lake and the Alps. Parties of visitors, most of them English, are constantly coming and going at this spot. The Lake stretches before you about ten miles long, between lovely green gardens and mountain-ranges fringing it, with the flashing snowy summits and glaciers of the Jungfrau, Finster-Aarhorn, Eigher, and Monch filling the view at its extremity. On the plains of Thun the troops from the various Swiss Cantons are at this moment encamped for review, and passing through a variety of evolutions.

How like the garden are the delicious vales and lakes hidden among the mountains! The Poet Cowley observes, as indicating to us a lesson of happiness, that the first gift of God to man was a garden, even before a wife; gardens first, the gift of God's love, cities afterwards, the work of man's ambition.

> "For well he knew what place would best agree
> With innocence and with felicity;

And we elsewhere still seek for them in vain,
If any part of either yet remain:
If any part of either we expect,
This may our judgment in the search direct,
God the first Garden made, and the first city, CAIN."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THUN TO INTERLACHEN.—INTERLACHEN TO LAUTERBRUNNEN.—BIBLE IN SCHOOLS.

SEEING that I am to be a solitary pedestrian from Thun through the Oberland Alps as far as Lucerne, my friend being bound homewards through Berne for England, I must make the most of this continued lovely weather; and since there is nothing in Thun to detain me, unless I were fond of looking at the crowds of gay and care-defying visitors, coming and going, in whom, being strangers, I feel no personal interest, and they none in me, I must even start to-day in the little iron steamer of the lake for Neuhaus. I could not persuade my friend to go farther, for he was continually thinking of his wife and children, looking towards home in just the state to have become a pillar of salt. Inwardly mourning, he dragged at each remove a lengthening chain. Besides, a careless herdsman on the mountains had struck him on the leg with a stone intended for one of his unruly cattle, and he remembered, years ago, how one of his classmates with whom he was then travelling in Switzerland, was laid on a sick bed for weeks, in consequence of a similar hurt not attended to. So between the sweet domestic fire-side, and the lame leg, he was compelled to turn his face homewards. I parted from him with great regret, and resumed my pilgrimage alone.

The sail from Thun to Neuhaus, at the other end of the Lake, needs the sun upon the mountains, if you would have the full glory of the landscape. For us it shone upon the Lake and on its borders, but on the distant Alps the clouds rested in such fleecy volumes, like a troop of maidens hiding the bride, that it was only at intervals the mountains were revealed to us.

Landing at Neuhaus, you may go in a diligence, omnibus, hackney coach, mail carriage, or any way you please that is possible, a couple of miles to Untersechen, a brown old primitive village; and a little farther to Interlachen, which is a large English boarding house, with streets running through it, shaded with great walnut trees, and paraded by troops of dawdling loungers and lodgers, with here and there a sprinkling of Swiss natives. It is beautifully situated in the midst of a large plain, about mid-way between the Lakes of Thun and Brientz, both these Lakes being visible from a hill amidst the meadow behind Interlachen, with all the lovely intervening scenery and villages. Going from Neuhaus to Interlachen, you are reminded of the passage from Lake George to Lake Champlain. The verdure and foliage of the valley, to where it passes from meadow to mountain, is rich beyond description. It becomes really magnificent as it robes the stupendous mountain masses in such dark rich hues.

From Interlachen the way to Lauterbrunnen lies through one of the most beautiful valleys in Switzerland. Entering it from the plain we had a noble view of the Jungfrau rising with its eternal snows behind ridges of the most beautiful verdure, now vailed and now revealed from its misty shroud. The mountain torrent Lutschinen thunders down a savage gorge between forest-clad slopes and precipices, along which you pass from the villages of Wylderschwyl and Muhlinen for about two miles, when the valley opens into two deep ravines, one on the left, running to Grindlewald, the other on the right to Lauterbrunnen, each traversed by a roaring stream that falls into the Lutschinen. You may go either to Lauterbrunnen or Grindlewald and back again to Interlachen in a few hours, having witnessed some of the sublimest scenery in Switzerland; but the grand route is through Lauterbrunnen across the Wengern Alps, down into the valley of Grindlewald, and thence across the Grand Scheideck down into Meyringen, from whence you may go to the Lake Brientz on one side, or across the pass of the Grimsel on the other.

My German guide from Interlachen was very intelligent, and being an inhabitant of the village of Muhlinen, he commu-

nicated to us many interesting particulars. He told us of the schools of his native village, and among other things how each parent pays five *batz*, or fifteen cents., in the winter, and three in the summer, for each child's schooling, and how in the winter the children go to school in the morning from eight to twelve, then home to dinner, then in the afternoon from one to three; but in the summer only from eight to eleven in the morning at school, and then the rest of the day to work. He told us also how the school had two masters and one mistress, besides the clergyman of the parish, who takes the children for religious instruction two hours a-day.

Upon my word (the traveller may say to himself) here is a good, wise, time-honoured provision. These primitive people are old-fashioned and Biblical enough to think that religious instruction ought to be as much an element of education, and as constant and unintermitted, as secular. They are right, they are laying foundations for stability, prosperity, and happiness in their little community. The world is wrong side up in this matter of education when it administers its own medicines only, its own beggarly elements, its own food, and nothing higher, its own smatterings of knowledge, without the celestial life of knowledge. Power it gives, without guidance, without principles. It is just as if the art of ship-building should be conducted without helms, and all ships should be set afloat to be guided by the winds only. For such are the immortal ships on the sea of human life without the Bible; its knowledge, its principles, ought from the first to be as much a part of the educated intelligent constitution, as the keel or rudder is part and parcel of a well built ship.

Religious instruction, therefore, and the breath of the sacred Scriptures, ought to be breathed into the child's daily life of knowledge, not put off to the Sabbath, when grown children only are addressed from the pulpit, or left to parents at home, who perhaps themselves, in too many cases, never open the Bible. If in their daily schools children were educated for Eternity as well as Time, there would be more good citizens, a deeper piety in life, a more sacred order and heaven-like beauty in the Republic, a better understanding of law, a more patient

obedience to it, nay, a production of it, and a conformable organization to it, and an assimilation with its spirit beforehand.

It is by *celestial* observations alone, said Coleridge (and it was a great and profound remark), that *terrestrial* charts can be constructed. If our education would be one that states can live by and flourish, it must be ordered in the Scriptures. What suicidal, heterogeneous, Roman madness, in the attempt to exclude the Bible from our public schools! May its authors bite themselves!

Our guide told us moreover a very curious regulation of the internal police of the school at Muhlinen, intended to keep the children from playing truant, which they accomplish effectually by working not upon the child's fear of the rod, or love of his studies, but upon the parent's love of his money. That is to say, if the children are absent, and as often as they are absent, a cross is put against the parent's name, and he is made accountable, and is fined, if he does not give satisfactory reason for the child's absence. Of course all the whippings for playing truant are administered by the parent, and therefore it being very sure, if there is a fine for the parent to pay, that the amount of it will be fully *endorsed* upon the child with a birch rod, the pupils take good care to keep punctual at school. No delinquent can escape, for no false excuse can be manufactured. It is a system which might perhaps be very useful in other arts besides that of school-keeping

Coming up the valley to Lauterbrunnen, you cannot cease admiring the splendid verdure that clothes the mountains on each side, as well as the romantic depth and wildness of the gorge, above which your road passes. Just before you enter the village or hamlet, the cascade of the Staubach, at some distance beyond it, comes suddenly into view, poured from the very summit of the mountain, as if out of heaven, and streaming, or rather waving, in a long line of foam, like Una's hair as described by Spenser, or like the comet Ophiuncus in Milton; sweeping down the perpendicular face of the mountain with indescribable grace and beauty.

The rising of the moon upon this scene was beyond expression lovely. The clouds had gone, and the snowy summit of

the Jungfrau seemed hanging over into the valley, and the moon rose with a single star by her side, lending to the glaciers a rich but transitory brilliancy, and shining with her solemn light, so still, so solemn, down into the depths of the broad ravine, upon meadow, rock, and torrent. From the window of my room in our hôtel I could see in one view this moon, the glittering Jungfrau, and the foaming Staubach on the other side. The night was very beautiful, but soon the mists rose, filling the valley, and taking away from a tired traveller all apology for not going immediately to bed. We had had a charming day, and were once more out of the world of artificial and dawdling idlers, and in the deep heart of nature's most solitary and sublime recesses. How great, how pure, how exquisite, is the enjoyment of the traveller in these mountain solitudes! He scarcely feels fatigue, but only excitement; it is a species of mental intoxication, a joyous, elevated, elastic state, which is as natural an atmosphere for the mind, in these circumstances, as the pure, bracing mountain air is for the body.

CHAPTER XL.

STAUBACH CASCADE AND VALE OF LAUTERBRUNNEN.

The first sound I heard on waking in the morning, indeed the sound that waked me, was the echoing Alpine Horn, breaking the stillness of the valley with its long drawn far off melody. I threw open my window towards the east; the sun was already on the snowy summit of the Jungfrau, the air sparkling and frosty, giving a sharp, decisive promise of a clear day; and the Staubach, which was such a dim and misty line of waving silver in the moonlight of the evening, was clearly revealed, almost like a bird of paradise throwing itself into the air from the brow of the mountain.

It is the most exquisitely beautiful of waterfalls, though there are miniatures of it in the Valley of the Arve almost as beautiful. You have no conception of the volume of water, nor of the grandeur of the fall, until you come near it, almost be-

neath it; but its extreme beauty is better seen and felt at a little distance; indeed we thought it looked more beautiful than ever when we saw it, about ten o'clock, from the mountain ridge on the opposite side of the valley. It is between eight and nine hundred feet in height, over the perpendicular precipice, so that the eye traces its course so long, and its movement is so checked by the resistance of the air and the roughness of the mountain, that it seems rather to float than to fall, and before it reaches the bottom, dances down in ten thousand little jets of white foam, which all alight together, as softly as a white-winged albatross on the bosom of the ocean. It is as if a million of rockets were shot off in one shaft into the air, and then descended together, some of them breaking at every point in the descent, and all streaming down in a combination of meteors. So the streams in this fall, where it springs into the air, separate and hold their own as long as possible, and then burst into rockets of foam, dropping down at first heavily, as if determined to reach the ground unbroken, and then dissolving into showers of mist, so gracefully, so beautifully, like snow-dust on the bosom of the air, that it seems like a spiritual creation rather than a thing inert, material.

"Time cannot thin thy flowing hair,
Nor take one ray of light from thee,
For in our fancy thou dost share
The gift of Immortality.

Its literal name is Dust-fall, and to use a very homely illustration, but one which may give a man, who has never seen any-thing like it, some quaint idea of its appearance in part, it is as if Dame Nature had poured over the precipice from her horn of plenty a great torrent of dry white meal! One should be more mealy-mouthed in his figures, but if you are not satisfied with this extraordinary comparison, take the more common one of a long lace vail waving down the mountain; or better still, the uncommon one of the Tail of the Pale Horse streaming in the wind, as painted so beautifully in Lord Byron's Manfred.

"It is not noon—the sunbow's rays still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,

And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,
And fling its lines of foaming light along,
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The giant steed to be bestrode by Death,
As told in the Apocalypse."

It makes you think of many things, this beautiful fall, springing so fearlessly into the gulf. It is like the faith of a Christian, it is like a poet's fancies, it is like a philosopher's conjectures, plunging at first into uncertainty, but afterwards flowing on in a stream of knowledge through the world. For so does this fall, when it reaches the earth in a mere shower of mist, gather itself up again in a refreshing, gurgling stream, for the meadows and the plains to drink of. It may make you think of Wordsworth's Helvetian Maid, the blithe paragon of Alpine grace :—

" Her beauty dazzles the thick wood ;
Her courage animates the flood ;
Her step the elastic green sward meets,
Returning unreluctant sweets,
The mountains, as ye heard, rejoice
Aloud, saluted by her voice."

Or of the " sweet Highland Girl," with her " very shower of beauty ;" or of a Peri from Paradise weeping ; or of a saint into Paradise entering," having shot the gulf of death;" or of the feet upon the mountains of them that bring the news of gladness :

" Or of some bird or star,
Fluttering in woods, or lifted far."

When the poet Wordsworth approached this celebrated cascade, he seems to have been assailed with a young troop of tattered mendicants, singing in a sort of Alpine whoop of welcome, in notes shrill and wild like those intertwined by some caverned witch chaunting a love-spell. His mind was so taken up, and his thoughts enthralled by this musical tribe haunting the place with regret and useless pity, that his Muse left him with but just one line for

" This bold, this pure, this sky-born WATERFALL."

The traveller should see it with its rainbows, and may, if he

choose, read Henry Vaughan's lines before it, which may set forth an image of the arches both of light and water.

> "When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair;
> Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air;
> Rain gently spreads his honey-drops, and pours
> Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.
> Bright pledge of peace and sunshine! the sure tie
> Of thy Lord's hand, the object of his eye!
> When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
> Distant and low, I can in thine see Him,
> Who looks upon thee from his glorious throne,
> And minds the covenant betwixt All and One.'

There are some thirty cascades like this pouring over the cliffs in this remarkable valley, hanging like long tassels or skeins of silver thread adown the perpendicular face of the crags, and seeming to dangle from the clouds when the mist is suspended over the valley. Some of them spring directly from the icy glaciers, but others come from streams, which in the course of the summer are quite dried up. The name of the valley, *Lauterbrunnen*, is literally *nothing but fountains*, derived from the multitude of little streams which, after careering for some time out of sight on the higher mountain summits, spring over the vast abrupt wall of this deep ravine, and reach the bottom in so many rainbow showers of spray. Between these prodigious rock-barriers the vale is sunk so deep that the sun in the winter does not get down into it before twelve o'clock, and then speedily disappears. In the summer he stays some hours earlier and longer. The inhabitants of the village are about 1350, in houses sprinkled up and down along the borders of the torrent, that swiftly courses through the bottom of the valley, about 1500 feet above the level of the sea.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE WENGERN ALP AND MORNING LANDSCAPE AND MUSIC.

And now we leave the village and the lovely waterfall, and rise from the valley to cross the Wengern Alp. We are full of ex-

pectation, but the scene on setting out is so indescribably beautiful, that even if dark clouds should settle on all the rest of the day, and shut out the glorious Jungfrau from our view, it would have been well worth coming thus far to see only the beginning of the glory. As we wind our way up the steep side of the mountain, the mists are slowly and gracefully rising from the depths of the valley along the face of the outjutting crags. It seems as if the genius of nature were drawing a white soft vail around her bosom.

But now as we rise still farther, the sun, pouring his fiery rays against the opposite mountain, makes it seem like a smoking fire begirt with clouds. You think of Mount Sinai all in a blaze with the glory of the steps of Deity. The very rocks are burning and the green forests also. Then there are the white glittering masses of the Breithorn and the Mittaehshorn in the distance, and a cascade shooting directly out from the glacier. Upwards the mists are still curling and hanging to the mountains, while below there are the clumps of trees in the sunlight, the deep exquisite green of spots of unvailed meadow, the winding stream, now hid and now revealed, the gray mist sleeping on the tender grass, the chalets shining, the brooks murmuring, the birds singing, the sky above and the earth beneath, in this "incense breathing morn" uniting in a universal harmony of beauty and melody of praise.

"In such a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither,—
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore!"

And in such a season, on such a height as this, in such a morning, away from home, as well as in the woodbine walk at eve, that "dear tranquil time when the sweet sense of home is sweetest," may not the sensitive mind experience the feeling spoken of by John Foster as the sentiment of intent and devout observers of the material world, "that there is through all nature some mysterious element like soul, which comes,

with a deep significance, to mingle itself with their own conscious being?" May not such observers find in nature "a scene marked all over with mystical figures, the prints and traces, as it were, of the frequentation and agency of superior spirits? They find it sometimes concentrating their faculties to curious and minute inspection, sometimes dilating them to the expansion of vast and magnificent forms; sometimes beguiling them out of all precise recognition of material realities, whether small or great, into visionary musings, and habitually and in all ways conveying into the mind trains and masses of ideas of an order not to be acquired in the schools, and exerting a modifying and assimilating influence on the whole mental economy." A clear intellectual illustration of all this, Foster well remarks, would be the true Philosophy of Nature.

A philosophy like this is yet but little known and less acknowledged. It cannot but be truth, and truth which finds utterance in the highest strains of poetic inspiration, in a quiet, meditative mind like Cowper's, quiet, but not visionary, religious, not vaguely and mystically sentimental, that

> "One Spirit His
> Who wore the platted crown with bleeding brows
> Rules universal nature.——
> The soul that sees Him, or receives, sublimed,
> New faculties, or learns at least to employ
> More worthily the powers she owned before;
> Discerns in all things, what with stupid gaze
> Of ignorance, till then she overlooked.
> A ray of heavenly light gilding all forms
> Terrestrial in the vast and the minute;
> The unambiguous footsteps of the God
> Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
> And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds!"

And how can an immortal being in God's world *avoid* acknowledging and feeling this? Can the soul of man be the only thing that does not praise God in such a scene? Alas, it may, if divine grace be not there. *The landscape has its praise, but not its Author.* Nay, you may sometimes hear the most tremendous oaths of admiration, where God's sacred name drops from the lips in blistering impiety, while meek unconscious nature, all undisturbed and quiet, singeth her matin

hymn of gratitude and love. But again, you may see the eye of the gazer suffused with tears of ecstacy, and if you could look into the heart, you would see the whole being ascending with the choral harmony of nature, in a worship still more sacred and holy than her own. God be praised for the gift of his Spirit! What insensible, stupid, impious stones we should be without divine grace. But let us go on; we are not the only mixture of good and evil that hath flitted across this mountain.

We pass now the Wengern village, a few very neat chalets hanging to the mountain amidst plenty of verdure. Then we sweep round the circular base of a craggy perpendicular mountain-ridge, which encloses us on one side, while the deep valley of Lauterbrunnen is hid out of sight on the other. Here we stop to listen to the Alpine Horn, with its clear and beautiful echoes. It is nothing but a straight wooden trumpet, about six feet long, requiring no small quantity of breath to give it utterance. The Old Man of the Mountains, that old musician, coeval with the first noise in creation, takes up the melody with his mighty reverberating concave wall of granite, and sends it back with a prolonged, undulating, ringing, clear, distinct tone, the effect of which is indescribably charming. Our lad of the horn has also a little cannon, which he fires off at the instance of the traveller, and the mountain sends it back with a thousand thunders, that roll in grand bursts of sound from the distant crags, and again, from still more distant ridges, reverberate magnificently.

> "The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
> I hear the echoes through the mountains throng!"

And now we pass on, and enter a silent sea of pines, how beautiful! silent, still, solemn, religious; dark against the enormous snowy masses and peaks before us. How near their glittering glaciers seem upon us! How clear the atmosphere! How our voices ring out upon it, and the very hum of the insects in the air is distinctly sonorous. We have now ascended to such a height that we can look across the vales and mountains, down into Unterseen and Interlachen. And now before

us rises the Jungfrau Alp, how sublimely! But at this moment of the view the Silberhorn is far more lovely with its fields of dazzling snow, than the Jungfrau, which here presents a savage perpendicular steep, a wall of rock, scarred and seamed indeed, but so steep that the snow and ice cannot cling to its jagged points. Higher up commence the tremendous glaciers, presenting a chaos of enormous ravines of snow and ice, just ready to topple down the ridge of the mountain.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE JUNGFRAU ALP AND ITS AVALANCHES.

When we come to the inn upon the Wengern Alp we are nearly 5500 feet above the level of the sea. We are directly in face of the Jungfrau upon whose masses of perpetual snow we have been gazing with so much interest. They seem close to us, so great is the deception in clear air, but a deep, vast ravine (I know not but a league across from where we are) separates the Wengern Alp from the Jungfrau, which rises in an abrupt sheer precipice, of many thousand feet, somewhat broken into terraces, down which the Avalanches, from the higher beds of untrodden everlasting snow, plunge thundering into the uninhabitable abyss. Perhaps there is not another mountain so high in all Switzerland, which you can look at so near and so full in the face. Out of this ravine the Jungfrau rises eleven thousand feet, down which vast height the Avalanches sometimes sweep with their incalculable masses of ice from the very topmost summit.

The idea of a mass of ice so gigantic that it might overwhelm whole hamlets, or sweep away a forest in its course, being shot down, with only one or two interruptions, a distance of eleven thousand feet, is astounding. But it is those very interruptions that go to produce the overpowering sublimity of the scene. Were there no concussion intervening between the loosening of the mountain ridge of ice and snow, and its fall into the valley, if it shot sheer off into the air, and came down in one solid

mass unbroken, it would be as if a mountain had fallen at noonday out of heaven. And this would certainly be sublime in the highest degree, but it would not have the awful slowness and deep prolonged roar of the Jungfrau avalanche in mid air, nor the repetition of sublimity with each interval of thousands of feet, in which it strikes and thunders.

I think that without any exception it was the grandest sight I ever beheld, not even the cataract of Niagara having impressed me with such thrilling sublimity. Ordinarily, in a sunny day at noon, the avalanches are falling on the Jungfrau about every ten minutes, with the roar of thunder, but they are much more seldom visible, and sometimes the traveller crosses the Wengern Alps without witnessing them at all. But we were so very highly favoured as to see two of the grandest avalanches possible in the course of about an hour, between twelve o'clock and two. One cannot command any language to convey an adequate idea of their magnificence.

You are standing far below, gazing up to where the great disc of the glittering Alp cuts the heavens, and drinking in the influence of the silent scene around. Suddenly an enormous mass of snow and ice, in itself a mountain, seems to move; it breaks from the toppling outmost mountain ridge of snow, where it is hundreds of feet in depth, and in its first fall of perhaps two thousand feet is broken into millions of fragments. As you first see the flash of distant artillery by night, then hear the roar, so here you may see the white flashing mass majestically bowing, then hear the astounding din. A cloud of dusty, misty, dry snow rises into the air from the concussion, forming a white volume of fleecy smoke, or misty light, from the bosom of which thunders forth the icy torrent in its second prodigious fall over the rocky battlements. The eye follows it delighted, as it ploughs through the path which preceding avalanches have worn, till it comes to the brink of a vast ridge of bare rock, perhaps more than two thousand feet perpendicular. Then pours the whole cataract over the gulf, with a still louder roar of echoing thunder, to which nothing but the noise of Niagara in its sublimity is comparable.

Nevertheless, you may think of the tramp of an army of cle-

phants, of the roar of multitudinous cavalry marching to battle, of the whirlwind tread of ten thousand bisons sweeping across the prairie, of the tempest surf of ocean beating and shaking the continent, of *the sound of torrent floods or of a numerous host*, or of the voice of the Trumpet on Sinai, exceeding loud, and waxing louder and louder, so that all the people in the camp trembled, or of the rolling orbs of that fierce Chariot described by Milton,

> "Under whose burning wheels,
> The steadfast empyrean shook throughout."

It is with such a mighty shaking tramp that the avalanche thunders down.

Another fall of still greater depth ensues, over a second similar castellated ridge or reef in the face of the mountain, with an awful, majestic slowness, and a tremendous crash in its concussion, awakening again the reverberating peals of thunder. Then the torrent roars on to another smaller fall, till at length it reaches a mighty groove of snow and ice, like the slide down the Pilatus, of which Playfair has given so powerfully graphic a description. Here its progress is slower, and last of all you listen to the roar of the falling fragments, as they drop, out of sight, with a dead weight into the bottom of the gulf, to rest there for ever.

Now figure to yourself a cataract like that of Niagara (for I should judge the volume of one of these avalanches to be probably every way superior in bulk to the whole of the Horseshoe fall), poured in foaming grandeur, not merely over one great precipice of 200 feet, but over the successive ridgy precipices of two or three thousand, in the face of a mountain eleven thousand feet high, and tumbling, crashing, thundering down, with a continuous din of far greater sublimity than the sound of the grandest cataract. Placed on the slope of the Wengern Alp, right opposite the whole visible side of the Jungfrau, we have enjoyed two of these mighty spectacles, at about half an hour's interval between them. The first was the most sublime, the second the most beautiful. The roar of the falling mass begins to be heard the moment it is loosened from the moun-

tain; it pours on with the sound of a vast body of rushing water; then comes the first great concussion, a booming crash of thunders, breaking on the still air of mid heaven; your breath is suspended, as you listen and look; the mighty glittering mass shoots headlong over the main precipice, and the fall is so great, that it produces to the eye that impression of dread majestic slowness, of which I have spoken, though it is doubtless more rapid than Niagara. But if you should see the cataract of Niagara itself coming down five thousand feet above you in the air, there would be the same impression. The image remains in the mind, and can never fade from it; it is as if you had seen an alabaster cataract from heaven.

The sound is far more sublime than that of Niagara, because of the preceding stillness in those awful Alpine solitudes. In the midst of such silence and solemnity, from out the bosom of those glorious glittering forms of nature, comes that rushing, crashing thunder-burst of sound! If it were not that your soul, through the eye, is as filled and fixed with the sublimity of the vision, as through the sense of hearing with that of the audible report, methinks you would wish to bury your face in your hands, and fall prostrate, as at the voice of the Eternal! But it is impossible to convey any adequate idea of the combined impression made upon the soul by these rushing masses and rolling thunders. When you see the smaller avalanches, they are of the very extreme of beauty, like jets of white powder, or heavy white mist or smoke, poured from crag to crag, like as if the Staubach itself were shot from the top of the Jungfrau. Travellers do more frequently see only smaller cataracts, in which the beautiful predominates over the sublime; and at the inn they told us it was very rare to witness so mighty an avalanche as that of which we had enjoyed the spectacle. Lord Byron must have seen something like it when he and Hobhouse were on the mountain together. His powerful descriptions in Manfred could have been drawn from nothing but the reality.

"Ye toppling crags of ice,
Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down,
In mountainous overwhelming, come and crush me!

I hear ye momently, above, beneath,
Crush with a frequent conflict: but ye pass,
And only fall on things that still would live;
On the young flourishing forest, or the hut
And hamlet of the harmless villager.
The mists boil up around the glaciers; clouds
Rise curling far beneath me, white and sulphury,
Like foam from the aroused ocean of deep hell."

CHAPTER XLIII.

MORTAR-AVALANCHES.—VALLEY AND GLACIERS OF GRINDLEWALD.

Now must we leave this scene, refreshed both in body and spirit, and travel higher, still higher, to the summit of the pass. The Jungfrau with her diadem of Virgin snow is still before us, singing her hymns of thunder, and the sharp enormous mass of the Eigher shoots out almost in front. The avalanches are still falling at short intervals, but chiefly on the other side of the mountain, produced by the echoes of guns, fired from the Wengern side. This is the method resorted to for bringing down the hanging masses of snow, by the concussion of the air, when the avalanches do not occur voluntarily in sight of travellers, in order, if possible that they may not be obliged to pass the mountain without witnessing this greatest of Alpine sublimities. And even these mortar-avalanches are well worth seeing. But they cannot be so sublime as those which Nature produces of her own proper motion. Besides, it is quite intolerable to find everything for sale; to be buying a look at an avalanche, just like some popular wonder, where the keeper stands with the string of the curtain in his hand, ready to disclose the mysteries so soon as you have deposited your shilling. So you get an avalanche with a sixpence worth of powder, as if you had gone to visit the Zoological Gardens, or Dr. Koch's Hydrargos. Really one would rather wait upon the mountain for days, and talk alone with Nature, permitting her to indulge her own fancies.

On the highest part of the pass we found a vender of strawberries, cakes, and cream, with a stout little cannon and plenty of ammunition. For a dish of strawberries he charged only a single *batz*, or three cents., and half this sum for firing his cannon! Probably it was because most of our party were Germans; but whatever men may say of Swiss prices, there was no extortion here, neither at the Hôtel of the Mountain; and at either place they would be justified in charging quite inordinately. Here a man may shoot avalanches, as he would bring down pigeons on the wing, but he cannot always bag his game. He hears the swift crashing mass, but sees nothing. The virtue of our strawberry-lad's cannon was thus tested, and each time the report was followed, after a moment or two of silence, by two rushing ice-falls, but apparently on the other side of the mountain, with a sound as of buried thunder.

The view from the summit of the pass towards Grindlewald is very magnificent, for you see the whole green and lovely valley, amidst its grand surrounding mountains, and can even distinguish afar off the inn on the pass of the Grand Scheideck. The snowy peaks of the Jungfrau, 13,718 feet above the level of the sea, the Monch, 13,598 feet, and the Giant Eigher, 13,070 feet, are in full sight; also, as you proceed, the Wetterhorn, or Peak of Tempests, the Shreckhorn, or Peak of Terror, and the Finster-Aarhorn, or Peak of Darkness, come into the vision, the latter, with its sharp sky pointed pyramid, being the loftiest of the Oberland group. Well named are these mighty peaks, for Terror, Storm, and Darkness do here hold their sway through no small part of the year, though, on such a bright midsummer's day as we are passing, with what glittering varied, successive splendours do they crown the view! You can scarcely take your eye from them, so exciting and transcendently beautiful is the scene, even to watch the difficult rough path by which you are travelling. There are within sight of it the traces of the path of an enormous avalanche, which swept down whole woods, as the sweep of a mower's scythe cuts clean the grass, and leaves the dry stubble.

The glacier of Grindlewald is seen at the bottom of the Valley, having pushed itself out through a mountain gorge from

the everlasting Empire of Winter, down amidst the habitations of man, by the green pastures and gardens and sunny brooks of summer. A little more, and it might hang its icy dripping caverns over the heads of the haymakers, though now you enter those caverns at a point much below the sloping meadows, where the mowers are busy with their scythes. The body of the glacier, that at this point extends its advanced post into the green valley, winds, it is said, among the Alps of the Oberland to the immense extent of 115 square miles. You visit this Lower Glacier of Grindlewald on your way down from the Wengern Alp, and you find a scene which in some respects is the Mont-Anvert of Chamouny over again. The cavern, from which issues one of the two rivers that form the Lutschinen, seems not so large as that of the Arveiron in Chamouny, although the entrance to it is said to form a magnificent arch seventy feet high. The colour of the ice is exquisitely clear, sparkling, and beautiful, whereas at the foot of the Chamouny glacier it is gray and dingy. The mountains that rise around this glacier of Grindlewald, the exquisite green of the valley, the exciting contrast in the landscapes, the soft pastures and black forests of fir skirting and fringing such oceans of frost, and craggy ridges and peaks of ice and snow, present a strange wild, lovely scene to the imagination, both grand and lovely, with such startling alternations as you meet nowhere else but in dreams.

From my room in the evening at the inn I could see, or seemed in the distance to see, the whole of this glacier. An excursion upon it would have detained me a day of this bright weather (and who could tell how soon it might change, leaving me imprisoned among the mountains?), but the visit would have been almost as interesting as the exploring of the glaciers of Mont-Anvert. A sea of ice and snow spreads out before us, from which rises in awful sublimity the vast peak of the Shreckhorn, and here you may enter the very deepest recesses of winter, shut out from every sign of life and verdure. How sublime the scenery of this Valley! for every successive generation the same impressive grandeur. While spring, summer, autumn,

winter, have danced their changing life of glory and gloom together, from creation's dawn, tempest and storm have made these peaks their habitation, and will do so while the world lasts. What a day of sublime and beautiful visions has this been! It is almost too much of glory to be crowded into one such short interval. One scarcely notes the fatigue of the passage, in the constant excitement of mind produced by such glorious forms of nature.

With what undying beauty does the moon pour her soft light into the deep snowy recesses of the glacier, or rather of the vast abyss, round which the sides of mountains sheeted with eternal ice form perpendicular barriers, where avalanches shoot down to bury themselves as in an ocean. The scene is still and solemn. The glacier is so near, that the dwelling-houses seem almost to touch it. The moon is now shooting her light up from behind the vast mountain of the Wetterhorn, streaming across the Mettenberg, and gilding the snowy outlines of the scenery, till they look like the edges of the silvery clouds. Danté has some lines in his celestial Paradise that might well be descriptive of this scene. The cornice of snow running round the inner walls of the mountains and the glaciers looks like the cornices of Egptian Temples.

The guides at Grindlewald seemed to enjoy themselves after the day's various excursions, carrying their merriment deep into the night. From all quarters travellers are collected in the village to scatter again across the mountain passes in the morning, some back to Interlachen, some over the Wengern Alp to Lauterbrunnen, some for the glaciers, some across the Grand Scheideck. The little valley is a central mirror both of the grandeur and beauty of Swiss scenery. The village is in clusters of picturesque cottages, scattered along the grassy upland slopes, and winding down to the bottom of the vale. The people must subsist principally by the pasturage of their cattle, and the products of the dairy, with some chamois hunting; for Spring, Summer, and Autumn are all condensed into five short months, leaving the rest of the year to undisputed Winter, and mingling the instability of all seasons into one.

The thick forest-like verdure of the Valley of Lauterbrunnen is missing here, though the two vales are about the same height above the sea. Lauterbrunnen is a deep, entire, colossal, perpendicular cleft in the mountains, an oblong shaft as in a mine; Grindlewald is a more gradual basin between gigantic ascending peaks and passes. In either Valley how appropriate are those texts from Scripture, which sometimes run round the wooden galleries of the cottages. Inscribed when the dwellings were erected, they are as an heir-loom of piety, as the voice of an ancestral patriarch still speaking. "By the help of God, in whom is my trust," says one of these devout mementos, "I have erected this for my habitation, and commend the same to his gracious protection, 1781." Surely it is a good and pleasant custom. "Because thou hast made the Most High thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling."

In the morning, when ascending from the Valley, peak after peak comes into view, with the bright sun successively striking them. At length you see at once the two glaciers, with the peaks of the Schreckhorn, the Eigher, the Wetterhorn, the Mettenberg, and far across the Wengern Alp, the range of snowy summits beyond Lauterbrunnen. The sunrise is beautifully reported from point to point, with the rays of light gilding and silvering the edges and crags of the mountain.

Almost every grand scene in Switzerland has its story or legend of sad things or supernatural connected with it. The accidents and escapes of ages are chronicled in tradition, as the battles of the mountain heroes are in history. It is said that one of the former innkeepers at Grindlewald, Christopher Bohren, was once on his way across the glacier between the Wetterhorn and the Mettenberg, when the ice broke beneath him, and he was plunged down a cavity of some sixty-four feet. He was not killed by the fall, but his arm was broken. There was no possibility by an ascent, and this gulf seemed to enclose him for the resurrection, in a sepulchre of ice, himself embalmed while living, by the Magician Frost, to sit there as a staring ice-mummy, forever. Nevertheless, there was a sound of dripping and gurgling water, and on groping round he discover-

ed a channel worn in the ice, into which he could just creep and advance painfully, if it *might* possibly issue to the day. There was a hope, and it kept the fingers of the frost from his heart, and animated him to drag his bruised and stiffened limbs along the dripping ice-fissure, thinking of his wife and children. What a terrible situation! Would he ever again see the blue sky, and the green grass, and the curling smoke from the chalets of the village? Would he hear the voices of friends searching for him! Could he live till they should miss him? Would he ever again see the face of a human being? Thus groping in the heart of the glacier, suddenly he came to the outlet of the torrent which had worn for him the channel, and following its plainer and more open course, he was extricated and saved!

Not longer ago than 1821, M. Mouron, a clergyman from Vevay, lost his life in visiting the lower glacier. He was not without a guide, but not being tied to him, fell into one of the yawning crevices in the ice, a gulf of nearly 700 feet in depth, and must have been killed instantly. Twelve days afterward the body of the unfortunate traveller was found and brought up to the day by tying a guide to a rope, and letting him down into the abyss with a lantern. After several attempts of this nature, the persevering hunter, though exhausted by the want of air, succeeded in attaching the corpse to his own body. A watch and purse found upon it redeemed the guide from the murderous suspicions which had rested upon him, and the dead traveller was buried in the parish church. There is great danger in walking upon or along the sharp edges of the almost fathomless gulfs in these glaciers. You may think yourself very careful, but then you are to remember also the inevitable fatal consequences of a single slip, or of one false step, or even of an uncertain movement. There are sometimes similar situations in life, where a man's path, be it wrong or right, leads across great dangers, and one false or presumptuous step is the misery of a lifetime. A decision, which it takes but an instant to make, it may cost years to recover from. A man is a fool who ventures amidst such hazards, except at the call of truth and duty.

CHAPTER XLIV.

PASS OF THE SCHEIDECK TO MEYRINGEN.

I FIND that I have recorded the scenes of this day in my journal, as having been so varied and so beautiful as to be almost fatiguing. The feeling of fatigue is gone; I do not at all remember it; but the sense of beauty is eternal. We started from Grindlewald early, and visit the Upper Glacier. There is a little lake of water at its margin, a crystal cup as it were, where the glacier, the mountains, and the heavens are reflected with wonderful depth and beauty. An old man met us, who acts as guide into the glacier, and who told us he had twenty-four children, ten by his first wife, and fourteen by his second. He was a droll old fellow, this ice guide, looking indeed immeasurably old, but entering with a great deal of youthful cheerfulness into the blithesome humour of the young travellers about him. Under his guidance we entered a cavern in the glacier, a deep crystal ravine, high enough to advance upright without touching the pointed roof, winding quite a distance into the body of the glacier, whose superincumbent mountain masses will one day crush it. The ice-walls are of an exquisite and almost perfectly transparent emerald or azure, smooth as glass, and dripping with water cold as the ice itself. It was a hazardous position for the traveller, for the roof of the cavern of azure ice is sure to fall, and it might as well have fallen while we were there as at any other time, but we entered and came forth in safety. An entombment alive in such a sepulchre would have been far worse than a fall of ten thousand feet among the icy precipices.

It is impossible to say what it is that gives to the ice of these glaciers so beautiful a colour. It is this partly which makes them so much more beautiful than those of Chamouny; at the same time that their peaks and minarets are so varied, their depths so enormous, and the step from them into the depths of an intense summer verdure so sudden and startling. They are a forest of icebergs, that have marched down to bid defiance to the forest of firs. From the height of the Grand Scheideck

the glacier is a most magnificent object, as also are the glittering mountain barriers, silent, stern, and awful, that enclose it. How different your feelings when you are in the depths of the Valley, with the mountains shutting you in and keeping watch over you, looking down upon you with their grand and awful countenances, and those which you experience when you ascend so high as to command both them and your former position in one view, when you rise to a point, whence you can look in among them, count and compare their masses, and confront their brightness from their foundations to their topmost summits. But you must have fine weather. Scarcely one feature of all this glory is to be seen if you are travelling in the mist, if the clouds are low, or the rain is pouring.

It is like the progress of the soul in the study of divine truth. Your atmosphere must be clear, the sun shining. There are days when clouds cover everything, days of rain, and days of mist, and seasons of tremendous tempest. When you are in the valley it does not make so much difference. There is a portion of truth which is visible at all times, green grass, still waters, quiet meadows, though you may not see a single mountain summit. Down in such a quiet depth, the great mysterious truths of the system that surrounds you overshadow you and shut you in. But if you would see their glory, there is much labour of the soul needed; you must toil upwards, you must have bright weather in the soul, and by and by you gain a point where you survey the mighty system; its glittering masses and ranges stretch off below, above, around you; its sky-pointing summits pierce the upper depths of heaven; here you must have faith, you must be somewhat with John in Patmos, in the Spirit; for if the mist is around you, you can see nothing, but if the sun is shining, what an infinitude of glory opens to your view!

While on the Grand Scheideck, we enjoyed the sight of a most beautiful Avalanche; it was the extreme of beauty, but without the sublimity of those we had witnessed the day before. If this had been all that we had seen, we should have deemed the descriptions sometimes given to have been altogether exaggerated. The traveller in Switzerland is unfortunate

who does not see a genuine avalanche on a grand scale. But this was very beautiful; first a sudden jet from the mountain, like a rocket of white smoke, then the fall of the whole mass of ice and snow with a cloud rising from it, and a rush of small thunder, like the roar of a waterfall.

From the Grand Scheideck down into the Valley of Hasli at Meyringen, the journey is one of indescribable, and to a man that knows nothing of Alpine scenery, inconceivable magnificence. It is true that the prospect *before* you, as you pass down towards Rosenlaui, is not so remarkable for its grandeur, as the scenes you have already passed through; but *behind* you in the evening sun, the way is a perspective of lengthening glory, where the snowy mountains, seen through the forests of firs, and overhanging them, floating, as it were, in a heaven of golden light give to the eye a vision of contrasts and splendours, the like of which may possibly no where else be presented.

Such is sometimes the difference between experience and anticipation. A man's early life is often so much pleasanter and more prosperous than his late, that the retrospect looks full of rich and mellow scenes, lovely remembrances in soft enchanting colours, while the prospect is destitute of beauty, or sometimes is filled with foreboded tempests. Many a man in the decline of life seems going down into gloom from a mountain-top of glory, and all the light of his existence shines to him from behind. But this cannot be the case with a Christian. The brightest prospect is before him. That man is happy who loves to dwell upon the future, upon what is in reserve for him. That man is happy, who sees over the storms of his past life a bow of promise, created by a setting sun that is to rise in glory. A guilty man cannot love to dwell upon the past, unless he be a penitent man, a man of faith who sees in the past the commencement and prophecy of a better future. The saying of the ancient moralist was uttered without much knowledge of its whole meaning:

> "Hoc est vivere bis
> Vita posse priore frui."
>
> ——"'Tis living twice,
> To enjoy past life."——

For, who *can* enjoy his past life, unless the light of the Cross be shining upon it? No man can do it, without some great and dreadful delusion, for the only light of hope, or material of goodness and blessedness in the Past, comes from the Cross of Christ. But where that is shining, how it floods the mountain passes of our existence with glory!

CHAPTER XLV.

GLACIER OF ROSENLAUI AND THE FALLS OF THE REICHENBACH.

On your way down, you have the excursion to the glacier of Rosenlaui, celebrated for the extreme beauty of its roseate and azure colours. It lies in a mighty mountain gorge on our right, far up between the great masses of the Wellhorn and the Angels' Peaks (Engelhorner), a most remarkable scene, both in itself and its accessories, the ice-born picture, its fir-clad base, and its gigantic craggy frame. A thundering torrent comes roaring down an almost fathomless split in the mountain, where the jagged sides threaten each other like the jaws of hell. Torrents from different directions meet fiercely at the foot of the glacier, which is thrown over them as a mountain of ice, with vast ice blocks roofing the subterranean fissure, with a mighty peak of rock towering above, and a mountain of granite on the other side. You enter the bosom of the glacier by steps cut for you by the guide, at the risk of tumbling into the conflict of waters below. The surrounding forests of fir, the cataracts, the ice-cliffs shining, and the gray bare crags, keeping watch like sentinels, together with the extreme picturesqueness and beauty of the Valley opening out beneath, make up a scene well worth the toil of climbing to it.

Now you take the way down from Rosenlaui to Meyringen; looking behind you, it is still inexpressibly beautiful, more beautiful than the vision of the vale. It is because of the combination between the snow, the sun, and the black fir forest, the firs against the snow, the snow against the sun, the air a flood of glory. Through a winding vale of firs the great white

mountains flash upon you, now hidden and now revealed; and of all sights in Switzerland, that of the bright snow summits seen through and amidst such masses of deep overshadowing foliage, by which you may be buried in twilight at noon-day, is the most picturesque and wildly beautiful. Between four o'clock and sunset this Rosenlaui pass, in a bright day, is wonderful. The white perfect cones and pyramids of some of the summits alternate with the bare rocky needles and ridges of others, all distinctly defined against the sky, with the light falling on them in a wild magic azure-tinted clearness. Here is one section or quadrature of the picture as you look upwards to the heights down which you have been so long descending; far off, up in the heavens a vast curling ridge of snow cuts the azure upper deep; nearer, the enormous gray peak of the Wellhorn shoots above it; lower, towards the world, between two great mountains, down rushes the magnificent glacier of Rosenlaui, till its glittering masses, which seem ready to take one plunge out of heaven to earth, are lost to your eye behind the green depths of the forest.

But if we stay looking at this scene, and still loitering and looking behind us, we shall not get to Meyringen till nightfall. So down we climb beside the roaring torrent, which is impetuously plunging and foaming to take the leap of the Reichenbach fall, not at all knowing what awaits, when suddenly comes another of those swift, vast contrasts, those mighty shiftings of scenery so unexpected and unthought of, as in a dream. As if the world's walls had opened before you, and you had just lighted with wings on a shelving precipice to look forth, the Vale of Meyringen is disclosed far beneath, with its village and meadows, church steeples and clumps of trees, and the bright Alpbach cascade pouring over the crags on the other side. From the point where you stand, the descent into the Vale is nearly two thousand feet, rugged and precipitous, and from nearly your present level the stream of the Reichenbach takes its grand leap down the gorge at your left, making the celebrated Reichenbach Falls, and afterwards, by a succession of leaps not quite so grand, it races, foaming and thundering, over precipice after precipice, through black, jagged, picturesque tortuous ravines down into the valley to join the Aar.

One would think the two rivers would be glad to have a moment's peace, and pleasant, gurgling communion, after such a furious daring, cataractical course of foam and thunder. Each of them has come down out of ice-palaces as from the alabaster gates of heaven, and each has made, in its perillous course, one of the grandest cataracts in all Switzerland. Now they flow on as if nothing had happened, like generous minds after some great action. Methinks they are saying one to another, as their waters meet and mingle, How much pleasanter it is to be gliding on so quietly between green banks and rich meadows, than to be tumbling over the mountains, where we seem to be of no use whatever, but for great parties of English people to come and look at us through their eye-glasses. But you are mistaken, gentle streams. Perhaps you have done more good by the grand thoughts your "unceasing thunder and eternal foam" have given rise to in your perillous career among the mountains, than you will do in your path of verdure all the way to the sea. It is not the sole use of streams like yours to make the grasses and the flowers to grow, or to enjoy yourselves among them. But we cannot wonder that you do not wish to be always playing the cataract.

CHAPTER XLVI.

TWILIGHT, EVENING, AND NIGHT IN SWITZERLAND.—A SABBATH IN MEYRINGEN.

The stillness of evening in Switzerland is accompanied with a soft music from the thousand mountain torrents which roar with such a shouting voice as at noon day, loosened by the sun from the glaciers, and then subside into a more quiet, soul-like melody. It is like the wind, strong blowing on Æolian harp with loud strains, and then sinking down into faint aërial murmurs. So at evening, the streams being partially pent up again in ice, the sound grows less in body, but more distinct in tone, and more in unison with the sacred stillness of the hour. It is like changing the stops in an organ. The effect has been

noted both by plain prose travellers and imaginative poets, and nothing can be more beautiful. The lulled evening hum of the busy world, and the dim twilight of the air, and the gradual stealing forth of the modest stars after the heat and glare of day, are in harmony. As in Milton,

> "At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
> Rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes,
> And stole upon the air."

For at such an hour the music of nature, passing into solemn voices of the night, seems rather like the hushing strains from invisible harps of celestial intelligencies floating in the atmosphere, than like any music from material things. Some of the finest lines ever composed by the poet Rogers were called forth by the perception of these stilly notes and almost imperceptible harmonies of evening. I say almost imperceptible, because a man busied with external things, or even engaged in social talk, will scarcely notice them. The mind must be in somewhat of a pensive mood, and watching with the finer senses. A traveller must be alone, or must say to his friend, Hush! listen!

> "Oft at the silent, shadowy close of day,
> When the hushed grove has sung its parting lay,
> When pensive twilight, in her dusky ear,
> Comes slowly on to meet the evening star,
> Above, below, aerial murmurs swell
> From hanging wood, brown heath, and bushy dell!
> A thousand nameless rills, that shun the light,
> Stealing soft music on the ear of night.
> So oft the finer movements of the soul,
> That shun the sphere of pleasure's gay control,
> In the still shades of calm seclusion rise,
> And breathe their sweet seraphic harmonies!"
>
> PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

This is very beautiful. Do we not at such an hour, more than any other, feel as if we were sojourning, in the striking language of Foster, "on that frontier where the material and the ideal worlds join and combine their elements"? It is the hour when, Isaac-like, the solitary saint in the country, if not in the city,

> "Walks forth to meditate at even-tide,"

and thinks upon a world that thinks not for herself. It is the hour when, among the mountains or in the villages, the soul seems sometimes to see far out beyond the verge of Time, seems to feel the horizon of existence expanding, seems to be upon the sea-side, and is impelled, as in the beautiful image of Young, to

> "Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
> Of that vast ocean she must sail so soon!"

Delightful it is, when Saturday evening comes, with such calm and sacred voices and influences of nature, if the soul is in the right mood, to hear the prelude wherewith it seems as if nature herself would put man in harmony for the Sabbath.

> "It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
> The holy time is quiet as a Nun
> Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
> Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
> Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
> And doth with his eternal motion make
> A sound like thunder—everlastingly!"—WORDSWORTH.

There is the feeling, if not the audible sense, of a similar sound among the mountains, though inland far we be, the sound as of waters rolling on the shore of another world, whether we call it, with Wordsworth, the sound of that Immortal Sea that brought us hither, or content ourselves with saying in plain prose that it is the ever-brooding sense of our immortality, which no immortal accountable being can ever shake from his constitution.

And now as I have quoted so many poets, drawn by the analogy of that hour in human existence, which seems sometimes to have collected both religious and irreligious writers together in the same porch, before the inner Temple of Devotion, under the same irresistible influences, I will add one extract from a great poet who has *entered* that Temple, and not merely stood and sung without; a poet of America, who has written too little, and that little in too high a strain, to catch the popular applause of his own countrymen.[1]

[1] Richard H. Dana. He *might* take a rank as high above *all* the American poets as Wordsworth has done among the modern poets of Great Britain.

"O listen, Man!
A voice within us speaks that startling word,
Man! thou shalt never die! Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls; according harps
By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality:
Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.
—O listen, ye, our spirits! drink it in
From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;
'Tis floating midst Day's setting glories; Night,
Wrapt in her sable robe, with silent step,
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears;
Night and the Dawn, bright day and thoughtful Eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen living Hand, and conscious cords
Quiver with joy in this great Jubilee.
—The dying hear it; and as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony!"

All my companions left me at Meyringen, and I had a quiet, lonely Sabbath. It was a beautiful day for travelling, but more lovely still for resting. Had it rained, a number of persons would have kept Sabbath at Meyringen, but they would not do it unless compelled by bad weather. Now God had given us six days of bright elastic air, clear sun, and cloudless skies to see him in his works; should we grudge one day for the study of his word, one day for prayer? Should we travel without God, and travel in spite of him? What a dark mind under so bright a heaven! It is a sad and sinful example, which Protestant travellers do set in Switzerland, by not resting on the Sabbath-day. *Prayer and provender never hindered a journey.* That is a good old proverb; but it is safe to say that a man who rides over the Sabbath, as well as through the week, though he may give his horse provender, is starving and hurrying his soul.

Who resteth not one day in seven,
That soul shall never rest in heaven.

But there may be rest without worship, rest without prayer.

The Sabbath is more thoroughly observed by Romanists, *in their way*, than it is by Protestants in theirs. Without prayer it is the worst day, spiritually, in all the seven. He who gave it must give the heart to keep it. How admirable is that sonnet translated by Wordsworth from Michael Angelo. Few original pieces of Wordsworth contain so much real religion as these beautifully translated lines.

> "The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
> If Thou the Spirit give by which I pray;
> My unassisted heart is barren clay,
> Which of its native self can nothing feed:
> Of good and pious works Thou art the seed,
> Which quickens only where Thou sayest it may;
> Unless Thou show to us thine own true way
> No man can find it: Father! Thou must lead.
> Do Thou then breathe those thoughts into my mind,
> By which such virtue may in me be bred
> That in thy holy footsteps I may tread:
> The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
> That I may have the power to sing of Thee,
> And sound Thy praises everlastingly."

The nights of Saturday and Sabbath, it was a lovely sight to watch the rising moon upon the tops of the snow-shining mountains, at such an immense height above us. We could not see the moon, but could only see her pale light travelling slowly down, as a white soft vail, along the distant peaks and ridges, till at a late hour the silver radiance poured more rapidly over the forests and filled the valley.

Saturday evening is distinguished in Scotland and New England as a time of speciality for washing children; in some parts of Switzerland it is a chief time for courting. I do not know that here among the Oberland Alps they have any such custom of child-scrubbing; in some parts it might be questioned if they have any ablutions at all; but I am sure it is a good habit. There was always a great moral lesson in it, besides the blessedness of being perfectly clean once in a week. It taught the children unconsciously that purity was becoming to the Sabbath; that there was a sort of instinctive feeling induced by it of the necessity of putting off the dark soils of the world and the week, and of being within and without clean and

tidy for the sacred day. Well would it be if children of a riper growth could wash themselves of the cares of the world and the deceitfulness of riches every Saturday evening, with as much ease and ready obedience as they used to gather up their playthings and submit to the bath of soap-suds; if they could put aside their ledgers, and see how their accounts stand for eternity on Saturday night, they would have more leisure for prayer on the Sabbath, and would not so often bring their farms, their cattle, and their counting-houses into the house of God.

CHAPTER XLVII.

FROM MEYRINGEN TO THE PASS OF THE GRIMSEL.

Again in the week's opening, upon our winding, upward way, from Meyringen to the Pass of the Grimsel. What glorious weather! the element of Autumnal bright and coolness mingling with the softness and warmth of the Summer.

> "The silent night has passed into the prime
> Of day—to thoughtful souls a solemn time.
> For man has wakened from his nightly death
> And shut up sense, to morning's life and breath.
> He sees go out in heaven the stars that kept
> Their glorious watch, while he, unconscious, slept;—
> Feels God was round him, while he knew it not,—
> Is awed—then meets the world—and God's forgot.
> So may I not forget thee, holy Power!
> Be to me ever, as at this calm hour.
>
> "The tree tops now are glittering in the sun:
> Away! 'Tis time my journey were begun!'"—Dana.

Forth from the industrious, thriving village of Meyringen, we pass through a picturesque, broken, wooded vale, with many romantic side openings, and then comes one of the loveliest sudden morning views of the distant blue and snowy mountains. The clouds have ranged themselves in zigzag fleeces, in a bright atmosphere of many shades of azure, deepening and softening in the distance. It is a lovely day. Whatever travellers have been resting on the Sabbath, that rest has lost them nothing of this heavenly weather, and it ought to make the soul's at-

will trace all the progress of this his better life, with grateful acknowledgment to the Sacred Power, which has advanced him to a decisiveness of religious habit, that seems to stamp Eternity on his character. In the great majority of things, habit is a greater plague than ever afflicted Egypt; in religious character it is a grand felicity. The devout man exults in the indications of his being fixed and irretrievable. He feels this confirmed habit as the grasp of the hand of God which will never let him go. From this advanced state he looks with firmness and joy on futurity, and says, I carry the eternal mark upon me that I belong to God; I am free of the universe; and I am ready to go to any world to which he shall please to transmit me, certain that everywhere, in height or depth, he will acknowledge me for ever."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

UPPER HASLI, AND THE RIVER AAR.—FALLS OF THE AAR.—DESOLATION OF THE PASS.

Now we overlook the Vale of the Upper Hasli, with the Aar winding through it. As I sit upon a rock by the way-side and sketch these words, the air is full of melody, the birds are singing thoughtfully, the large grasshoppers make a sonorous merry chirping, and the bells of the goats are tinkling among the herbage and trees on the sides of the mountains. The dewy mist has not yet passed from the grass, but lies in a thin, transparent haze over the meadow. Half way across lies the deep shadow of a mighty mountain peak, over which the sun is rising; but beyond this shade the chalets and clumps of trees are glittering and smoking in the morning sunshine. The mist-clouds are now lingering only within the ridges of the farthest mountains, while the whole grand outline cuts the deep cloudless blue of heaven. The shafts of light shoot down into the vale, past the angular peaks and defiles. No language can tell the beauty of the view. I could sit here for hours, not desiring to stir a step farther. The mind and heart are filled with

its loveliness, and one cannot help blessing God for the great and pure enjoyment of beholding it. If his grace may but sanctify it, it will be like a sweet chapter of his word, and one may go on his way, refreshed as Pilgrim was when he had gazed over the distant Celestial glory from the Delectable mountains.

See the smoke rising from the chalets before you! The sun-light is absolutely a flood of glory over this scene. Oh! how lovely! And still, as I sit and write, new shades of beauty come into view. And now a few steps farther and what a new and perfect picture! The vale is almost a complete circle hemmed in by mountains, with the Aar glittering across it like a belt of liquid silver. And now we come down into the valley. How rich the vegetation, impearled with the morning dew! And the little village of Hasli-Grund just at the base of the mountain, with a cloud of smoky light upon it, how beautiful! Does it not seem as if here could be happiness, if anywhere on earth? But happiness is a thing within; you cannot see it, though you may guess at it, and say within yourself, One *might* be happy here. It takes many things to constitute the beautiful appearances that make a stranger stop and exclaim, How lovely! Whereas, it takes but a few things to make up real happiness, if all within is right. A crust of bread, a pitcher of water, a thatched roof and love;—there is happiness for you, whether the day be rainy or sunny. It is the *heart* that makes the *home*, whether the eye of the stranger rest upon a potato-patch or a flower-garden. Heart makes home precious, and it is the only thing that can.

From this point the mountain passes look as winding up to Paradise; the broken masses of verdure around you are like that "verdurous wall" round Eden, over which Satan made such a pernicious leap. Pass out from the valley, and the scene changes into one of savage wildness and grandeur; you are wandering among rough, broken mountains, with fearful craggy gorges, through which the Aar furiously rushes; the guide tells you of perillous falls in tempests, and of deaths by drowning and by the avalanche; and, to confirm his words, ridge after ridge of barren, savage, scathed peaks present their

bare rock ribs down which are perpetually thundering the avalanches, as if to dispute with the torrent the right of roaring through the valley. Piles of chaotic, rocky fragments, over which the path clambers, bespeak the dates of desolating storms. Now and then the eye and the mind are relieved by the greenness of a forest of firs, but in general the pass is one awful sweep of desolation and sterile sublimity. It is like the soul of a sinner deserted of God, while the thundering torrent, madly plunging, and never at rest, is like the voice of an awakened angry conscience in such a soul.

Amidst this desolate and savage scenery, after travelling some four or five hours, with a single interval of rest at Guttanen, we come suddenly upon the celebrated falls of the Aar. There is a point on which they are visible from the verge of the gorge below, before arriving at Handek, but it is by no means so good as the points of view above. These points are very accessible, and from a bridge thrown directly over the main fall, you may look down into the abyss where the cataract crashes. A storm of wind and rain rushes furiously up from the spray, but when the sun is shining it is well worth a thorough wetting, to behold the exquisitely beautiful rainbows which circle the fall beneath. A side torrent comes down from another ravine on the right, meeting the Aar fall diagonally, after a magnificent leap by itself over the precipice, so that the cataract is two in one. The height of the fall being about two hundred feet, when the Aar is swollen by rain this must be by far the grandest and most beautiful cataract in Switzerland. The lonely sublimity of the scenery makes the astounding din and fury of the waters doubly impressive.

A short distance from the falls, a single chalet, which itself is the inn, constitutes the whole village of Handek. From this place up to the Grimsel, the pass encreases if possible in wildness and desolation. Vegetation almost entirely ceases. The fir, that beautiful emblem of the true Christian, as it has been called, satisfied with so little of earth, and rising straight to heaven, can no more find a footing. Gloomy bare mountains, silent and naked as death, frown over the pathway, and you seem to be coming to the outermost limits of creation.

The path crosses a singular, vast, smooth ledge of rock, called the Höllenplatte, nearly a quarter of a mile in extent, about two miles above the Falls, said to have been the bed of an old glacier, and to have become worn smooth and polished by the attrition of the ice-mountain. The path is hewn along the edge of the precipice. Your guide-book tells you that it is "prudent to dismount here, and cross this bad bit of road on foot, since the path runs by the edge of the precipice, and the surface of the rock, though chiselled into grooves to secure a footing for the horses, is very slippery. A single false step might be fatal to man and beast, precipitating both into the gulf below: and the slight wooden rail, which is swept away almost every winter, would afford but little protection." A pedestrian, having no care of a mule, is very independent of all these dangers, though he would not wish to cross this place in a tempest; but the guide-book might have added the account of a traveller whose mule slipped and fell over the precipice, while he himself was saved only by the presence of mind and sudden firm grasp of his guide, dragging him backwards, even while the mule plunged down the abyss. It is extreme foolhardiness to go against the directions or cautions of the guide, in a place of danger.

By and by the path crosses the Aar and recrosses, and at length leaves it on the left, to seek the Hospice of the Grimsel. Vegetation seems annihilated; but amidst all this frightful sterility you behold upon a rocky shelf far up the side of an almost perpendicular mountain, a man mowing! My guide shouted, and suddenly I heard an answer and an echo from above, and lifting up my eyes, there stood the mower, sharpening his scythe on the brow of the precipice, looking down upon us with great unconcern, though the little green spot he was mowing seemed itself so steep that he was in the greatest peril of sliding into the gulf below. What a strange life many of these mountaineers do lead, an existence more dangerous and precarious than that of the marmot and the chamois!

"The Earth," said Coleridge, "with its scarred face, is the symbol of the Past; the Air and Heaven of Futurity." What a striking image is this, amidst such awful scenery as our path

has led us through from Hasli-Grund! These scarred crags and mountains, riven as with thunderbolts, and desolate of verdure, are hieroglyphics of man's sins. The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in bondage. But this bright air and these blue heavens are still as glorious as when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. Through the grace of Christ, though a man's Past be like the scarred black valley of the Grimsel, his Futurity may be like the Air of Heaven in its purity and radiancy of glory.

CHAPTER XLIX.

HOSPICE OF THE GRIMSEL.—GLACIERS OF THE AAR.

The Hospice of the Grimsel stands immediately beneath and amidst these desolate and barren mountains, about half an hour from the summit of the pass. Grimly and fearfully they frown upon it, as if to say, the nearer Nature gets to Heaven without Grace, the more you see nothing in her but craggy, gloomy, overwhelming horrors, the emblems of a scarred and guilty Past, more visible and striking the nearer they come into contrast with the pure and radiant Future. So is a fallen being, unrenewed. So it is with the inveterate and crabbed repugnancies, the black and thunder-riven crags, the desolate and barren peaks, of fallen, guilty, despairing human nature; no where so awful as when brought nearest to God, if not clothed with verdure, and brought near to him in Christ. There is a transformation to be wrought, and when the righteousness which Christ imparts is thrown upon this same ruined nature, when his Spirit dwells within it and transfigures it, then Despair departs into hell, and earth, that groaned in bondage, reflects and resembles heaven. Craggy men become little children, and in the Spirit of Adoption, Abba, Father, is the voice that all the renewed creation sends up to God.

The Hospice is a rough, strong, rock building, with a few small windows, like a jail, or Spanish Monastery, or hospital for the insane. Altogether, it is the gloomiest, dreariest, most

repulsive landscape, externally, to be found in any of the passes of Switzerland. The peaks of the mountains rise above it about a thousand feet, it being itself at a bleak elevation above the sea of more than seven thousand ;—the rocks around it might remind you of some of Danté's goblins damned, like crouching hippopotamuses, or like gigantic demons chained and weeping, with the tears freezing in their eyelids. There is a little *tarn*, or black lake, directly behind the Hospice, which looks like Death, black, grim, stagnant, a fit mirror of the desolation around it. No fish live in it, but it is said to be never frozen though covered deep with snow all winter. A boat like Charon's crosses it to get at the bit of green pasture beyond, where the cows of the Hospice may be fed and milked for one or two months in the summer. There are admirable materials for goblin tales in this Spitzbergen landscape.

Within the building, everything is nice and comfortable ; a fine little library, enriched, probably by English travellers, with some admirable religious books, a well furnished refectory and abundant table, eighty beds or more, and everything in excellent order. What a fine testimony it is, that the truly religious books one meets with are mostly in the English language. There are, indeed, in our tongue, perhaps more devotional books, more streams running from the Bible, than in all other languages put together. It was delightful to meet these familiar and loved companions in this desolate pass of the Grimsel. We sat down, about twenty visitors in all, to a plentiful evening meal, with a cup of tea, most refreshing to such a tired traveller as I was. The number of visitors daily at table is from thirty-six to forty. A few days since one hundred persons were here at once, for the night, with half as many guides in addition.

I liked mine host at the Grimsel ; he seemed to take a fatherly interest in the stranger, and pressed my hand warmly at parting, with many good wishes for my pleasant journey. How it takes away from the mercantile, cold, mercenary character of an inn, when the keeper of it is blessed with cordial, hospitable manners! Whether he have the heart of a good Samaritan or not, if he *seems* to take an interest in you, he

gets double interest from you; it invests the bought fare with a home feeling; you pay for it ten times as readily as you would to a grumbler, and you leave the house as that of a friend.

I paid a more hasty visit to the Aar glacier than I could have wished, for it would be worth a sojourn of two or three days to study it; but I was afraid of the weather. From the Grimsel you may walk to the lower glacier in about three quarters of an hour, and see at its very source the wild river, up whose furious torrent you have been all day climbing. The termination of the glacier in the valley is of the colour of a rhinoceros' hide, from the mixture of rocks and gravel ground up in the ice; and where the river runs out of its mouth, it may give you, as you stand below its huge masses, the idea of a monstrous elephant disporting with his proboscis. The rocks protrude from the ice, constantly dropping as fast as it melts, and forming chaotic masses of fragments beneath.

This enormous glacier is said to be eighteen miles long, and from two to four in breadth. The great peak of the Finster-Aarhorn, the Aar-peak of Darkness, rises out of it, probably the loftiest of the Oberland Alps, a most sublime object. This is the glacier so interesting for the studies and observations of Agassiz and Hugi, carried on upon it, and for their hôtel under a huge rock upon its surface. This is the glacier on which the hut was built by Hugi in 1827, to measure the movement of the masses, and it was found that in 1836 they had advanced 2184 feet. Think of this immeasurable bed of ice, nearly eighty square miles in extent, and how many hundred feet deep no man may know, moving altogether if it move at all, moving everlastingly, with the motion of life amidst the rigidity and certainty of Death;—crossed also by another glacier, the two throwing up between them a mighty causeway or running ridge of mingled ice and rocks, sometimes eighty feet high! The Upper and Lower Glaciers together are computed to occupy a space of nearly 125 square miles. They are not so much split into fissures as the glaciers of Chamouny, and therefore they are much more accessible.

The Hospice of the Grimsel is tenanted from March to No-

vember by only a single servant, with provisions and dogs. In March, 1838, this solitary exile was alarmed by a mysterious sound in the evening, like the wailing of a human being in distress. He took his dog and went forth seeking the traveller, imagining that some one had lost his way in the snow. It was one of those warning voices, supposed by the Alpine dwellers to be uttered by the mountains in presage of impending storms or dread convulsions. It was heard again in the morning, and soon afterwards down thundered the avalanche, overwhelming the Hospice, and crushing every room save the one occupied by the servant. With his dog he worked his way through the snow, thankful not to have been buried alive, and came in safety down to Meyringen.

This is the common story. But I have met with more than this, in an interesting little book of Letters and travelling sketches from a Daughter to her Mother. Miss Lamont tells us that the lonely tenant of the Hospice occupied himself all winter with his art of wood-carving, having no companions but his dogs, and was able, during the perillous seasons, to save the lives of nearly a hundred persons every year. He said he heard the supernatural voice several times before the fall of the avalanche. It was a great storm, and for four days snowed incessantly. "When he first took out his dog, it showed symptoms of fear; at last it would not go out at all; so when he had the third time heard the low voice, which said, "Go into the inner room," he went in and knelt down to pray. While he was praying, the avalanche fell, and in a moment every place, except the one little room where he was, was filled with snow. He firmly attributed this exception to his prayers —and why might it not be so? Answer not, ye who suppose a world can only be governed by such laws as ye can comprehend.

No! answer not, except you have faith in God, except you know yourself what it is to pray, what it is to live a life of prayer. Then answer, and say that the Power which loosened the avalanche, and directed its path, was the same, and none other, which as a protecting hand encircled the place of prayer. The Divine grace that led the heart thither only preceded the

Divine power that summoned the storm. And what an infidel heart must that be which, having experienced such a protection would not attribute it to prayer!

CHAPTER L.

LAKE OF THE DEAD.—GLACIER OF THE RHONE.—PASS OF THE FURCA.

The night was cold and cloudless. By the rising moon, the scene of awful desolation around the Hospice, cold as it was, was covered with a vail of loveliness. It is scarcely possible to convey an idea of the beauty of the moonlight night in such a region. This morning the air was of a crystal clearness, but a fathomless white ocean of cloud fills the valley beneath us, while the grisly sharp peaks and ridges around us and above rise into a bright shining sky.

Close at the summit of the pass, about half an hour from the Hospice, 8400 feet above the sea, you coast the margin of a little dark, still lake, into which the bodies of dead travellers, who perished by the way, have been launched for burial. It therefore goes by the name of the Dead Sea, or Lake of the Dead. These names are singularly in keeping with the effect of the scenery upon the mind, so wild, so grim, yet so majestic, so seemingly upon the confines of the supernatural world, where it seems as if imprisoned silent genii, still and awful, were gazing upon you, as if the eye of these heaven-scaling mountains watched you, and would petrify and fasten you, as you flit carefully like a spectre across the vast and dream-like landscape. A small glacier which you have to cross falls into this Lake and feeds it, and the peak of the Seidelhorn rises above it, with the snowy Schreckhorn towering through the mountain ridges from the Aar glacier. The magnificent white range of the Gries glacier sweeps glittering on the other side.

A little distance beyond this death-lake you come suddenly upon the view of the glacier of the Rhone, very far below you, a grand and mighty object, with the furious Rhone itself issu-

ing from the ice, like a whole menagerie of wild beasts from their cages. Down it roars, with the joy of liberty, swift and furious through the valley, leaping, dashing, thundering, foaming. Remembering the career it runs, how it sometimes floods the valleys like a sea, by how many rivers it is joined, and how it pours dark and turbid into the lake of Geneva, and out again regenerated as clear as crystal from Switzerland into France, and so into the Mediterranean, it is interesting to stand here far above its mighty cradle, and look down upon its source. The glacier is a stupendous mass of ice-terraces clear across the valley, propped against an overhanging mountain, with snowy peaks towering to the right and left. There is a most striking contrast between the bare desolation of the rocks on the Grimsel side, and the grassy slopes of the mountains in companionship with this glacier. Your path coasts along its margin, amidst a thick fringe of bushes and flowers, from which you can step down upon the roofs and walls of the ice-caverns, and look into the azure crevasses, and hear the fall, the gurgle, and hurrying sub-glacial rush of unconscious streams just born as cold as death. Their first existence is in a symphony of dripping music, a prelude to the babble of the running rill, and then, as they grow older, they thunder like the trumpet of a cataract. Far above you herds of cattle are seen browsing on the steep mountain side, so steep that it seems as if they must hold on to the herbage to keep from falling. The voices of the herdsmen echo down the valley; you half expect to see the whole group slide, like an avalanche, down into the glacier below.

There are, more properly speaking, two glaciers of the Rhone, for as you pass up towards the Furca, you see a rapid stream rushing from a glacier that cuts the sky above you to the right, and pouring, cavernous and cataractical, into the Lower Glacier, from whence it afterwards issues in the same stream which constitutes the Rhone. From the pass of the Furca, which costs you a hard climb to surmount, there is a grand and varied view of the Finsteraarhorn and the Schreckhorn, with the more distant snowy mountains. From thence into the valley of the Sidli Alp you have a rapid descent, which

carries you over wide steep fields of ice and snow, down which you may glide, if you please, like a falling star, though not so softly. There is a most exciting and dangerous delight in flying with your Alpen-stock down such an abrupt immense declivity. You feel every moment as if you might plunge headlong, or break through into some concealed abyss, to be laid away in crystal on the secret shelves of the deep mountain museum; but bating that, you enjoy the somewhat perillous excursion as much as you ever did when a wild, careless boy, plunging into snowbanks, skating with the ice bending beneath you, or sliding fiercely down the steep hill, and shouting at the top of your voice, Clear the coast! to the manifest danger of all astonished passengers. The path along the terra firma of the mountain is also in some parts hazardous, since a single false step, or a slip at the side, might prove fatal.

On the Furca pass you are at the boundary between the Cantons Valais and Uri, and you have, within a circle of little more than ten miles around you, the sources of five prominent rivers, some of them among the largest in Europe; the Rhine, the Rhone, the Reuss, the Ticino, and the Aar; some tumbling into the Mediterranean, some into the German sea. You have passed two of their most remarkable feeding glaciers, those of the Rhone and the Aar. The course of the river Reuss you are not to follow in the pass and valley of the St. Gothard.

Continuing our course from the Furca, for a long distance there is no habitation whatever, except for the swine or the dead, until you come down to the Realp, a cluster of some dozen houses, where the Capuchin friars have a convent, and own the inn. One of these men, in his coarse brown robe, with a hempen cord about it, entered while I was taking some refreshment, and stepped up to the barometer. Really, the corded friars do often look as if they had just been cut down from the gallows, or were going thereto. What a queer choice of vestments and symbols! It reminds one of the passage concerning "them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart-rope." Nevertheless, notwithstanding the rope, the friars may be very kind and hospitable men, when they have the means.

Seeing him watch the glass, I made to him the very original remark that the weather was very fine. Yes, said he, but we shall have bad weather very soon. Hearing this, I also ran to the barometer, for the sound of bad weather is startling to a pedestrian among the mountains, and found indeed that the mercury was falling. Thereupon I at once determined to push on, if possible, to the Devil's bridge, that I might see at least the finest part of the St. Gothard pass while the weather was clear, since little is to be seen when it rains or is misty on the mountains. So my guide led me by a shorter cut across the rocky pastures on the left side of the Urseren Valley, without stopping at Hospenthal, that I might have ample time to survey the pass by daylight.

CHAPTER LI.

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.—SAVAGE DEFILES OF THE REUSS.

The Valley of Urseren, into which we have descended from the Furca, is one of the highest inhabited vales in Switzerland, 4356 feet above the level of the sea, perfectly destitute of trees, yet covered with soft green pasturage, and affording subsistence to four dairy-keeping, cattle-rearing, cheese-making villages, with 1360 inhabitants. The cheese and red trout are much recommended by the guide-books, but we had satisfied a traveller's appetite at the inn of the friars, and were not cognizant of the temptation. The Hospice of the St. Gothard lies a couple of hours farther up the pass, from whence you go down by innumerable zig-zags into sunny Italy.

We made haste across the river, and through the village of Andermatt, about a mile beyond which you are separated from the Devil's Bridge only by the right shoulder of an inaccessible mountain. From the green, smooth, and open meadows of Andermatt, you abruptly enter this mountain, through the long gallery or tunnel of Urnerloch, hewn in the solid rock over the river Reuss, 180 feet in length, and wide enough for carriages. Before this grand tunnel was bored, the mountain, shutting

down perpendicular into the roaring river, had to be passed by a rude suspension gallery of boards outside, hung down by chains amidst the very spray of the torrent. It was a great exploit to double this cape.

You are not at all prepared for the scene which bursts upon you on the other side, for you have been luxuriating in meadows, and there is no sign of change; it is really like a hurricane in the West Indies; you are one moment under a clear sky, you see a black cloud, and down comes the fierce tornado. So from the green and quiet slopes of the sheltered Urseren Valley, after spending a few moments in the darkness of Urnerloch rock valley, you emerge at once into a gorge of utter savageness, directly at the Devil's bridge, and in full view of some of the grandest scenery in all Switzerland. It bursts upon you, I say, like a tropical storm, with all the sublimity of conflicting and volleying thunder-clouds. It is a most stupendous pass. The river, with a great leap over its broken bed of rocks, shoots like a catapult into the chasm against the base of the mountain, by which it is suddenly recoiled at right angles, and plunges, bellowing, down the precipitous gorge.

The new bridge spans the thundering torrent at a height of about 125 feet over the cataract. It is of solid, beautiful masonry, the very perfection of security and symmetry in modern art. But as to sublimity, though there is from it by far the best view of the Cataract of Reuss, and though, being nearer to that Cataract, it sets you more completely in the midst of the conflicting terrors of the gorge, yet for itself, as to sublimity and daring, it is not to be compared with the simple rude old structure, above which it rises. That was the genuine Devil's Bridge, still standing, a few yards lower down than the new, like an arch in the air, so slight, so frail, so trembling. It is much more in accordance with the scenery than the new, and is so covered with mosses, being made of unhewn stones, which centuries have beaten and grizzled with tempests, that the mountains and the bridge seem all one, all in wild harmony; whereas the new bridge is grossly smooth, elegant, and artificial, almost like a dandy looking at the falls with his eyeglass. The two bridges might stand for personifications of

genius and art; the old bridge, with its insecurity and daring, is a manifest work of Genius; the new is the evident length to which Art can go, after Genius has set the example.

The old bridge, the genuine Devil's Bridge, was built in 1118, by the Abbot of Einseidlen, perhaps to invite pilgrims from a greater distance to that famous convent. In comparison with the old, it is like one of Campbell's thundering war-odes, the battle of Hohenlinden, for example, beside a tedious, prosy, correct description, or like Bruce's Address to his army, or like the yell of an Indian war-whoop, compared with the written speeches of commanders in Sallust. The upper bridge spans the cataractical performance of the Reuss at an angle in the mountain, where naturally there is not one inch of space for the sole of the foot, but a perpendicular cliff, against which the torrent rages, and in which the only way of blasting the rock, and scooping out a shelf or gallery for the passage on the other side, was by lowering down the workmen with ropes from the brow of the mountain, where, hanging over the boiling gulf, they bored the granite, and fixed their trains of powder.

The old bridge was only one arch thrown across the gorge, and but just broad enough to admit of two persons passing each other in safety, with scarcely any protection at the sides, and at a height of about a hundred feet above the torrent. It was a dizzy thing to pass it, and for persons of weak nerves dangerous, and to get upon it you coasted the gulf of zigzag terraces. The new bridge is of two arches, with safe and strong parapets, and of ample width for carriages. Till the first bridge was made there was no passing this terrific chasm, no communication possible from one side to the other.

Who could have supposed that into this savage den, amidst its roar of waters, so distant from the world, so unsuitable for a battle field, there could have been poured the conflicting tides of the French Revolution, in a condensed murderous strife between two armies? Twice in the space of little more than a month was the war campaign of 1799 driven through this pass by the French, Russians, and Austrians, conquering alternately. First in August the French charged the Austrians, and driving them across the Devil's Bridge, rushed pell mell after

them, when the arch fell midway and precipitated the wedged masses of the soldiery into the boiling torrent. Then in September, that great war-wolf Suwarrow poured down with his starved Russians from the top of the St. Gothard. They devoured the soap in the village of Andermatt, and boiled and ate the tanned leather and raw hides, and in the strength of these aliments, drove the French across the Devil's Bridge, and rushed themselves to the passage. The French in their retreat broke down the bridge by blasting the arch, but this put no stop to the impetuous fury of the Russians, who crossed the chasm on beams of wood tied together with the officers' scarfs, and in their rage to come at their enemies plunged hundreds of the foremost ranks of their own columns into the foaming cataract. It was more fearful meeting the fury of their enemies in this conflict than having their path over the mountains swept by the dread avalanches. The war of human beings was worse than that of nature, though they had to encounter both. They dared the fight of the avalanches, that they *might* fight with each other. Such is human passion, such is war!

Yet the world has deified its warriors, and starved its benefactors and poets. What sort of proportion is there between the benefit conferred upon the English nation by the Duke of Marlborough in the victory of Blenheim, and that bestowed upon England and the world by John Milton in the gift of Paradise Lost? None at all. The work done by the Poet is so infinitely superior to that accomplished by the Warrior that you can scarcely institute a comparison.

And yet the Parliament and Queen of Great Britain bestowed upon the Duke of Marlborough after the battle of Blenheim a royal domain with royal revenues, besides devoting five hundred thousand pounds sterling to build a palace fit for so great a warrior to live in; while John Milton was obliged to sell the copyright of his great poem for ten pounds, and died comparatively unknown and poor! In England by that great poem, thousands of people have been literally gaining their subsistence, and making their fortunes, to say nothing of the tens of thousands, whose minds have been invigorated and enlarged by feeding on it, while by the great victory, and the magnificent

reward of it, revenues that might have supported thousands have been devoted exclusively to the luxury and splendour of a single family! So went the war-worshipping era of our world. At present it may be hoped, if poetry is not rising, war at least is at a discount.

CHAPTER LII.

LEGENDS OF THE PASS.—COWPER'S MEMORIA TECHNICA.

After the gorge of the Devil's Bridge, you plunge down the precipitous valley, by well constructed zigzags, crossing and recrossing the Reuss repeatedly, till you come to the savage defile of Schellinen, where for several miles the ravine is so deep and narrow, that the cliffs seem to arch the heavens, and shut out the light. The Reuss meanwhile keeps such a roaring din, making in the short space of four leagues a fall of 2500 feet, almost in a perpetual cataract, that the people have called this part of the way the Krachenthal, or crashing valley.

The noise and the accompaniments are savage enough. The mountains seem ready to tumble into the bed of the river. "We tremble," said my companion under the influence of the scenery of the Gemmi, "lest the mountains should crush us; what must be that state of despair in men's hearts, which can call on the mountains to fall on them and bury them, rather than meet the face of God?"

There are curious legends in this part of the valley. Enormous fragments of rock are strewn around, as if they might have fallen here from the conflict of Titans, or angels, when they plucked the seated hills with all their load to throw at each other. One of them, almost a mountain by itself, nearly in the road, goes by the name of Teufelstein, or Devil's Stone, having been dropped, it is said, by the overworked demon, in attempting to get it across the St. Gothard pass. The legend runs that he set out to convey this crag across the valley for a wager, but let it slip, and lost the game. The manner in which the traveller gazes upon this rock, in consequence even of this foolish

legend, the peculiar interest he feels in it, is a curious example of the power of imaginative association, the craving of the mind for some intelligent moral or meaning. In all things possible you must have a human or a supernatural interest. The principle is universal. A child in the nursery would not be half so much interested by a simple engraving of a house, ever so well done, with merely the announcement, *This is a house*, as when you come to say, *This is the house that Jack built;* then what an interest! Then how the imagination peoples it! There is Jack, the malt, the cat, the rat, the priest, the milk-maid, and this is the cozy house, where all the wonders of the linked story had their existence. What a place of interest! Just so with the Devil's Crag. Ridiculous as the legend is, no man can pass that stone, without being interested in it, and perhaps seeing his disappointed Infernal Majesty in idea, with sail broad vans in the air above him, sweating like a day labourer, and ineffectually struggling to float beneath the weight. The common legends concerning the Devil do almost always represent him as outwitted, foiled, and cheated, instead of being successful in his villany;—it is a good sign and prediction, for he *must* go down.

At Wasen I found a comfortable, excellent inn, a good, cheerful happy family, and a kind, hospitable host. They seemed well to do in the world, and were Romanists, as are most of the people of the Canton Uri. I went to bed thinking of the Capuchin's promise of bad weather, and glad that I had seen the St. Gothard pass in bright day. In the morning the Friar's prediction was as yet unfulfilled. Again the morning was fair, though the clouds were clinging to the mountains up and down the valley, sometimes in long ridges, sometimes in thick fleecy volumes, now surrounding the base half way down, now revealing only the lofty peaks, and now swept from the whole face of the gorge, and admitting the bright sun to fill it. At this moment, on the edge of the mountain top beside us, so lofty and perpendicular that it seems ready to fall, the sun is struggling with the fleecy masses of cloud glowing like silver, and the trees upon the verge of the cliff seem on fire as in a burning focus, while all around is gray mist.

We are now coming into a region trodden of old by great patriots, and consecrated at this day, to liberty, in history. We are getting upon the borders of the country of William Tell; we must not look at the scenery alone, for grand as it is, the great thoughts and struggles of freedom are grander. In truth, a man ought not to travel through such a region without a fresh memory of connected localities and incidents. How much a man needs to know, to make a good traveller! Or rather, how much he needs to remember, and how vividly! The Poet Cowper, in one of his beautiful letters, recommends pedestrianizing as good for the memory. "I have," says he, "though not a good memory in general, yet a good local memory, and can recollect, by the help of a tree, or a stile, what you said on that particular spot. For this reason I purpose, when the summer is come, to walk with a book in my pocket; what I read at my fire-side, I forget, but what I read under a hedge, or at the side of a pond, that pond and that hedge will always bring to my remembrance."

But suppose the gentle Poet wishes to recall the passages in some other part of the country. It would certainly be somewhat clumsy to have to carry about with you a pond or a hedge as a *memoria technica;* it would be less inconvenient to carry your whole library. And besides, what art shall there be to quicken the memory in knowledges already forgotten? The memory is a most perverse faculty; it treasures up things we could wish to forget, and forgets things we could wish to retain; but there is one chain, that no man can escape, except he goes to Jesus Christ, and that is, the memory of his own sins. To many a man, to all men "in their sins" the art of forgetting, could it but last for ever, would be the greatest of all blessings.

What an affecting page in the history of an individual mind is presented in those melancholy remorseful stanzas, said to have been written in a blank leaf of the Pleasures of Memory. They trace the human being; they present a more universal experience of our fallen nature by far than the more agreeable, but more superficial recollections of childhood and of latter days. They are as a fossil leaf, in which you observe the fi-

bres, that characterized a whole living family of the vegetable creation. So do these stanzas read the experience of our species, not indeed, always so clearly acknowledged, even to one's own consciousness, but always existing, though sometimes like sympathetic letters, to be only revealed when brought to the fire.

"Pleasures of memory! O supremely blest,
And justly proud beyond a poet's praise,
If the pure confines of thy tranquil breast
Contain indeed the subject of thy lays!
By me how envied, for to me,
The herald still of misery,
Memory makes her influence known
By sighs and tears and grief alone.
I greet her as the fiend, to whom belong
The vulture's ravening beak, the raven's funeral song.
Alone, at midnight's haunted hour,
When nature woos repose in vain,
Remembrance wakes her penal power,
The tyrant of the burning brain.
She tells of time misspent, of comfort lost,
Of fair occasions gone forever by,
Of hopes too fondly nursed, too rudely crost,
Of many a cause to wish, yet fear to die.
For what, except the instinctive fear
Lest she survive, detains me here,
When all the life of life is fled?
What but the deep inherent dread,
Lest she beyond the grave resume her reign,
And realize the hell, that priests and beldams feign."

How painfully impressive is this! The penal power of remembrance is a terrible reality. It has driven many a mind to thoughts of suicide. But why think of suicide to escape from memory, when the penal power of memory is only a prophecy of the future? It is to be earnestly hoped that the self-tortured unknown individual, who traced from bitter unavailing experience the gloomy lines just quoted, may have sought and found in Christ that deliverance from the death of sin and the fear of death, with which only the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world, can bless the soul.

CHAPTER LIII.

ASSOCIATIONS.—CANTON URI, AND THE MEMORIES OF TELL.

How infinite are the moral and spiritual relations even of material things! Indeed, what subject is there, says Edmund Burke, that does not branch into infinity? A world that has been the habitation of intelligent creatures, becomes connected in every part with the story and the influences of their existence. Nature herself sympathizes with them, is invested with the significance of their immortality, travaileth in bondage beneath their sins and burdens, and acquires the language both of their history and destiny. Point after point, feature after feature, landscape after landscape, the whole world of land, and every rood of sea, may become, in the course of ages, indissolubly linked with some great transaction, and with a crowd of the soul's experiences, in such wise, that ever, as long as the globe lasts, it shall be, as it were, an organ, the keys of which are always sounding their intelligent notes of guilty and sad, or innocent and joyous meaning. All thought is eternal, and if the soul have forgotten it, material nature will sometimes bring it up. The wicked may be silent in the grave, but the grave shall not be silent in regard to the wicked. The actors of a life of heroism and goodness pass away, but the earth always speaks of them.

Such is the eternal, indestructible power of association. Fearfully and wonderfully are we made, and strangely linked with the world that we inhabit. So, according to the multitude and nobleness of a man's associations, especially of a moral character, will be the depth and thoughtfulness of his delight in looking upon nature. There is a scenery in the mind, connected with that in nature, and appropriate to it, somewhat as the other parts of a piece of music are connected with the air, and dependent upon it. A man might be able to whistle the air alone, and might have enjoyment in singing it, but if he is ignorant of the other parts, his pleasure cannot equal that of a musical mind, in which all the parts come linked together in one full and perfect harmony.

A traveller should be prepared to read the book of nature with the historical harmony. An ignorant or forgetful man sees nothing but the scene before him, when the historical student sees it peopled with great forms, sees it in grand moral lights and shades, surrounded by the many-coloured atmosphere of the past, as well as the light of the day's sun that is shining upon it. When a man visits Altorf, he needs to be for the time thrown back into the past; but this is impossible, unless the past is in him as the fruit of his studies taken into his being. The guide-books will repeat to him the name of Tell and the facts in his history, the inscription will inform him that such and such great events took place amidst the scenes he is visiting; but this does not give him the past, does not make up that inward scenery with which his mind has need to have been familiar, in order that the place may call heroic times and interests into being. How much greater is the enjoyment of a mind that has the whole of such a drama as Schiller's William Tell fresh in memory while wandering over the Canton Uri, than his that has but a few dry dates and names, or worse than all is dependent on the monuments, the guides, and the Handbooks!

A man visits Zurich; he goes into the Cathedral; what a loss to him, if for the first time he learns that Zwingle there preached, or knows nothing about the history of Zwingle, and the scenes of the reformation! He visits Einseidlen; seeks the shrine of the Virgin, sees the monks at worship; what a loss to him if his studies in history have failed to people the scene to his own mind from the great life that for a time was there passing! A man crosses the Wengern Alp. If he has never read the tragedy of Manfred, there is a grand scenery created from the poet's mind, in respect of which he crosses before the Jungfrau with his eyes shut. A man passes into Athens and stands on the Acropolis. What a loss to him if his studies have never made him familiar with the age of Pericles! Nay, there is a recollection of objects around him that have absolutely no meaning, no story, no lesson, no language to his mind, if many a page of Grecian history be not in his remembrance. A man wanders into Egypt, up and down the Nile, into old majestic

Thebes, with its dim colossal ruins. What an inappreciable, irretrievable loss to him if he never read Herodotus, or is destitute of a knowledge of the combined prophetic and actual history of that antique marvellous country, with its gigantic, monstrous types of thought and being!

"Labour to distil and unite into thyself," says ancient Fuller, "the scattered perfections of several nations. Many *weed* foreign countries, bringing home Dutch drunkenness, Spanish pride, French wantonness, and Italian Atheism; as for the good herbs, Dutch industry, Spanish loyalty, French courtesy, and Italian frugality, these they leave behind them; others bring home just nothing; and because they singled not themselves from their countrymen, though some years beyond sea, were never out of England." This is the great folly of travelling without a foreign language, that it compels a stranger to keep company only with his own countrymen, so that he returns home with all his prejudices.

We are still in the magnificent pass of the St. Gothard, and it continues to present a character at once picturesque and beautiful, wild and savage. The gorges are tremendous, the bridges thrown across the torrent frequent and bold. Here and there, dark forests of fir cling to the mountains, and sometimes you see the savage jagged paths of recent avalanches. Now and then, there is a little chapel on the mountain's brow; the evening chime of bells comes ringing up the valley; you meet corded brown friars walking and women working on the roads. The sun is pouring through rifts in the clouds, and the dark blue sky opens.

I cannot help noting the variety and contrast of colours offered to the eye in such a scene; the azure of the sky, the violet mountains, of a hue as deep as the heart's ease, the grisly gray rocks, the black firs, the deep blue gorges, the pale verdure of the trees, the deeper delicious green of the grassy slopes and meadow patches, the white virgin snow, the dim mists, the silvery clouds, the opal of the morn, the golden lights of evening. What an intermingling of lovely hues and shades! At some distance below Wasen the mountains are singularly grand. Far down the Valley a pyramidal peak of bare granite guards

the way to the heroic region, and now the green and flowery mottled slopes, with the thick luxuriant foliage and fruits of the walnut, chestnut, pear, and other trees, begin to spread out more largely. Here is a sweet picturesque spot, wildly beautiful. The smell of the new-made hay as it lies upon the green sward is full of fragrance. Here and there it is gathered into small grotesque stacks to be carried on the shoulders. I have seen women with their heads and shoulders buried beneath enormous bundles of this short grass, labouring along the path at the brink of precipices, where a single step would plunge bundle and carrier into the gulf below. Now and then comes to the ear the pleasant music of the mower whetting his scythe.

The Valley opens out immediately at Amsteg, where the ascent towards Andermatt, in the direction you have passed, commences. From this to Altorf the way winds luxuriant through a well-wooded and cultivated region. You visit the village of Burglen, where William Tell was born. It is a beautiful rural hamlet, of most magnificent verdure, higher up among the mountains than Altorf, and commanding a rich leafy view of the Valley below. The church is in front, and in sight is the village of Attighausen, where Walter Furst was born. A little chapel stands on the spot formerly occupied by Tell's house. Why could they not have let the house remain as it was, and put the chapel in the churchyard? It is covered with very rude paintings, descriptive of various scenes in Tell's life, accompanied with sentences from Scripture. On the front of the chapel is the text, "We are called unto liberty—but by love serve one another." How admirable and appropriate! Called unto liberty, to serve in love! A blessed world this will be, when all tyranny and oppression end in that. A blessed inheritance it is, when the Patriot leaves that to his countrymen.

CHAPTER LIV.

TRADITIONS OF FREEDOM.—RELIGIOUS LIBERTY THE GARRISON OF CIVIL.

Less than half an hour's walk now brings you to Altorf, name

so sacred in Swiss story, where you pass through the very square in which the heroic father shot the apple from his child's head. There the figures stand, above the fountain; the rudest caricature of statuary could not deprive them of interest. And there is the old tower said to stand where the linden tree grew, to which the noble boy was bound by the tyrant Gessler, as the mark for the father's archery. The Child was father of the Man, for had he not stood steadfast and smiling the father's heart had faltered. You must have your own boyish enthusiasm fresh about you, with which you used to read the story at school, if you would visit these spots now with proper feelings, or with enjoyment like that which the story itself once gave you.

And what an admirable tale! In all the romantic or heroic eras of nations there never were finer materials of poetry. What a pity there could not have been some Homer to take them up, to give them the charmed shape and being of truth wrought by the imagination into epic song! Schiller has done much in his masterly drama, but the subject is that almost of an historical epic. Schiller was eminently successful in the delineation of the child, as well as the patriot. Happy is the country that has such memories to cherish as those of Wallace, Leonidas, and Tell, and is still worthy of them! Unhappy and degraded is the land, from which, though the letter of such memories may remain, the soul of them in the people hath departed! It is sad to say of a country, It *has been* free. It is sad to say of a country, as of an individual, that

> "The wiser mind
> Mourns less for what age takes away
> Than what it leaves behind."

The critics are trying to mistify the historical grandeur of Switzerland, casting the blur of doubt and scepticism over its heroic traditions, questioning whether Tell and the apple ever existed. A country of critical unbelievers that could produce a Strauss, to turn Christ and the Apostles into a myth-mist, will dispose easily of all less sacred story. There is no feat which such infidelity cannot perform; it would put a lie into the lips of Nature herself. Ruthless work it makes when it

turns the ploughshare of ruin through loved and hallowed associations. But true patriotism and poetry, as well as Divine Truth, are too much for it; it can no more strike the memories of Tell from the mind of Switzerland than it could abolish the earth's strata or annihilate her veins of gold and diamond. Ever will these heroic traditions remain, ever in the faith of the Swiss hearts, ever in the glens of the mountains, ever in the books and ballads of the cottages, as indestructible as the Alps, as far kenned and brightly shining as the light of those flowers that poets tell of:—

> "Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
> Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
> To set the hills on fire."

Even so beautiful, so far seen, so inspiring, like beacons on the mountain tops, are these historical traditions. What wickedness it would be to sweep them from the soul of the country! On a clear moonlight night, it is said, you can even now sometimes see the stalwart form of Tell in his native valley bending his great cross-bow, and trying the strength of his arrows. It would require no great power of imagination to see beneath the moon on the meadow of Grutli the immortal group of three, Tell, Furst, and Melethal, with solemn faces and hands uplift to heaven, taking that great oath of Liberty which was the testament of freedom to their country.

All things considered, it is well and noble that the public authorities in Uri should have ordered to be burned a book by the son of the celebrated Haller, criticising the story of Tell so as to injure the popular version. Let the rulers and the people but keep the right *spirit* of the tradition which they guard with such jealousy, and let them unite the freedom of the State and of the personal franchise on their mountains with the spirit of piety, with freedom to worship God according to conscience, and they will show themselves worthy of the inheritance which old patriots transmitted to them. How true, how precious, how noble, is that sonnet of Wordsworth on the obligations of Civil to Religious Liberty, in which he apostrophizes his native land for the dear memory of her sons, who for her civil rights have bled, and then passes to the great truth that all uselessly

would these great souls have fallen in the conflict, if it had not been afterwards sustained and carried onward by religious principle; if the freedom fought for on earth had not been lighted from other worlds and linked with heaven. So must claims from other worlds inspirit the Star of Liberty in Switzerland, or not long will it remain above the horizon.

> "How like a Roman Sydney bowed his head,
> And Russel's milder blood the scaffold wet
> But these had fallen for profitless regret,
> Had not thy holy church her champions bred,
> And claims from other worlds inspirited
> The Star of Liberty to rise. Nor yet,
> (Grave this within thy heart!) if spiritual things
> Be lost through apathy, or scorn, or fear,
> Shalt thou thy humbler franchises support,
> However hardly won, or justly dear.
> What came from heaven to heaven by nature clings,
> And if dissevered thence, its course is short."

Graver, deeper, more important truth than this was never condensed into the like human composition. Study it, ye politicians and statesmen, and not only statesmen but Christians, and not only in the Old World but the New! In England, in Geneva, in America, wherever there is liberty in possession or liberty in danger, study this. *If spiritual things be lost through apathy, or scorn, or fear, or formalism*, your humbler civil privileges you never can support, at what costly price soever they may have been won, or however dear they may be to you. Let souls be persecuted for religion, or your religion merged into a State sacrament, or a church commandment fastened by the State, and your State will be a despotism and yourselves slaves. Your true freedom must come from God, and cling to God, and leave the soul alone and undisturbed with God, for God's Spirit alone can support it.

> "What *came* from heaven *to* heaven by nature clings,
> And if dissevered thence, its course is short!"

I will not omit to add the very beautiful third stanza of those suggested to Wordsworth by Tell's tower at Altorf, on which the deeds of the hero are painted. It was not indeed an Italian pencil that wrought the paintings, but neither was it an

Italian heart that wrought the actions. Tell's boy was the heir of his father's courage, and the very personification of cheerful filial faith and love.

> "How blest the souls, who, when their trials come,
> Yield not to terror or despondency,
> But face, like that sweet Boy, their mortal doom,
> Whose head the ruddy apple tops, while he
> Expectant stands beneath the Linden tree,
> Not quaking, like the timid forest game;
> He smiles, the hesitating shaft to free,
> Assured that Heaven its justice will proclaim,
> And to his father give its own unerring aim."

Before coming to Altorf, you cross a rapid stream, in which it is said that William Tell lost his life in his old age by endeavouring to save a child from drowning, when the waters were high. This was in 1350. He was born about the year 1280. The village of Burglen, his birth-place, is a most lovely spot in a vale of luxuriant vegetation, surrounded by great mountains, and fit to educate a spirit like Tell's. Here a man must live in the Past, the great Past, and hope for the future. Would that Tell's great spirit could return from the dead, "to animate an age forlorn," to waken his native vales again with the echoes of genuine liberty! Would that such a spirit might rise, to break the fetters from the *souls* of his countrymen, worse, by far, than those on the body.

> "There is a bondage worse by far to bear
> Than his who breathes, by roof and floor and wall
> Pent in, a Tyrant's solitary thrall:
> 'Tis his, who walks about in the open air,
> One of a nation, who, henceforth, must wear
> Their fetters in their souls. For who can be,
> Who, even the best, in such condition, free
> From self-reproach, reproach which he must share
> With human nature? Never be it ours
> To see the sun, how brightly it will shine
> And know that noble feeling, manly powers,
> Instead of gathering strength, must droop and pine,
> And earth, with all her pleasant fruits and flowers
> Fade and participate in Man's decline."

But what is this bondage worse by far to bear? It is the bondage of the mind and heart in superstition; it is the absence

of religious freedom; it is the iron age of intolerance, and the chaining of the soul in a spiritual despotism more rigid and terrible than that of nature in the glaciers. This is worse to bear. There never can be freedom in Switzerland till there is freedom to worship God. There never can be freedom till there is the religion of voluntary faith, instead of a despotic form, into which you are pressed and held fast by penal law. It is a glorious word, Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is LIBERTY; and now a spiritual Tell is needed in Switzerland, as in Rome, to proclaim this to his countrymen, to tell them in what that liberty consists, and to show them that an infidel mob, and a church with penal persecuting maxims, are alike opposed to it and deadly, whether under a monarchy, a despotism, or a republic.

They have in Switzerland Romish Republics, but is republicanism a cure for intolerance? Will it unloose the fettered souls of the people? No more than the mountain winds and the summer months unbind the glaciers. In almost every Romish Republican state in Switzerland the profession of Protestantism is followed by the loss of the rights of citizenship, as well as incapacity to fill any public office in the state. I speak the language of a Swiss citizen himself, who reminds me of the example of his own Christian friend, M. Pfyffer, formerly a Professor of history in the College of Lucerne, but who, on becoming a Protestant, lost both his place of professor and his rights as a citizen. He went to live at Lausanne, a voluntary exile from a country where he would inevitably be persecuted. Neverthless, they have at Lucerne the most republican institution, they have universal suffrage, but in addition to this they have Romanism and the Jesuits. Give to these agents the requisite majority of votes and supremacy of power, and the freaks of persecution may be even more startling and ferocious in a republic than a monarchy. Universal suffrage, once fired by the spirit of intolerance, may be worse than State edicts on a people with whom to hear is to obey. They wear their fetters in their souls who wear them as a part of the mob that forged them. Many masters are more intolerable than one.

Every part of earth, every heritage of intelligent freemen, that has been visited with the fires of religious persecution, and every spot on earth that has not, ought to dread all approximation to the union of Church and State; for power converts even devotion into superstition and fanaticism, and they that have got free themselves run to fasten their cast-off fetters upon others. If the Church does not persecute *through* the State, the State will oppress the Church, will make it a political tool, or nothing. Read the commentary in the Canton de Vaud, where a democratic State, *not* Roman Catholic, enacts the persecuting antics of the English Church and State under Queen Elizabeth, while the people are permitted *by* the State to mob the assemblies of voluntary Christians! Where the Church relies on the State for support, it is an abject creature, fawning, and ready to be persecuted; where it is a part of the State by establishment, and holds the legislative and executive power, it is a ferocious creature, ready to persecute; it is the cat or the tiger, as circumstances require; it will catch mice for the State, and sleep by the fire-side, or it will abide in jungles and play the Oriental despot.

This is not the true Church of Christ, but the Church corrupted, for his kingdom is not of this world. When the powers of this world, instead of being sanctified by the Spirit of Christ, and so put in subjection to *his* authority, are committed to the Church and subjected to the use of the Church under her authority, that is not the advancement of Christ's kingdom, nor is that the way in which Christ's kingdom *can* advance; for Christ's kingdom is spiritual, in the hearts of men, and not in the government of empires, which government, just so far as it is committed to the Church, is but the act and voice of the Tempter, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.

All error is intolerant; but even the Truth, if put into form without love, will roast men alive with no more remorse than error itself. So it is only the truth in love that can make men free. Put into form, and fought for as form, without love, it may make men as bitter, as violent, as malignant, as intolerant, as any despotism of hierarchical error. Because it be-

comes a selfish thing, a proud thing, a thing of *meum* and *tuum*, a thing of conquest, a possession of selfishness and pride.

All the fighting for truth done without love is not for God, but for self and Satan. If you really love the truth, you will love it under other forms besides your own; you will not fight to impose your form on others. But if you belong to a form without love, and set out to extend the truth in your form, you inevitably become intolerant, and if you had the power, you would be a fierce persecutor. There is no safety for the world against your intolerance, but in your weakness.

We want protection for our religious convictions, not only against intolerance imposing an established form, not only against the Church without love, the Church as an Inquisition, the Church as a Despotism, but also against the intolerance of the people, against the caprices of popular liberty associated with power. We want a religious liberty above and separate from a political liberty, and which can no more be invaded by it than a man's dwelling-house can be torn down with impunity, or a church or a city fired by a mob. This is impossible when the Church is dependent on the State. The State will, if it pleases, direct the Church what to teach, and how to teach it, and if she refuses, will punish, will persecute. The State may be the purest of republics, and yet may indulge in the most atrocious despotism in matters of religion. Therefore, a constitutional State must have no power to meddle with religion at all, except to protect its quiet worship. The whole world must inevitably come to this conclusion, and then the whole world will be still. Then love will reign, and truth will burn brightly. The State itself will more readily become religious, when it is deprived of all power to modify and govern religion.

How impressively are these truths illustrated by what is now going on in Germany and Switzerland! God in his providence is showing us that neither Evangelical Protestantism, nor Romanism, nor Rationalism, whether under a republic or a despotism, can be entrusted with State power. The State cannot be entrusted with power over the Church; for, some way or other, it will act the tryrant. The Church cannot be entrust-

Of hilly fields and meadows, and the lake
With some fair bark perhaps, whose sails light up
The slip of smooth clear blue betwixt two isles
Of purple shadow."

Here a man, whose misfortune it may have been to be born in the heartless heart of some great city, might, if it were not for the demon of intolerance, find a spot for his family, to grow up quietly under all the influences of nature. And if he have a dear child like the Poet's, here he may muse, whether amidst the Frost at Midnight, or the summer stars, and watching the slumbers of his cradled infant, may say,

"Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought,
My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore
And in far other scenes! For I was reared
In the great city, pent mid cloisters dim,
And saw naught lovely but the sky and stars.
But thou, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze,
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountains, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great Universal Teacher! He shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

"Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whither the eave-drops fall,
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of Frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the shining moon."

I say, were it not for the demon of intolerance, the binding of the conscience in the fetters of Church and State. This is

the pest that still afflicts Switzerland, worse by far than the scourge of Cretinism and the goitre, and accompanied, in this region of Lucerne, with an unaccountable passion for the Jesuits, whose teachings in morality and political science are so at war with the immemorial freedom of Tell's mountains. Lucerne is one of the three towns, with Berne and Zurich, where the confederative Diet holds its sessions. It is styled "Town and Republic," having a Council of One Hundred for its government, divided into a daily Council of thirty-six, and the larger Council of sixty-four, the whole Hundred meeting every three years, or, if the daily Council require it, oftener. At the head of the Council is a Chief Magistrate, called the Avoyer. The number of inhabitants in the town is about 8000 Romanists, and two hundred Protestants, the Protestants being excluded from all participation in the rights of citizens, and only admitted on sufferance. How different from the manner in which we receive Romanists in our own country! When will the example of equal citizenship among all religionists be followed abroad by Romanists towards Protestants?

There is an arsenal in Lucerne well worth visiting for its historical trophies. Here you may see the very shirt of mail in which Duke Leopold of Austria was struck down at the great battle of Sempach. There is also the monument of Thorwaldsen to the memory of the Swiss guards, one of the finest things of the kind in the world, one of the few monuments of simple grandeur and pathos speaking at once to the heart, and needing neither artist nor critic to tell you it is beautiful. There are the curious old bridges, like children's picture-books, amusing you much in the same manner, where indeed you can scarcely get across the bridge, you are so taken with examining the rude old sketches. There are all the scenes of the Old Testament hanging above you, as you pass one way, and all the scenes of the New as you pass the other. This Scriptural bridge was 1380 feet in length, and when you are tired with looking at the pictures, you may rest your eyes by leaning on the parapet, and gazing over the lovely Lake, with the sail-boats flitting across it, and the distant mountains towering above it. In the roof of another bridge are represented the

heroic passages of native Swiss history, and in yet another the whole curious array of Holbein's Dance of Death.

Wordsworth says truly that "these pictures are not to be spoken of as works of Art, but they are instruments admirably answering the purpose for which they were designed." And indeed when they were first painted, and for a long time after, how deep must have been the impression made by them on the people's mind and especially the hearts of the children. Fathers and mothers with their little ones in hand, from far and near, wandered up and down in these picture-books of the history of Christ and of the country, telling their stories and their lessons. It was a singular conception, and a very happy one, "turning common dust into gold," and inviting every passenger of the bridge to get more than the value of his toll (if ever there was any) by thinking on his pilgrimage. Wordsworth says that the sacred pictures are 240 in number. His lines are beautiful, produced by the remembrance of them.

> "One after one its Tablets that unfold
> The whole design of Scripture history;
> From the first tasting of the fatal Tree,
> Till the bright star appeared in eastern skies,
> Announcing One was born mankind to free;
> His acts, his wrongs, his final sacrifice;
> Lessons for every heart, a Bible for all eyes.
>
> "Long may these homely works devised of old,
> These simple efforts of Helvetian skill,
> Aid, with congenial influence, to uphold
> The State,—the Country's destiny to mould;
> Turning, for them who pass, the common dust
> Of servile opportunity to gold;
> Filling the soul with sentiments august,
> The beautiful, the brave, the holy, and the just!"

Mount Pilatus is the Storm King of the Lake, always brewing mischief; and a good reason for it, according to the strange old legend that he who washed his hands of Christ's blood before all the people, and yet delivered him up *to* the people, drowned himself in a black lake on the top of the mountain. How he came to be there is accounted for by his being banished into Gaul by Tiberius, and into the mountains by Conscience. There still his vexed spirit wanders, and invites the tempest.

If ever in the morning sunshine you get upon the forehead of the mountain, you are sure to have bad weather afterwards, but if in the evening it is clear, this is a good prophecy. Translating the common proverb of the people concerning it in the reverse order,

> "When Pilatus doffs his hat,
> Then the weather will be wet."

But when he keeps his slouched cloud-beaver over his brows all day, you may expect fair weather for your excursions, the storm-spirit not being abroad, but brooding.

CHAPTER LVI.

ASCENT OF THE RIGHI.—EXTRAORDINARY GLORY OF THE VIEW.

If you are favoured with a fine clear sunrise, then, of all excursions from Lucerne, that to the summit of the Righi is unrivalled in the world for its beauty. It is comparatively rare that travellers *are* so favoured, and the Guide-books warn you not to be disappointed, by quoting, as the more common fate, the sad Orphic ululation of some stricken poet, who came down ignorant of sunrise, but well acquainted with the rain.

> Seven weary up-hill leagues we sped,
> The setting sun to see;
> Sullen and grim he went to bed,
> Sullen and grim went we.
> Nine sleepless hours of night we passed
> The rising sun to see;
> Sullen and grim he rose again,
> Sullen and grim rose we."

After hesitating some days, because of unpromising responses from the cloud-sybils, we at length resolved to try it, for the ascent is worth making, at all events. We chose the way across the Lake by the village of Weggis, which place we reached by a lovely sail in a small boat with two rowers, a thousand-fold pleasanter way, and more in keeping with the wild sequestered scenery, than a noisy crowded steamer. There

are several other routes, as you may learn by the Guide books, but I shall mention only ours. Landing at Weggis, you immediately commence the ascent of the mountain, fatiguing to the uttermost on a warm afternoon, but filled with views all the way up, of Lake and snowy mount, and wild-wood scenery, beautiful enough to pay you abundantly, even if you saw nothing at the summit but the ground you tread upon. We made our ascent in the afternoon, so as to be upon the mountain by night, all ready for the morning's glorious spectacle; but it would have been far more comfortable to have come up one morning, and stayed till the next.

The sunset was one of extraordinary splendour, as regards the clouds and their colouring in the golden West, and we enjoyed also a very extensive view, but not *the* view. We had set out from Lucerne with a burden of forebodings, almost every party that had made the ascent for weeks having returned with a load of disappointments; and though the evening was now fine, the next morning might be cloudy. It is an excursion for which you *must* have clear weather, or, as to the particular scene of glory for which you make it, which is the sunrise upon the vast range of mountains visible from the Righi, it is nothing. An ordinarily fine morning will not answer; you must have a clear sky the moment the sun rises into it. Though the whole heavens besides be fair, yet if there happen to be a stripe or bank of clouds lying along the eastern horizon, your sport is up, you lose the great spectacle. The fog, which sometimes breeds in fine weather, is still more destructive. You might as well be abed under your blanket. So it may easily be conceived that of the many thousands, who travel thither, very few obtain the object of their journey. Nevertheless, in other respects, as I have said, the mountain is well worth ascending. A clear sunset, together with the prospects bursting on you in your way up, are rewards to give a day for, and a hard journey.

The brow of the mountain is as perpendicular as Arthur's Crag at Edinburgh, almost cresting over like the sea-surf, or a wave in mid-ocean. In the evening, walking along the edge of the precipice, the vast scene is of a deep and solemn beauty, though you are waiting for the dawn to reveal its several fea-

tures. The lights in so many villages far below, over so great an extent, produce a wild and magic picturesqueness. There at our left is Lucerne, here at our feet is Kussnacht, a few steps to the right and Arth is below you, with many glancing lights in the surrounding chalets. The evening church bells are ringing, and the sound comes undulating upward, so deep, so musical! There is no moon, but the stars are out, and methinks they look much brighter, more startling, more earnest, than they do from the world below. How far we are above that world! How pure and still the air around us! Is the soul as much elevated towards the air of heaven? Ah, if by climbing a mountain top we could become spiritually-minded, how easy would it be! But we have brought the self-same mind and disposition up the Righi, that sailed with our bodies across the Lake, and there is the same moral atmosphere here as in the world below. There is no place lower than heaven that is above sin; and here we are at least a hundred people in all, and room enough for selfishness, were it only in elbowing for room.

The summit where we are is called the *Culm* of the Righi, because it is the *culminating* or highest point, running up with a turf-covered slope, to the wave-like summit. A few steps down the slope stands the little inn, with a second rough lodging house below, though all accommodations are insufficient for the crowd of sleepers waiting for the sun. Half an hour's walk farther down, upon a lower summit, there is another inn, from which those who spend the night there do generally issue too late from their beds to arrive at the summit with the dawn, and so lose the finest part of the vision. We slept little and unquietly, and we rose while the stars were still bright, but beginning to pale a little in the East with the breaking light of day; and no man who has not been in the same situation can tell the delight with which we threw open the windows, and found a clear fresh glorious morning. The sentinel of the dawn for the sleepers in the inn seized his long wooden horn, and blew a blast in doors and out to waken them, and then one after another emerged into the open air, and hastened to the top of the mountain to watch the movements of the sun. It was very

cold, and the travellers who had come away without cloaks had committed a most uncomfortable and nipping mistake, which they sometimes rectify by wrapping themselves in the blankets under which they have slept; a practice which has suggested the intimation, in form of a warning, to be found in every room, that those who carry off the bed coverings shall pay a tax of ten *batz* each. So in a very cold dawn you may see the mountains covered with shivering blanket spectres.

It was the sixth of September, and the most perfectly beautiful morning that can be imagined. At a quarter past three the stars were reigning supreme in the heavens with just enough of the old moon left to make a trail of light in the shape of a little silver boat among them. But speedily the horizon began to redden over the eastern range of mountains, and then the dawn stole on in such a succession of deepening tints, that nothing but the hues of the preceding sunset could be more beautiful. But there is this great difference between the sunrise and sunset, that the hues of sunset are every moment deepening as you look upon them, until again they fade into the darkness, while those of the sunrise gradually fade into the light of day. It is difficult to say which process is most beautiful; for if you could make everything stand still around you, if you could stereotype or stay the process for an hour, you could not tell whether it were the morning dawn or the evening twilight.

A few long, thin stripes of fleecy cloud lay motionless above the eastern horizon, like layers of silver lace, dipped first in crimson, then in gold, then in pink, then lined with an ermine of light, just as if the moon had been lengthened in soft furrows along the sky. This scene in the East attracts every eye at first, but it is not here that *the* glory of the view is to be looked for. This glory is in that part of the horizon on which the sun first falls, as he struggles up behind the mountains to flood the world with light. And the reason why it is so glorious is because, long before you call it sunrise in the East, he lights up in the West a range of colossal pyres, that look like blazing cressets kindled from the sky and fed with naptha.

The object most conspicuous as the dawn broke, and indeed the most sublimely beautiful, was the vast enormous range of

the snowy mountains of the Oberland, without spot or vail of cloud or mist to dim them, the Finsteraarhorn at the left and the Jungfrau and Silberhorn at the right, peak after peak and mass after mass, glittering with a cold wintry whiteness in the gray dawn. Almost the exact half of the circumference of the horizon commanded before and behind in our view, was filled with these peaks and masses of snow and ice, then lower down, the mountains of bare rock, and lower still the earth with mounts of verdure; and this section of the horizontal circumference, which is filled with the vast ranges of the Oberland Alps, being almost due West from the sun's first appearance, it is on their tops that the rising rays first strike.

This was the scene for which we watched, and it seems as if nothing in nature can ever again be so beautiful. It was as if an angel had flown round the horizon of mountain ranges, and lighted up each of their white pyramidal points in succession, like a row of gigantic lamps burning with rosy fires. Just so the sun suddenly tipped the highest points and lines of the snowy outline, and then, descending lower on the body of the mountains, it was as if an invisible Omnipotent hand had taken them, and dipped the whole range in a glowing pink; the line between the cold snow untouched by the sunlight, and the warm roseate hue above, remaining perfectly distinct. This effect continued some minutes, becoming, up to a certain point, more and more beautiful.

We were like children in a dark room, watching for the lighting up of some great transparency. Or, to use that image with which the Poet Danté endeavoured to describe the expectant gaze of Beatrice in Paradise, awaiting the splendours to be revealed, we might say, connecting some passages, and adapting the imagery,

> " E'en as the bird who midst the leafy bower
> Has in her nest sat darkling through the night,
> With her sweet brood; impatient to descry
> Their wished looks, and to bring home their food
> In the fond quest unconscious of her toil:
> She of the time prevenient, on the spray
> That overhangs their couch, with wakeful gaze
> Expects the sun; nor ever till the dawn

Removeth from the east her eager ken.
Wistfully thus we looked to see the heavens
Wax more and more resplendent, till on earth
Her mountain peaks burned as with rosy flame.
'Twixt gladness and amaze
In sooth no will had we to utter ought,
Or hear. And as a pilgrim, when he rests
Within the temple of his vow, looks round,
In breathless awe, and hopes some time to tell
Of all its goodly state; even so our eyes
Coursed up and down along the living light,
Now low, and now aloft, and now around
Visiting every step. Each mount did seem
Colossal ruby, whereon so inwrought
The sunbeam glowed, yet soft, it flamed intense
In ecstasy of glory."

In truth no word was uttered when that scene became visible. Each person gazed in silence, or spake as in a whisper. It was as if we witnessed some supernatural revelation, where mighty spirits were the actors between earth and heaven;

"With such ravishing light
And mantling crimson, in transparent air,
The splendours shot before us."

And yet a devout soul might have almost felt, seeing those fires kindled as on the altars of God made visible, as if it heard the voices of Seraphim crying, Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of Hosts, the whole earth is full of his glory! For indeed, the vision was so radiant, so full of sudden, vast, and unimaginable beauty and splendour, that methinks a phalanx of the Sons of God, who might have been passing at that moment, could not have helped stopping and shouting for joy as on the morning of creation.

This was the transient view, which to behold, one might well undertake a voyage across the Atlantic;—of a glory and a beauty indescribable, and no where else in the world to be enjoyed, and here only in perfect weather. After these few moments, when the sun rose so high, that the whole masses of snow upon the mountain ranges were lighted with the same rosy light, it grew rapidly fainter, till you could no longer distinguish the deep exquisite pink and rosy hues by means of their previous contrast with the cold white. Next the sun's rays fell upon

the bare rocky peaks, where there was neither snow nor vegetation, making them shine like jasper, and next on the forests and soft grassy slopes, and so down into the deep bosom of the vales. The pyramidal shadow cast by the Righi mountain was most distinct and beautiful, but the atmospheric phenomenon of the Spectre of the Righi was not visible.

This amazing panorama is said to extend over a circumference of 300 miles. In all this region, when the upper glory of the heavens and mountain peaks has ceased playing, then, as the sun gets higher, forests, lakes, hills, rivers, trees, and villages, at first indistinct and gray in shadows, become flooded with sunshine, and almost seem floating up towards you. There was for us another feature of the view, constituting by itself one of the most novel and charming sights of Swiss scenery, but which does not always accompany the panorama from the Righi, even in a fine morning. On Earth, the morning may be too fine. This was the soft smooth white body of mist, lying on most of the lakes and on the vales, a sea of mist, floating, or rather brooding, like a white dove, over the landscape. The spots of land at first visible in the midst of it were just like islands half emerging to the view. It lay over the bay of Kussnacht at our feet, like the white robe of an infant in the cradle, but the greater part of the Lake of Lucerne was sleeping quietly without it, as an undressed babe. Over the whole of the Lake of Zug the mist was at first motionless, but in the breath of the morning it began slowly to move altogether towards the West, disclosing the village of Arth and the verdurous borders of the Lake, and then uncovering its deep sea-green waters, which reflected the lovely sailing shadows of the clouds as a mirror.

Now the church bells began to chime under this body of mist, and voices from the invisible villages, mingled with the tinkle of sheep-bells, and the various stir of life awakening from sleep, came stilly up the mountain. And now some of the mountain peaks themselves began suddenly to be touched with fleeces of cloud, as if smoking with incense in morning worship. Detachments of mist begin also to rise from the lakes and valleys, moving from the main body up into the air. The

villages, chalets, and white roads, dotting and threading the vast circumference of landscape, come next into view. And now on the Lake of Zug you may see reflected the shadows of clouds that have risen from the surface, but are themselves below us.

It is said you can see fourteen lakes from the place where we are standing. I counted at least twelve last evening, before the night-vail of the mist had been drawn above them, but this morning the goings on in the heavens have been too beautiful and grand to take the time for counting them, and besides they are too much enveloped with the slow-retiring fogs to detect them. On the side of the Righi under the eastern horizon you behold the little Lake of Lowertz, with the ruins of the village of Goldau, destroyed by the slide of the Rossberg, and you trace distinctly the path of the destroying avalanche, the vast groove of bare rock where the mountain separated and thundered down the vale. A little beyond are the beautiful peaks of Schwytz, called the Mitres.

All this wondrous panorama is before us. Whatever side we turn, new points of beauty are disclosed. As the day advances, every image, fully defined, draws to its perfect place in the picture. A cloudless noon, with its still solemnity, would make visible, for a short time, every height and depth, every lake, mountain, town, streamlet, and village, that the eye could reach from this position, and then would pass again the lovely successive transitions of shade deepening into shade, and colours richlier burning, into the blaze of sunset, and the soft melancholy twilight, till nothing could be seen from our high position but the stars in heaven. In a few hours we have witnessed, as on a central observatory, what the poet Young calls

> ——"the astonishing magnificence
> Of unintelligent creation,"

from the numerous worlds that throng the firmament at midnight,

> "where depth, height, breadth,
> Are lost in their extremes, and where to count
> The thick-sown glories in this field of fire
> Perhaps a seraph's computation fails."

to the beauty and sublimity of our own small world, revealed when theirs is hidden, in the break of dawn, and revealed with such an array of morning splendour, that not even Night and the universe of stars can be for the moment a more entrancing spectacle!

And for whom hath God arranged all this? Not for the angels alone, but for every eye that looks to him in love, for the humblest mind and heart that can look abroad and say, My Father made them all! He made them, that his children might love him in them, and know him by them.

> "The soul of man, His face designed to see,
> Who gave these wonders to be seen by man,
> Has here a previous scene of objects great
> On which to dwell; to stretch to that expanse
> Of thought, to rise to that exalted height
> Of admiration, to contract that awe,
> And give her whole capacities that strength
> Which best may qualify for final joy.
> The more our spirits are enlarged on earth,
> The deeper draught they shall receive of heaven.
> Thou, who didst touch the lips of Jesse's son,
> Rapt in sweet contemplation of those fires,
> And set his harp in concert with the spheres,
> Teach me, by this stupendous scaffolding,
> Creation's golden steps, to climb to Thee!"
>
> YOUNG.

Before such a scene how ought the heart to expand with the love of God and the adoration of his glory! Waken, O my soul, to morning worship with the whole creation around thee, and breathe forth, with all the works of God, the breath of gratitude and praise. What a scene is this! How beautiful, how beautiful! And if our hearts *were* in perfect unison with it, if there were within us a spiritual scenery, the work of divine grace, as fitting as this material, the creation of divine power, heaven with its purity and blessedness would not be far off from every one of us. And why should the light of the rising sun kindle earth and heaven into a smile so transcendently beautiful, and our souls not be enkindled in like manner in their horizon of spiritual glory? We need divine grace to take away our blindness. This rosy flame, into which the cold

snowy mountain tops seemed suddenly changed by the sun upon them, was a symbol of what takes place with the truths of the Word of God, when the Spirit breathes upon them and brings them to the soul. Then how they shine, with what lovely warmth of colouring, with what intense exciting brightness, with what interpenetrating glory, by which the soul itself is transfigured and raised to heaven! So must God shine into our hearts to give us the light of the knowledge of his glory, as it shines in the face of Jesus Christ. When this is done, then all things are filled with meaning and love.

And this whole scene of Night giving place to Morning, poured like a flood over the wide earth, viewed from a height so commanding, may bring forcibly to mind the glory of the rising of the Sun of Righteousness upon the nations, the light and holiness of the Gospel poured over the world and transfiguring its tribes and institutions with blessedness. From their post of observation in heaven, methinks celestial intelligencies enjoy something such a view, as they see Christ's kingdom advancing, the troops of Darkness fleeing, the mists of Error rolling from the earth, the shrines of idolatry falling, the true temples of God everywhere rising, nation after nation coming to the light, the world awakening to God's praise resounding. From every clime they come, in every zone they kneel, from continents and islands, in sun-burned Ethiopia and ice-clad Greenland, Eastern Java, and the natives of the farthest West, unfettered Africa and China from the thraldom of her gods.

> "One Lord, one Father! Error has no place;
> That creeping pestilence is driven away;
> The breath of heaven has chased it. In the heart
> No passion touches a discordant string.
> One song employs all nations, and all cry
> Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us!
> The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
> Shout to each other, and the mountain tops
> From distant mountains catch the flying joy,
> Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
> Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round!'

CHAPTER LVII.

LUCERNE TO EINSEIDLEN.—DR. ZAY'S HISTORY OF THE ROSSBERG AVALANCHE.

We left Lucerne at five o'clock in the morning, that is, myself and an English clergyman, whom I had promised at Geneva to meet at Lucerne and travel with him into Italy, down the pass of the Splugen. We were dropped by the steamer at the village of Brunnen in the Canton of Schwytz, near the little republic of Gersau, the whole of which occupied one village, and a principality of a few acres. The old town of Schwytz, from which the country of Switzerland takes its name, a town of old heroic remembrances and valorous men, is most romantically situated at the foot of those curious hierarchical mountains called the Mitres. We entered the old church, looked into the town-house with its interesting antique portraits, of real ancestral nobility, passed the Mitres and the Goldau lake, and the Rossberg avalanche, and wound our way towards the curacy of Zwingle and the Abbey of Einseidlen. There is much food for reflection all the way, as well as much natural beauty for enjoyment. A few mornings ago we were overlooking all this scene from the summit of the Righi, how beautiful! But is there one spot in all this world of ours where the thought of beauty is not linked sooner or later with that of pain and death?

No man can pass this Rossberg mountain without thinking of the dread catastrophe that here, only a few years ago, overwhelmed in so vast a burial three or four whole lovely villages at once;—one of the most terrible natural convulsions in all the history of Switzerland. Four hundred and fifty-seven persons are said to have perished beneath this mighty avalanche. The place out of which it broke in the mountain is a thousand feet in breadth by a hundred feet deep, and this falling mass extended bodily at least three miles in length. It shot across the valley with the swiftness of a cannon-ball, so that in five minutes the villages were all crushed as if they had been egg-shells, or the mimic toys of children. And when the people looked towards

the luxuriant vale, where the towns had lain smiling and secure, the whole region was a mass of smoking ruins. It makes one think of the sight that met the eyes of Abraham, when "he got up early in the morning to the place where he stood before the Lord," and all the country, where the cities of the plain had been, was as the smoke and scurf of a furnace.

But this history ought not to be related in any other language than the simple and powerful narrative of Dr. Zay, of the neighbouring village of Arth, an eye-witness of the tremendous spectacle. I shall give his words, even though they may be familiar to my readers; a paraphrase would not be half so interesting.

"The summer of 1806," says he, "had been very rainy, and on the first and second of September it rained incessantly. New crevices were observed in the flank of the mountain, a sort of cracking noise was heard internally, stones started out of the ground, detached fragments of rocks rolled down the mountain; at two o'clock in the afternoon of the second of September, a large rock became loose, and in falling raised a cloud of black dust. Toward the lower part of the mountain, the ground seemed pressed down from above; and when a stick or a spade was driven in, it moved of itself. A man, who had been digging in his garden, ran away from fright at these extraordinary appearances; soon a fissure, larger than all the others, was observed; insensibly it encreased; springs of water ceased all at once to flow; the pine-trees of the forest absolutely reeled; birds flew away screaming. A few minutes before five o'clock, the symptoms of some mighty catastrophe became still stronger; the whole surface of the mountain seemed to glide down, but so slowly as to afford time to the inhabitants to go away. An old man, who had often predicted some such disaster, was quietly smoking his pipe, when told by a young man, running by, that the mountain was in the act of falling; he rose and looked out, but came into his house again, saying he had time to fill another pipe. The young man, continuing to fly, was thrown down several times, and escaped with difficulty; looking back, he saw the house carried off all at once.

"Another inhabitant, being alarmed, took two of his chil-

dren and ran away with them, calling to his wife to follow with the third; but she went in for another who still remained (Marianna, aged five): just then, Francisca Ulrich, their servant, was crossing the room with this Marianna, whom she held by the hand, and saw her mistress; at that instant, as Francisca afterwards said, 'The house appeared to be torn from its foundation (it was of wood), and spun round and round like a tetotum; I was sometimes on my head, sometimes on my feet, in total darkness, and violently separated from the child.' When the motion stopped, she found herself jammed in on all sides, with her head downwards, much bruised, and in extreme pain. She supposed she was buried alive at a great depth; with much difficulty she disengaged her right hand, and wiped the blood from her eyes. Presently she heard the faint moans of Marianna, and called to her by her name; the child answered that she was on her back among stones and bushes which held her fast, but that her hands were free, and that she saw the light, and even something green. She asked whether people would not soon come to take them out. Francisca answered that it was the day of judgment, and that no one was left to help them, but that they would be released by death, and be happy in heaven. They prayed together. At last Francisca's ear was struck by the sound of a bell, which she knew to be that of Steinenberg: then seven o'clock struck in another village, then she began to hope there were still living beings, and endeavoured to comfort the child. The poor little girl was at first clamorous for her supper, but her cries soon became fainter, and at last quite died away. Francisca, still with her head downwards, and surrounded with damp earth, experienced a sense of cold in her feet almost insupportable. After prodigious efforts she succeeded in disengaging her legs, and thinks this saved her life. Many hours had passed in this situation, when she again heard the voice of Marianna, who had been asleep, and now renewed her lamentations. In the meantime, the unfortunate father, who, with much difficulty, had saved himself and two children, wandered about till daylight, when he came among the ruins to look for the rest of his family. He soon discovered his wife, by a foot which appeared above

ground: she was dead, with a child in her arms. His cries, and the noise he made in digging, were heard by Marianna, who called out. She was extricated with a broken thigh, and, saying that Francisca was not far off, a farther search led to her release also, but in such a state that her life was despaired of: she was blind for some days, and remained subject to convulsive fits of terror. It appeared that the house, or themselves at least, had been carried down about one thousand five hundred feet from where it stood before.

"In another place, a child two years old was found unhurt, lying on its straw mattress upon the mud, without any vestige of the house from which he had been separated. Such a mass of earth and stones rushed at once into the Lake of Lowertz, although five miles distant, that one end of it was filled up, and a prodigious wave passing completely over the island of Schwanau, seventy feet above the usual level of the water, overwhelmed the opposite shore, and, as it returned, swept away into the lake many houses with their inhabitants. The village of Seewen, situated at the farther end, was inundated, and some houses washed away, and the flood carried live fish into the village of Steinen. The chapel of Olten, built of wood, was found half a league from the place it had previously occupied, and many large blocks of stone completely changed their position.

"The most considerable of the villages overwhelmed in the vale of Arth was Goldau, and its name is now affixed to the whole melancholy story and place. I shall relate only one more incident:—A party of eleven travellers from Berne, belonging to the most distinguished families there, arrived at Arth on the second of September, and set off on foot for the Righi a few minutes before the catastrophe. Seven of them had got about two hundred yards a-head,—the other four saw them entering the village of Goldau, and one of the latter, Mr. R. Jenner, pointing out to the rest the summit of the Rossberg (full four miles off in a straight line), where some strange commotion seemed taking place, which they themselves (the four behind) were observing with a telescope, and had entered into conversation on the subject with some strangers just come up;

when, all at once, a flight of stones, like cannon-balls, traversed the air above their heads; a cloud of thick dust obscured the valley; a frightful noise was heard. They fled! As soon as the obscurity was so far dissipated as to make objects discernable, they sought their friends, but the village of Goldau had disappeared under a heap of stones and rubbish one hundred feet in height, and the whole valley presented nothing but a perfect chaos! Of the unfortunate survivors, one lost a wife to whom he was just married, one a son, a third the two pupils under his care: all researches to discover their remains were, and have ever since been, fruitless. Nothing is left of Goldau but the bell which hung in its steeple, and which was found about a mile off. With the rocks torrents of mud came down, acting as rollers: but they took a different direction when in the valley, the mud following the slope of the ground towards the lake of Lowertz, while the rocks preserving a straight course, glanced across the valley towards the Righi. The rocks above, moving much faster than those near the ground, went farther, and ascended even a great way up the Righi: its base is covered with large blocks carried to an incredible height, and by which trees were mowed down as they might have been by cannon."

The people of Goldau are said to have possessed such interesting qualities of person and manners, such purity and simplicity of domestic life, as well corresponded with the loveliness of their native village and its surrounding scenery. How strange and awful seems under such circumstances the transition from Time into Eternity! No thought was there of death, no effort of preparation, no moment of prayer, but a swift, dread crash, a wild surprise, and those overtaken souls were in the world of spirits! What a lesson for the living! Yet its power is all taken away, in all probability, with the race remaining, and with the crowd of visitors annually passing, its power as a lesson of sudden death, by the mere fact that death under the same circumstances is not likely to be the lot of those now living. No, answers the lesson, not perhaps under the same circumstances; but the solemnity of the event is not in its circumstances, and your own death may be *as* sudden, though

you may not be buried under a mountain. It is sudden death, not the being crushed by an avalanche, that is so awful. Wherefore, as you stand upon this great grave, and moralize over it, remembering perhaps the prayer, *From sudden death, O God, deliver us!*—pray also that you may be prepared for sudden death, for it *may* come to you at your own fireside. Endeavour, by Christ's grace, so to live, that death *cannot* be sudden to you, whenever or however he may come.

Those are most striking and appropriate lines of an old poet, telling us that though God has promised *grace* for repentance, he has not promised *time*, but always says now. Good stanzas they are for our pilgrimage, whether we be at home or abroad, a precious word of wisdom.

> "Early set forth on thine eternal race;
> The ascent is steep and craggy; thou must climb
> God *at all times* has promised sinners GRACE
> *If they repent;*—but He ne'er promised TIME.
>
> Cheat not thyself, as most, who *then* prepare
> For Death, when life is almost turned to fume:
> One thief was saved, that no man need despair,
> And *but* one thief, that no one might presume."

CHAPTER LVIII.

MORGARTEN, SEMPACH, AND ARNOLD OF WINKELRIED.

On our way from Schwytz to Einseidlen, a short romantic walk from the main road, lies the battle-field of Morgarten, on the borders of the little Lake of Egerie, a spot next after Sempach, famous in the heroic ages of Swiss history. We have passed the scene of a great convulsion of nature, a mountain tumbling from its base, and "rocking its Alpine brethren;" but what was this, or a hundred such avalanches, to the war of human passion? Is it not strange that we stand over the ruins of a volcano, on the grave of buried cities, or where a mountain has fallen on a hamlet and think so much of the loss of life, and the sorrow and pain and dread of sudden death, and the universal mourning of survivors, but can visit a battle-

field, where death revelled with infinitely more of horror and fury, and think of nothing but glory! This avalanche of men at Morgarten was the death of thousands, whirled in a storm of passion out of life, with desolating anguish and ruin to thousands more; but men gaze at the scene of the conflict, and think only of the heroism of the living avalanche.

True, it was a battle against tyranny, and William Tell and Walter Furst are said to have been there; so, no wonder that the Swiss fought so terribly; but still it was war, savage, fierce, remorseless war. And war for ages was almost the habitual school of the Swiss Cantons. This great victory may well be called the Marathon of Swiss history, the conquest of twenty thousand Austrians by a band of only thirteen hundred men of the mountains, a rushing, crashing ruin like a whirlwind. It took place in the year 1315. A little commemorative chapel stands above the lake, overhung by a rocky hill, from which the scene is all before you; but it is very difficult to conceive the position of the armies. The thirteen hundred hung like a small thunder-cloud on the heights above the lake, and the twenty thousand were mailed and crowded along the narrow strand below. The men of Schwytz were the leaders of the patriots, joined with four hundred from Uri, and three hundred from Unterwalden, and after this day, the name Swiss designated the confederacy and the country—Schwitzer-land.

Seventy-one years afterwards, not far from the same region, on the borders of the Lake of Sempach, against the same Austrian enemies, one man, Arnold of Winkelried, gained a like victory in 1386, by his own self-devotion, at the head of about fourteen hundred men. The poet Wordsworth has finely connected his memory with Tell's, at the shrine of patriotism and religion.

"Thither, in time of adverse shocks,
Of fainting hopes and backward wills,
Did mighty Tell repair of old,—
A Hero cast in Nature's mould,
Deliverer of the steadfast rocks,
And of the ancient hills!

He too, of battle martyrs chief!
Who, to recall his daunted peers,
For victory shaped an open space,
By gathering with a wide embrace,

Into his single heart, a sheaf,
Of fatal Austrian spears."

It was indeed an amazing act of self-sacrificing courage, that has no parallel whatever in the history of battles. We will let Zschokke tell the story in prose, and then proceed upon our interrupted pilgrimage. "It was the season of harvest, when the sun darted his beams with great ardour. After a short prostration in prayer, the Swiss arose; their numbers were four hundred men from Lucerne, nine hundred from the Waldstetten, and about a hundred from Glaris and other places. Uniting now their forces, they precipitated themselves with great impetuosity upon the impregnable Austrian phalanx: but not a man yielded to the shock. The Swiss fell one after another; numbers lay bleeding on the ground; their whole force began to waver, when suddenly a voice like thunder exclaimed 'I will open a passage to freedom; faithful and beloved confederates, protect only my wife and children!' These words of Arnold Struthan of Winkelried, a knight of Unterwalden, were no sooner uttered *than he seized with both arms as many of the enemy's spears as he was able, buried them in his body, and sank to the ground*, while the confederates rushed forward through the breach over his corpse." Nothing now could withstand the torrent; helmets, arms, all, were demolished by the blows of their clubs. Hundreds of mailed warriors and nobles went down, and Duke Leopold of Austria fell lifeless. Thousands perished in retreat, and the little band remained victorious and free, to bless the devotion of Arnold of Winkelried, and to cherish the legacy of his patriotism, and the fireside of his wife and children. Nothing like this is to be found either in ancient or modern history, and rightly pondered, what a lesson of self-sacrifice it reads to the patriot and the Christian!

CHAPTER LIX.

PILGRIMAGE OF EINSEIDLEN AND WORSHIP OF THE VIRGIN.

Einseidlen constitutes the very head quarters of the worship of the Virgin Mary. All day long, if you come into the

region as we did, nigh about the season for the great annual worshipping festival, or virginal levee, you will meet pilgrims on the roads in every direction, hurrying thither or returning from the shrine; old men and robust peasants, maidens and little children, troops of old women telling their beads and repeating their prayers, as they tramp along the wet road, as if praying for a wager. What an intense, haggard zeal is depicted in some of their countenances; their lips move, and they do not look at you, but hurry on undistracted from their great work, for they probably have a certain number of *Aves* to repeat, or perhaps a bead roll of prayers so constructed, that if they miss one, they must go over the whole again from the beginning.

And is this religion? Is it *taught* for religion by beings who have heard of Jesus Christ, and of the Sacred Scriptures, and of the character of God? Is this the influence of the Virgin Mary upon the soul? Do men expect thus to climb to heaven? Pass on to the great building, the spacious Temple of the Virgin, and you will see. It is a vast and gaudy church within, a stately structure without, enshrining a black image of the Virgin, almost as black as ebony, which some believe came miraculously from heaven, as fully as ever the Ephesians believed in the heaven-descended character of the image of their great goddess Diana. This singular shrine is frequented by multitudes of penance-doing people, who go thither at the impulse of their anxious half-awakened consciences, under guidance of their priests, to deposit their offerings, perform their prayers, and quiet their souls with the hope, by Mary's help, of escaping unscathed both Hell and Purgatory.

The multitude of pilgrims is sometimes prodigious. When the anniversary festival of the miraculous consecration of the shrine comes on the Sabbath, it lasts fifteen days, and is a great collective jubilee. From every quarter the pilgrims flock as to the opened gate of Heaven. Here they may have pleasures by the way, commuted for by light penances, or by the pilgrimage itself, indulgences for future pleasure, and pardons, unlimited, for sin. From the year 1820 to 1840, the number of pilgrims annually has been at an average of more than

150,000. This vast concourse of strangers keeps the town and parish of Einseidlen in a thriving business of innkeeping, merchandise, and various light manufactures for the "Star of the Sea," the "Queen of Heaven." As of old the Ephesians made silver shrines for Diana, and by her worship got their own wealth, so the Einseidleners make images, shrines, and pictures for Mary, and by this craft maintain a thrifty state. Around the great church in front and on each side, as well as in the village, are rows of stalls or shops for the sale of books, beads, pictures, images, and a thousand *knicknacks* in honour of the Virgin, and as a portable *Memoria Technica* of her worship. The Pope's letter in her behalf makes appropriate display among all these treasures, and as it were fixes their value, just as the Pontifical stamp coins money. It makes one's heart ache to see the mournful superstition of the people. Indeed the whole Establishment of the Virgin in the Romish worship is one of the most prodigious transactions of spiritual fraud, one of the vastest pieces of forgery and speculation in the history of our race. It is a great South Sea bubble of religious superstition, by which thousands make a fortune in this world, but millions make shipwreck of their souls for ever.

The Pope and the Priesthood are joint stockholders of a great bank in heaven, which they have reared on false capital, and of which they have appointed Mary the supreme and perpetual Directress. So the Pope and the Priests issue their bills of credit on Mary, and for the people the whole concern is turned into a sort of savings bank, where believers deposit their *Ave Marias*, their pilgrimages, their penances, their orisons and *acts of grace*, receiving now, for convenience in this world, drafts from the Pope, and expecting to receive their whole reversionary fortune from Mary in Paradise. If this be not as sheer, pure, unsophisticated a form of paganism, as the annals of Heathen Mythology ever disclosed or perfected, we are at a loss to know what constitutes paganism. The artful mixture of the Gospel scheme of redemption, and reference to it, in this Marianic system, makes it, if not a stronger poison, a far more subtle and dangerous delusion for the mind.

The Romish Scheme as here demonstrated is a system of me-

diators and courts of appeal, which puts the soul as far as possible from the Great Mediator, and prevents all direct access to the fountain of a Saviour's blood. Here we have the Pope accrediting the saints, the saints interceding with Mary, Mary interceding with Christ. The system in general, and Einsiedlen in particular, with the legendary literature and litanies connected with it, constitutes a great development of the common faith and literature of the Middle Ages, the idea of which, examined not in the common mind, but only in a few great intellects, has been in some quarters so applauded even by professed Protestants. Ages of Faith, forsooth, where true faith was rendered almost impossible, and all the life of the soul was one vast superstition.

In front of the great Einsiedlen Church there is a fountain, with fourteen compartments or jets, at one of which the common people say and believe our Saviour drank, though when, or how, or by what possibility, it would puzzle the stanchest Judæus Apellas to tell. If this place were Sychar, nigh to the parcel of ground which Jacob gave to his son Joseph, or even if Einsiedlen were on the way to Egypt from the Holy Land, such a legend were more possibly accountable and admissible; but here in the Alpine Mountains, on the way from Schwytz to Zurich, no man can imagine how such a tradition came about. And yet the poor people believe it. I saw a peasant with the utmost gravity and reverence taking fourteen drinks in succession, in order that he might be sure he had got the right one; and probably all the more ignorant pilgrims do the same. Simultaneously with him, a flock of geese were drinking round the fountain, but with much more wit, to save the trouble of going the circuit, they dipped their splashing bill-cups in the reservoir below, into which all the fourteen jets pour their streams together, being sure that the contents of the sacred one must necessarily be there also.

And do you really think that a goose has so much sense? Do *you* think a *man* can have so much *folly?* I would answer: Which ought to be the greatest marvel, that a goose should conclude, since all the jets fall into the pool, that there can be no one jet the water of which is not there, or that a man should

have so much sad and blind credulity as to believe that Jesus Christ once drank there, and that if *he* drinks at the same jet, his *soul* will be benefited? Which, I ask, ought to be the greatest marvel? Is it not a folly almost incredible, almost equal to the mad enthusiasm of the Tunic worshippers at Treves, Holy Coat, pray for us! And what is to be said of a religion which, instead of endeavouring to cure people of their ignorance, just takes advantage of it, enshrining and maintaining in state every absurd phantasm that a frightened superstitious brain can coin? It is the veriest trickery, worthy of a Turkish Santon, a religious jugglery, not half so respectable as that of Jannes and Jambres, to cajole the common uneducated mind in this manner. And it passes one's comprehension how educated men, in other respects upright and honest, can connive at the cherishing of such lunacies among the people.

It is not merely the nature of these things as a curious system of superstitions that we wish to look at. The philosophic traveller desires to observe, and is bound to observe, their effect upon the character of the people, the manner in which they take hold of the mind, the sort of atmosphere which they form around the common heart and life of the multitude. This is one of the most curious and instructive investigations in all a man's journeyings in Europe, especially when he comes upon an enclosure into which the light and influences of the Reformation have never penetrated, and where Romanism, not having come in contact with systems or controversies, that might shake the faith of its votaries, may be sounded in its depths in the souls invested with it. There is too much of a disposition to set down a Protestant traveller's notes on the Romish system as he sees it to the score of bigotry or religious prejudice. This is both unfair and unwise, for it tends to make travellers neglectful of observing the workings of foreign religious systems, or restricted and uncandid in giving their impressions to the public. There is nothing that a traveller ought to watch more closely, or report more fully and fairly, than the nature of these two things, religion and education, among the people where he journeys. What should we say, if M. De Tocque-

ville, in writing of us in America, had abstained from all notices and remarks on our religious system, because this would have rendered his book obnoxious to some, and distasteful to others, and might have injured its popularity and acceptableness? A man travels in Europe blindfold, who either does not observe, or neglects to record, the workings of the great religious system, or who sees it, not in its effects on the whole character of the people or on common minds, but only in its festival ceremonies in gorgeous cathedrals. It is to be feared that many persons look upon Romanism only with the outward eye, and only in its outward observances, without attempting to trace its progress and its influence on the mind and in the heart.

I purchased and brought away with me several of the little images of the Virgin, which are sold in countless quantities for the use of worshippers. They look very much like the portable images of the household gods of Egypt, which I obtained several years ago while travelling in that country. They may lie on the same shelf in a man's cabinet of curiosities. And what a curious concatenation, after four thousand years, which brings the idolatry of the earliest pagan system and that of the professedly Christian system, at the two extremes, so singularly together! Looking at these two sets of images, which a man may carry side by side in his trousers' pocket, it is difficult to believe that there was one particle more or less of superstition and idolatry in the use of the one than of the other. For a poor peasant now may be as complete and unconscious an idolater of his "Star of the Sea," with the rude image which he carries in his pocket, or about his neck, as the ancient Egyptian peasant was of his Isis or Osiris. Indeed, the idolatry, whatever it might be, which comes after Christianity, must in some respects be worse than that which preceded it.

I gathered likewise several of the little tracts issued at Einseidlen concerning the Virgin, the Shrine and the pilgrimage, constituting the catechisms of the people, and revealing, better than anything else, the water-courses, so to speak, of the superstition in their hearts. One of these consists of Litanies for

the invocation of the Virgin, with an incredible number and repetition of her titles, and accompanying prayers and supplications to her in all hours and circumstances of danger and distress, from the first moment of temptation to the hour of death and the day of judgment, with a depth of earnestness and even anguish of soul that exhausts all the religious sentiments of our fallen nature. "O Virgin Mother of God! in all our pains and tribulations come to our aid, and we will love and bless you to all eternity. Amen."

Another of these tracts consists of an ancient song upon the miraculous dedication of the Holy Chapel of the Virgin, which is said to have been visibly consecrated by our Lord Jesus Christ in honour of his most holy Mother, the fourteenth of September, of the year 948. To this is added a long prayer to be said before the holy Chapel or the Holy Image of Our Lady, and a shorter prayer to be said before a portable image by those who cannot serve the Virgin at her grand altar at Einseidlen, for which last prayer two hundred days' indulgence are gained by the gift of the Pope. Three *pater nosters* and three *Ave Marias* answer instead of this prayer for those who do not know how to read. Then follows a prayer to Saint Meinrad, the first worshipper of the image, and a martyr in the Chapel, addressed in the prayer as the *mignon* or dear one of Mary. Saint Meinrad is called upon to intercede with the "Almighty Mother," and to obtain for devout penitents the pardon of their sins, and the preservation of their bodies from all dangers, and their souls from damnation. In the supplication to the Virgin the soul is represented as fleeing from the wrath of God, to be protected by her in the day of judgment; and the sinner renders up his last sigh into her hands, that his soul may praise her for ever in a blessed eternity.

O wide and sad and powerful delusion! To all this variety of expedients, to all these successive ranks of spiritual lawyers, men run with costly fees in their hands, rather than straight to Christ! All this stately apparatus of ages, altars, and images with men adorning them, crosses on the garments, crosses about the neck, crosses by the roadside, and pilgrims kneeling at them, while the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of

the world, stands by unnoticed, and the voice, "Come unto me!" is never heard.

It is a beautiful, though quaint gem of rude poetry, by which George Herbert has illustrated the difference between the vain and the true search after Peace. If any of my readers are tired of the Pilgrimage to Einseidlen, they may have something sweeter to dwell upon in Herbert's lines.

"Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave
Let me once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave,
And asked if Peace were there;
A hollow wind did seem to answer, No;
Go, seek elsewhere.

I did; and going, did a rainbow note:
Surely, thought I,
This is the lace of Peace's coat;
I will search out the matter:
But while I looked, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower,
The Crown Imperial: Sure, said I,
Peace at the root must dwell;
But when I digged, I saw a worm devour
What showed so well.

At length I met a reverend good old man:
Whom when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began:
There was a Prince of old
In Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase
Of flock and fold.

He sweetly lived; yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes;
But after death, out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat;
Which many wondering at, got some of those
To plant and set.

It prospered strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth:
For they that taste it do rehearse
What virtue lies therein;
A secret virtue, bringing Peace and Mirth
By flight of sin.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you:
Make bread of it; and that repose
And Peace which everywhere
With so much earnestness you do pursue,
Is only there,
The Bread of Life, for ever fresh and fair."

CHAPTER LX.

ZURICH AND ZWINGLE.—BANISHMENT OF PROTESTANTS FROM LOCARNO.

The Stork Inns! I know not why the hôtels should be likened to such fowl as the Stork, the Vulture, and others of that ilk, unless it be on account of their long bills. Such as these are, however, somewhat favourite appellations for the inns of Germany and Switzerland, and a tired traveller may find himself very comfortable in their hospitalities, not reckoning without his host. A man may spend delightfully at Zurich much more time than we did, whether he be lodged at the Stork, the Stag, the Bear, the Lion, the Peacock, the Black Eagle (if he can find any such inns in the place), or at the hôtel Baur, to which Mr. Murray will direct him. I like a pleasant title for an inn; there is something friendly and attractive in it. The *Quid pro Quo* would be an excellent cognomen; whether you render it *something for somebody*, or *sure of your money's worth*, or *entertainment for man and beast*. There is more *inn-ward* significance in the titles of Inns than most men dream of; and probably a philosophic traveller would find many a cud of contemplation both curious and instructive, should he set himself to trace the character and habits of nations in the names and sign-pictures of their inns, from the St. George and the Dragon of merry England to the Three Kings of Germany and the Hôtel of the Universe in France.

Zurich is a town of about 15,000 inhabitants much given to manufacturing and literature, careful of education, prudent, and industrious, prosperous, ancestral, old-fashioned. You see here a Cathedral of the tenth century, where Zwingle preached

in the sixteenth. Noble heroic times and spirits were here during the fires of the Reformation. Coverdale's old Bible, the first entire English version of the Scriptures, was printed here in 1535; and here great men, driven from England by the fatal reign of Mary, came to worship as exiles, where, in the enjoyment of the hospitality of Zurich, they could cherish their faith, and wait for God to help them. One of the greatest helps God ever gave to the English Reformers was the bringing them to this place and to Geneva, where the forms of glory in creation were so grandly in unison with the excitement of their souls under the discoveries of divine truth, and where they learned such lessons of freedom from the republican simplicity of the Reformation out of England. There they saw those wonders of the world, unseen before for ages, those early simple forms of government, *unhierarchical, unmonarchical,* in the Church without a bishop, and the State without a king.

I am not afraid of fatiguing my readers with landing-places of good poetry, and they may be glad to see, what perhaps some of them have not seen, a copy of the verses which the poet Montgomery tells us appeared in nearly all the Genevan editions of that translation of the Bible which was made during the reign of Queen Mary, by those illustrious exiles, John Knox, Miles Coverdale, Anthony Gilby, Christopher Goodman, and others. This translation of the Bible may in some measure be considered as one of the results of Queen Mary's fires.

"ON THE INCOMPARABLE TREASURE OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

"Here is the Spring where waters flow
To quench our heat of sin;
Here is the Tree where Truth doth grow,
To lead our lives therein.

Here is the Judge that stints the strife,
Where men's devices fail;
Here is the Bread that feeds the Life
That Death cannot assail.

The tidings of Salvation dear
Come to our ears from hence;
The Fortress of our Faith is here,
And Shield of our defence.

Then be not like the Hog that hath
A pearl at his desire,
But takes more pleasure at the trough,
And wallowing in the mire.

Read not this Book in any case
But with a single eye;
Read not, but first desire God's grace
To understand thereby.

Pray still in faith, with this respect,
To fructify therein;
That knowledge may bring this effect,
To mortify thy sin.

Then happy thou in all thy life,
What so to thee befalls;
Yea, double happy thou shalt be,
When God by death thee calls."

Of a clear sunset the view of Zurich down the Lake is most superbly beautiful. There is a mixture of grandeur in its beauty, owing to the magnificent outline of distant mountains, without which it might be somewhat tame. But any scenery would be tame after a few weeks spent from night till morn and morn till eve, by sunlight and moonlight, amidst mountains covered or crowned with snow. It is surprising what an exciting, passionate effect those piles of snow hanging in the horizon produce upon the mind; you never tire of the sight, nor lose your sense of its novelty and sublimity; and when you are without it, you desire it; a portion of the mind of creation seems abstracted. It is like the great sea in the landscape.

Zurich presents many points and sights of interest, but of all the things offered to the stranger, the pet lions to me have been Zuinglius' own old Bible, with his own notes in the margin, and two or three letters from the lovely Lady Jane Grey, in her own most beautiful hand-writing. Zuinglius' notes were most frequent, I observed, upon the minor Prophets; a very characteristic indication, if it might be taken for a proof of his preferences in the Word of God. For there is a fire, a boldness, and a straight-forward simple energy and plainness of dealing in the minor Prophets which wonderfully marked the character of the Swiss Reformer. The prophets Amos and Hosea would be likely to be favourites with him. He called no

man master on earth, and laboured faithfully for his Master in Heaven. He and Luther and Melancthon must have had a joyful meeting with one another, and with Paul and Peter and John, and other old disciples and worthies. How they talked over the scenes of the Reformation and of the great primeval spread of the Gospel beginning at Jesusalem!

The Reformers, as well as the Apostles, worked and wrote, much of their time, with Death full in view; and there is nothing like that to give fire to a man's thoughts, fervour to his feelings, and such an earnestness and solemnity of tone to his utterances, as will compel men to heed them. Almost every word was like a last word, and like a testimony amidst the fire. While this was the case, their communications one with another, and with the people, had a grave sublime impression and prophecy of danger and of suffering, very powerful upon a soul under the seizure of divine truth and grace. There was little room for declamation, or superficial or artificial eloquence, in such circumstances; everything came straight *from* the soul, and went straight *to* the soul, driven by conviction. Life was a great solemn tragedy. The bare utterance of truth was like storming a breach at the mouth of cannon. Hence the decisive energy, conciseness, and power of the Reformers.

It is not so now in Germany; the new reformation is indeed a revolution, but of a much lower kind; the Spirit of God evidently thus far has much less to do with it, and though it is doubtless one of God's great shakings and overturnings, in preparation for the administration of the Spirit, it must be regarded thus far principally *as* preparation. The Question now is Religious Liberty; in the first Reformation it was Religious Life: there lies the difference. After Life comes Liberty, but you are not so sure that after Liberty comes Life. Men may mistake *licence* for liberty, even in religion; and as in the Canton de Vaud, licence and despotism may go hand in hand, imposing fetters on the Church and on the soul.

Zurich owes much of the prosperity and learning by which it is distinguished, to its hearty acceptance and defence of the doctrines and followers of the Reformation. It is a most impressive lesson to compare the history of Zurich at the north, with that

of Locarno at the south, of the Swiss territory. About the year 1530 a devout monk from Milan, Beccaria by name, came to Locarno as an earnest preacher of Evangelical Truth. The Romish governor of the bailiwick had the preacher thrown into prison, hoping in this way to stop the fire of the Reformation from spreading. But it had already burned too deep and too far; the people surrounded the castle of the governor and compelled him to release their preacher, who afterwards escaped into the Val Misocco. The next step of the governor, under authority of the seven Romish Cantons, was to command all the disciples of the Reformation to attend mass, under pain of outlawry. The Pope by his Nuncio with the Priests, continued to aggravate the persecution, until the resolution was taken to banish the Protestants with their families from their homes for ever. The decree was issued in March, 1555. In the town-hall of Locarno, one hundred and fifty followers of the Reformed faith received sentence of exile, and immediately set out, amidst all the severity of the season, across savage mountains, to find a kinder home, where the beliefs so dear to conscience, and so sacred to the sight of God, would be revered by man, and permitted in their cherished exercise.

From that period, the decay of Locarno in industry and prosperity followed, while Zurich received a new source of wealth and an additional element of art and refinement. "The evangelical confederates," says Zschokke, "welcomed them with true Christian charity, and more than a hundred of these unfortunate exiles, amongst whom were many affluent and learned men, as Orelli, Muralt, and others, found an asylum at Zurich, where their families are distinguished to the present day. By their means the art of weaving silk was introduced into Zurich; they also established mills and dyeing houses, and contributed so much by their industry to the prosperity of the town, that its celebrity was soon extended far beyond the limits of Switzerland."

After the sentence of banishment from Locarno had been pronounced by the deputies, the Pope's Nuncio, with a couple of Inquisitors, made their appearance, and with great severity exclaimed against the mildness of the punishment. They de-

manded of the council, on pain of the Pope's indignation, to add the penalty of confiscation to that of banishment, to take away all the property of the exiles, and to separate from them their children also, in order to have them educated in the Romish faith. The Romish deputies, to their praise be it spoken, would not listen to these cruel persuasions on the part of the Priests and his Holiness, but made answer that they never reversed a sentence once pronounced.

CHAPTER LXI.

SCENERY ON THE LAKE OF ZURICH.—POETRY FOR PILGRIMS. GRANDEUR OF THE LAKE OF WALLENSTADT.

The scenery on the Lake of Zurich resembles that upon Long Island Sound, and upon some of our New-England rivers. It is of a quiet beauty, with an air of neatness, freedom, and content in the villages, which appear to great advantage, rising with their church steeples and tiled roofs up the hill-sides from the lake. The day we left for Wallenstadt and Coire, the steamer was crowded with pilgrims for Einseidlen. Most of them landed at Richtensweil, for a walk of *bead-tellings* and *aves* over the mountains, to the shrine of their faith, the "Star of the Sea." God grant they may one day find in Christ that "rest unto their souls," which they will seek in vain at the sooty image of Mary in Einseidlen. Neither age nor infirmity can move them from their purpose. Dr. Beattie, in his excellent work on Switzerland, tells us that while he and his friends were spending the month of September near the Lake of Zurich, they saw among the pilgrims a venerable matron *a hundred and eight years old*, who had walked every step of the way from the remotest corner of Normandy in France, for the performance of a vow to Mary of the Swiss Mountains! What singular energy of superstition, at a time when all the faculties of life wear out! The vesper hymns of the pilgrims rose impressively upon the air in the still autumnal evenings, and one idea, one principle, seemed to govern and absorb them all.

Many of them, Dr. Beattie remarks, looked sickly, wan, and exhausted, the health which they came sadly to beg of Mary at Einseidlen, being lost still more hopelessly by the fatigues and fastings of the way.

Poor, deluded pilgrims! Is it not sad to see them wandering the world over after health and peace, but never coming to the Great Physician! Rest, rest, rest;—this is the object of all their toils, toils, toils;—but no toils of the body can ever give inward quiet, or allay sin's fitful fever in the soul, or prevent the remorseful tones in the depths of our fallen being, that are ever and anon rushing up with wild prophecies from the soul's inner chambers, like the sound of a gong in subterranean dungeons. Alas, what a mistake, to wander so far, so sadly, so wearily without, for that which is to be found only within, and only in Christ within. These angel will-worshippers, and voluntary humilitarians, and body-punishers, are the strangest quacks that ever meddled with disease. Physical blisters to soothe an irritated conscience, to lull the mental anxieties into forgetfulness, to draw forth the rooted sorrow of a wounded spirit, to quiet the feverish apprehensions of a coming judgment; O for a word from Christ, a look, to unseal the fountain of tears, a whisper, I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, THE LIFE. All the cantharides of penance, sackcloth, and ashes, stripes on the body, pebbles in the shoes, rough pilgrimages over desert and mountain, fasts and aves and orisons in arithmetical progression,—did ever one of them or all together put a man at peace with his conscience, or extract the thorn, or charm the serpent in one of his sins?

What a simple thing is the Gospel! How all heaven, in knowledge and blessedness, is comprehended in that one precious word, *I am the Way, the Truth, the Life!* The Gospel, applicable to all, the same in all places, in all times, in the cottage and the palace, in the city and the wilderness, in caves and dens of the earth and great houses, with rich tables, or the crumbs from them, in fine linen or in sheepskins and goatskins, with rich and poor, with bond and free; the Gospel, the same simple all-sufficient food and remedy, Christ all in all, the supply of all wants, the recompense for all evils, the healing of all

diseases, the world's medicine, happiness and transfiguration! Here and here only you have the impulse and soul of all lasting reforms the reformation of all reformers, the beginning and the end of all true pilgrimages, the consolation and support of all pilgrims. "Must I forsake the soil and air," said Baxter,

"Must I forsake the soil and air,
Where first I drew my vital breath?
That way may be as near and fair,
Whence I may come to Thee by death.
All countries are my Father's lands;
Thy Sun, thy Love, doth shine on all;
We may in all lift up pure hands,
And with acceptance on Thee call.

What if in prison I must dwell,
May I not there converse with Thee?
Save me from sin, thy wrath, and hell,
Call me thy child, AND I AM FREE!
No walls or bars can keep Thee out,
None can confine a holy soul;
The streets of heaven it walks about,
None can its liberty control."

Now, because it is suitable to this part of our pilgrimage, and fine in itself, though rude and plain, I shall add Baxter's Valediction, so faithful and bold in its rebuke of that vain show, wherein all men naturally are not so much pedestrians, as they are ambitious runners and wrestlers. With this we will leave our Einseidleners, and proceed to Wallenstadt.

"Man walks in a vain show.
They know, yet will not know,
Sit still when they should go,
But run for shadows;
While they might taste and know
The living streams that flow,
And crop the flowers that grow,
In Christ's sweet meadows.
Life's better slept away,
Than as they use it;
In sin and drunken play
Vain men abuse it.

They dig for hell beneath,
They labour hard for death,
Run themselves out of breath
To overtake it.

Hell is not had for naught,
Damnation's dearly bought,
And with great labour sought,
They'll not forsake it.
Their souls are Satan's fee,
He'll not abate it;
Grace is refused, that's free,
Mad sinners hate it.

Is this the world men choose,
For which they heaven refuse,
And Christ and grace abuse,
And not receive it?
Shall I not guilty be,
Of this in some degree,
If hence God would me free,
And I'd not leave it?
My soul from Sodom fly,
Lest wrath there find thee;
Thy refuge-rest is nigh,
Look not behind thee."

From Zurich to Schmerikon, at the other end of the lake towards Italy, is about twenty-six miles, the greatest width of the lake being only three miles, and generally much narrower. The banks are beautifully sprinkled with white cottages, farm-houses, and thriving villages, the abodes of industry and peace. Over the verdant wooded mountains, with such a green and richly cultivated base, rise up the snowy peaks, like revelations of another world, calling you away to its glory. If you are familiar with the writings of Klopstock, Zimmerman, and Gessner, you probably know something of the inspiration which such scenery tends to kindle and keep burning in a sensitive mind. Gessner was a native of Zurich; Zimmerman's residence was on the borders of the lake at Richtensweil.

At Rapperschwyl, you are in the Canton of St. Gall, opposite the longest bridge in the world, and probably the worst, taking into consideration the vast extent of its qualities, four thousand eight hundred feet. It is a singular feature on the lake, when viewed from the mountains. The village of Rapperschwyl is a place to put an artist with his portfolio in good humour; a feudal old town, an ancient gray castle, an old church, old walls, and fine picturesque points of view overlook-

ing the water. Thence we proceeded to Schmerikon, where we embarked on board the Diligence for Wesen, and then found ourselves at the western extremity of the Lake of Wallenstadt, suddenly in the midst of some of the grandest, most glorious, most exciting scenery in the world.

There is no describing it; at least no possibility of justly conveying its magnificence. The Lake of Wallenstadt, about twelve miles long, is pre-eminent in beauty and grandeur. It is inferior only to the Lake of Lucerne, and that is saying much. There is the greatest majesty and glory in the forms of the mountains that rise out of it, while the side gorges that open off from it are picturesque, rich, and beautiful. We felt in going from the scenes of open luxuriance around Zurich, that it was good to get again among the mountains, it was like going back into the fortress of the soul. Those mighty towering masses seem to prop and elevate the inward being. They look down upon you so silent, so awful, so expressive; you have the same feelings on entering among them that you have in going beneath the dome of some vast religious temple, the same that you have in walking on the shore of the ocean. We dined on deck on board the steamer, but it really seemed incongruous to be eating amidst such grand and solemn scenery; the table of a restaurant set in the middle of St. Peter's would have seemed almost as much in keeping. Nevertheless, men must eat, drink, and sleep, though the scenery be ever so beautiful. In the midst of our dinner we came opposite the point, where in a mountain more than seven thousand feet high, an immense cavern pierces entirely through the summit, so that even from the lake you can look through it and see the sky, though you would think it was a patch of snow you were looking at.

After a few hours from Wallenstadt through the beautiful scenery of the vale of Seez, we arrived at Ragatz, for a visit to the astounding black glen of the Baths of Pfeffers. The evening threatened a storm but we had enjoyed a day of great grandeur, and for the night were in good time at the comfortable shelter of an inn, which the guide-books tell you was an old summer residence of the Abbots.

CHAPTER LXII.

BATHS OF PFEFFERS.—GORGE OF TAMINA.—COIRE AND GRISONS.

It rains in torrents. We can no more tell where we are than if it were midnight. No morn has come, as on the Righi, in russet mantle clad, disclosing in heaven and earth a wide, wondrous, exciting scene of glory and beauty, but rain, rain, rain, grave, determined, steadfast, concentrated rain, and nothing else sensible or visible. You could not guess that there was either mountain, village, or horizon in Switzerland, but now and then, as at breathing intervals, the huge dark masses dripping in mist, loom out of the storm, like the hulks of a wrecked creation. It is, to say the least, a very vigorous break upon the monotony of fair weather, and inasmuch as we have no mountain excursion to make to-day, but a gorge to visit, in which Danté might have chained the tenants of the sixth hell, if the rain holds up, so that we can get to the mouth of it, it may pour on afterwards, without disturbing our progress towards the earth's centre.

The object for which most travellers stop, as we have done, at Ragatz, is the celebrated cavern of the Baths of Pfeffers, the most extraordinary scene for its compass in all Switzerland. It is a gorge and cavern combined, a remarkable split in the mountain, deep, dark, ragged, and savage, the sides of which cross their jagged points far above you, so closely, like the teeth of a saw, that only here and there you can see the day-light at the top, and the sky, through the rift, with the trees of the external world peeping down upon you. As far below a torrent is thundering, and you creep, hanging midway to the dripping shelves of the cliff, along a suspended footpath, a couple of planks wide, nearly a quarter of a mile into the heart of the great fissure. There, in a crypt in the deep rock, lies the hot fountain, where a cloud of steam rises round you like a vapour bath, and the gush of hot water pours its cascade into the roaring cold torrent below. This torrent, for the convenience of which the mountain seems to have been sundered, is called the Tamina; it bellows through the gorge with terrific din and fury, shoots past the base of perpendicular and

overhanging mountains seven or eight hundred feet high, and after plunging from precipice to precipice in grand cataracts along its deep channel, pours itself into the Rhine.

From Ragatz to the Baths, it is a constant gradual ascent of about an hour, through scenery romantic and grand, and deepening into sublimity as you reach, beneath the overhanging mountain, by the sound of the deep struggling thunder of the Tamina, the grim old Bath-buildings, that rise like a portal in the jaws of hell. From hence up to the hot spring, along the wet, shaking, crazy, old plank bridge, which I have described, with the torrent boiling at the bottom of the chasm, about forty feet beneath you, and the serrated, craggy, intertwisting, overlapping marble walls rising several hundred feet above you, the passage is such an one as Bunyan might have taken for the type of his Valley of the Shadow of Death. It is a most tremendous scene, before which all your previous experiences of the wild, terrible, and fantastic freaks of nature have to give way in submission. You will never forget this gorge of the Tamina, and these Baths of the Pfeffers.

It is said they were discovered about the year 1000, and that patients used to be let down by ropes from the cliffs into the very fountain, to be steeped there for hours, and drawn up again. The next progressive step in comfort was a number of cells like magpies' nests, pinned to the walls around the fountain, where patients might abide the season. Far gone a man must be in disease, and wo-begone in spirit, before an abode in that frightful dripping chasm would do him good. In the next age men's ideas in therapeutics were so advanced, that they conducted the hot medinical water by conduits out of the gorge, and built the grisly bath-houses at the entrance; and still later they have come to the perfection of the system, by conveying the water down to the comfortable inn at Ragatz. Its temperature at the spring is about 100 degrees Fahrenheit. It enjoys a wide and thorough reputation for its healing efficacy.

If it had not been for the rain we might have enjoyed, from the heights above this terrific gorge, a view as vast and beautiful, as the ravine itself is deep and dreadful. The sketch of it by the artist forms one of the finest landscapes in the Swiss portfolio. Here the Poet Montgomery might have stood at

day-break, as we have done upon the Righi, in bright weather, and dreamed that reverie of the Alps, of which the two opening and closing stanzas are so impressive and sublime.

"The mountains of this glorious land
Are conscious beings to mine eye,
When at the break of day they stand
Like giants, looking through the sky,
To hail the sun's unrisen ear,
That gilds their diadems of snow,
While one by one, as star by star,
Their peaks in ether glow.

Their silent presence fills my soul,
When, to the horizontal ray
The many-tinctured vapours roll
In evanescent wreaths away,
And leave them naked on the scene,
The emblems of Eternity,
The same as they have ever been,
And shall for ever be!

And O ye everlasting hills!
Buildings of God, not made with hands,
Whose Word performs whate'er he wills,
Whose Word, though ye shall perish, stands.
Can there be eyes that look on you,
Till tears of rapture make them dim,
Nor in his works the Maker view,
Then lose his works in Him?

By me, when I behold Him not,
Or love Him not when I behold,
Be all I ever knew forget:
My pulse stand still, my heart grow cold;
Transformed to ice, 'twixt earth and sky,
On yonder cliff my form be seen,
That all may ask, but none reply,
What my offence hath been!"

From Ragatz we posted to Coire, in the Canton of the Grisons. It is an old capital of some 5000 inhabitants, enjoying some peculiar commercial advantages by its position at the confluences of various roads, and on the highway of travel from Italy into Switzerland and Germany. The Canton in the main is Protestant, and the democrative government is of a Council of seventy members at Coire. In the Cantons of St. Gaul, Glarus, and the Grisons, there are some delightful and rare examples of religious toleration and equality between the two systems that divide the population. Sometimes, the Protes-

tants and Romanists being nearly equal in numbers, the same church is used by them for public worship in turn. This is the case in some parts of the Rheinthal, a valley of the Rhine, which has its three sources in the Canton of the Grisons. In the Canton Glarus, containing about twenty-six thousand inhabitants, though the Protestants number three-fourths of the population, the governmental "council is composed of equal proportions of the inhabitants, Catholics and Protestants," and in some cases the same chapel is used for both congregations. The churches and schools are established and paid by the government, and parents are required, under a certain penalty, to send their children for instruction.

If the traveller wishes to know how that rare thing in Europe, the Voluntary System, acts upon the happiness of the people where it prevails, he may turn to Mr. Murray's short description of the Engadine Valley, with its populous and flourishing villages, where they have "nine months of winter, and three of cold weather." What the writer intended as a blot, appears only as a seal of primitive truth and purity. "Poverty," he says, "is rare, beggary almost unknown, and the people, who are, with the exception of one or two parishes, Protestants, are creditably distinguished for their morality, and are exempt from the vices common in other parts of Switzerland. Their pastors are held in great respect, but their pay is miserable, affording a striking proof of the working of a *voluntary system*. The Sabbath is strictly observed; strangers only are allowed on that day to ride or drive till after church time." A voluntary system that produces such fruits as these, is better than all the will-worship of the most lavishly supported hierarchical or state establishments.

CHAPTER LXIII.

COURSE OF THE RHINE.—LOUIS PHILIPPE, THE ROYAL SCHOOLMASTER AT REICHENAU.—REICHENAU TO THUSIS.

From Coire we pass through Reichenau, a little village at the bridges, where the two branches of the Rhine unite, one from

the St. Gothard, the other from the pass of the Splugen, to form one "rejoicing and abounding river," that runs in and out at the Lake of Constance, thunders over the falls at Schaffhausen, feeds the pride, patriotism, and wine-vats of all Germany, and after its long course of grandeur, fuss, and glory, is sponged up by the sands before it can reach the sea. Poor disappointed river! What an emblem it is of the closing life of some men, who have made a great stir in their day, but go entirely out of men's minds before they die!

An emblem of some noisy reformers and agitators without heart, who make a great show of patriotism, benevolence, and fearless zeal for a time, but by and by sink down and are heard of no more, in the sand-banks of selfishness and expediency. An emblem more fitly of some truly great men, like Scott and Southey, in whom paralysis overtakes the mental faculties, after they have enriched society with the overflowing treasures of their great genius. But not an emblem of the Christian, who "like the sun seems larger at his setting," and pours as a river of life into the ocean of eternity. Nor is it an emblem of that River the streams whereof make glad the City of God; for the gladdening and glory of its course here are but things by the way, incidental results, by which it transfigures human society with peace and beauty, while the depth and blessedness of its elements are then only to be fully seen and known, when out of Death it flows a shining Sea of Life through Eternity.

There is an inn at Reichenau, formerly a Chateau, which Louis Philippe, King of the French, would perhaps be glad to have transported into the Museum of the Louvre, as a sort of old chrysalis of the living Monarch, more curious in some respects than the Sarcophagi of dead Egyptian kings. In this Chateau at Reichenau, in the days of his adversity, while the French Revolution, with Napoleon as its Star of the Morning, its Lucifer, was sweeping on its swift and awful wing across the nations, Louis Philippe, the friendless young man, the future Monarch, taught mathematics and history in a common school! Compelled to flee from Baumgarten in 1793, he brought a secret letter of introduction to M. Jost, the Principal of the

burgomaster Tscharner's school, and being appointed a teacher, he found a refuge for nearly a year, unknown in this employment. A season of much meditation it must have been to him, of hard and profitable thinking, of useful trial, and of much enjoyment in nature. Sometimes he stopped in the midst of his Algebraic solutions, as one surrounded in a dream by the din and smoke of the armies of his country, and sometimes he was himself in a reverie in the palace of the Tuileries in Paris, while the boys were following his compasses and calculations round the wooded globe. Many a pleasant walk he must have had among the mountains, many a refreshing swim in the blue and gray waters of the Rhine. The schoolmaster may have been happier than the monarch, and probably was. Fifty-four years ago, how little could he have dreamed the scenes through which his life of the next half century, as the Actor instead of the Teacher of history, was to be drawn! The young pedestrian, with a bundle on his back and a pilgrim's staff, calling himself Monsieur Chabot, knew not that he was on his way *to* the throne, instead of *from* it, or that the extremes of his life, almost his first and second childhood, should be the instruction of half a dozen Swiss children and the governing of thirty millions of French.

On our way towards this village we passed in sight of the hamlet of Feldsberg, threatened with destruction from the fall of an overhanging mountain more perpendicular by far than the Rossberg. The danger was so imminent that the inhabitants, some months before, had begged to be received into a neighbouring commune, and united with it. But the people of Feldsberg were Protestants; so the authorities of the Romish commune refused to grant their request, unless they would renounce the Protestant faith and become Roman Catholics! This was truly characteristic; and the determination of the poor people to abide by the Gospel under the falling mountain, rather than take refuge in Romanism from the avalanche, was equally so. What disposition has been made of the inhabitants I know not; but it is very clear that the religious charity and freedom, applauded in some parts of the Canton, have no place in the neighbourhood of this threatened convulsion of

nature. There is in this very region a mixture of the two opposite systems of religion quite unexampled, the village of Reichenau, for instance, being Romish, while just the other side of the river the hamlet is Protestant. The languages are quite as distinct, one village speaking German, while its next neighbour talks in the Romansch *patois*.

The world has made the greatest mistake against its own interests in being so intolerant, that ever *was* made. Sometimes one portion of it has driven away from its bosom the most vital elements of its industry and prosperity, because they could not conform to its hierarchical and religious despotisms. Spain impoverished herself by driving out the Moors and Jews. France put back her own advancement in agriculture and manufactures irretrievably by burning out the Huguenots, and at the same time enriched other countries at her own expence. Italy impoverished and debilitated herself in like manner by the peremptory banishment of some of her best manufacturers, because they were Reformed, and in that measure took the most direct course possible to build up the Protestant city of Zurich, where the banished ones from Locarno found a hospitable refuge with all their wealth, arts, and industry. They who will leave a country for their faith, rather than desert their faith, are likely to be the best of its citizens, and when you draw them off, you take away the life-blood of the country. This is one way in which, by the constitution of Divine Providence, men's sins come down upon their own pate, and nations reap the fire of their own persecutions. They sow their fields with fire, and gather fire into their own garners. They sow the wind and reap the whirlwind. But men do not learn this, until they see it in history, and even there they rarely turn the light of their own experience upon the future, so that selfishness and passion often beguile one generation to a plunge into the same mistakes that have ruined the preceding.

From Reichenau we posted the same evening to Thusis, a village of about seven hundred inhabitants, situated against the jaws of the wildest, most tremendous defiles in Switzerland, on a mountain-terrace or projection of unequal height, from which you enjoy down the open valley the loveliest variety of

prospect in river, plain, mountain, castle, and hamlet. By one of those great calamities, which so often overwhelm the Swiss villages, this thriving little town has been but recently destroyed by a conflagration. No man can measure the distress which must fall upon the inhabitants; indeed, there seems no possible resource by which they could recover from so desolating a blow. It is most melancholy to think of the misery that must be endured by them.

The romantic country through which we have now been travelling possesses more remembrances of feudal tyranny and war in the half-ruined castles, so thickly scattered along the Rhine-vales, than any other part of Switzerland. Sometimes they can scarcely be distinguished from the rocks on which they are built, they have become so storm-beaten, old, and moss-grown. Some of them surmount the crags in such picturesque boldness, apparently inaccessible and impregnable, that you wonder both how they were constructed and how they were conquered. They are remnants of a despotic, warlike, social state, like the huge fossil remains of a past world of all-devouring monsters. The landscapes commanded by them are scenes of the greatest grandeur and beauty, though that was the element least thought of in their construction. Now the traveller winds his way along, and thinks of the powerful spirit of beauty in Nature which has subdued them to herself in their decay, and dropping a vail of lone and melancholy grandeur over them, has enshrined the forms of men's tyranny for the delight of man's imagination.

CHAPTER LXIV.

TERRIFIC GRANDEUR OF THE SPLUGEN.—THE VIA MALA.—CREATION AS A TEACHER OF GOD.

Is it not perfectly true that everything which is to have power over man must come to him through a human heart, must have the *tone* of the heart? To get *within* him, it must proceed *from* within some one else; all that is merely external is cold, unap-

pealing, lifeless. This is the case indeed with man's works, but not with God's. There is never an object in God's creation but speaks at once to the heart as well as to the mind, if the heart be prepared to listen. The universe is glorious, because God made it, and it speaks of Him. Whatever object he has touched with the finger of his power shall bear that impress till he has annihilated it. Though it were but a withered leaf driven by the whirlwind, it sparkles with his glory. And there is as much of Him, of his power and love, in a drop of dew trembling on a rose-leaf, if rightly appreciated, as in the snowy summit of Mont Blanc burning at sunset.

All things are steps and links for intercourse with God. Hence, Henry Martyn used to say, when tired of human company and its depravity, and destitute of all Christian communion, that anything whatever of God's works was sweet to him. "A leaf," said he, "is good company," for it brought his Father near to him, and he could talk with God.

It is a blessed, practical, and not merely imaginative habit of mind, by which the things of sense are thus rendered subservient to spiritual purposes, "auxiliar to divine." It is a heavenly faculty, by which the hieroglyphics of himself which the Eternal Being has deigned to write with the finger of his glory upon created things, may be interpreted and read in their splendour and fulness. The universe is a type of spiritual intelligence to the eye that made it thus, disclosing and reflecting at every turn the knowledge of the glory of its illuminating Sun. I have seen, says the poet Wordsworth, in one of his most beautiful strains of imagery,

> "I have seen
> A curious child, that dwelt upon a tract
> Of inland ground, applying to his ear
> The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,
> To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
> Listened intently; and his countenance soon
> Brightened with joy: for murmurings from within
> Were heard, sonorous cadences! whereby
> To his belief the Monitor expressed
> Mysterious union with its native sea.
> E'en such a shell the Universe itself
> Is to the ear of Faith." EXCURSION.

The thought thus beautifully expressed (and it is an exquisitely beautiful image) is but the reiteration of repeated declarations in the Scriptures in regard to the purpose and meaning of the visible creation of God, *Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.*

In all God's works there is heart, God's heart, for God is Love; and he is happy who feels this, for though every man sees God with his mind, his understanding, no man sees him with the heart, or hears the tone of the heart of Love in creation, who has not something of that love within him. In man's works, heart is the rarest ingredient, the most precious, the most costly, the most seldom to be met with. In God's works, love is the universal element, though power is almost the only element which man notices. But love is the element that speaks to the heart, and happy is the heart that hears its blissful language.

Hence the beauty of that sonnet imitated by Montgomery from the Italian of Gaetana Passerini.

> "If in the field I meet a smiling flower,
> Methinks it whispers, 'God created me,
> And I to Him devote my little hour,
> In lonely sweetness and humility.'
> If where the forest's darkest shadows lower,
> A serpent quick and venomous I see,
> It seems to say—'I too extol the power
> Of Him who caused me at his will to be.'
> The fountain purling, and the river strong,
> The rocks, the trees, the mountains, raise one song;
> 'Glory to God!' re-echoes in mine ear:
> Faithless were I, in wilful error blind,
> Did I not Him in all his creatures find,
> His voice through heaven and earth and ocean hear."

But what poetry can give a human utterance to the voice that speaks from that dread mountain-rift of Switzerland, the Pass of the Splugen? Milton should be here to describe it, as he has the war in heaven, with language, feeling, thought, imagery, all, as it were, winged with red lightning and impetuous rage. All the images of grandeur, power, energy in nature, Oceanic, Titanic, Volcanic, the whirlwind, the fiery tempest, the earthquake, elemental war, deluges, convulsions,

avalanches, crashing ice-bergs, chained lightning, leaping from crag to crag, and thunder bellowing through the vast and boundless deep, might be exhausted, and yet fail to convey to the mind an adequate impression of this sublime pass. Four or five miles of it are called the VIA MALA, constituting one continued, tortuous, black, jagged chasm, split through the stupendous mountain-ridge from the summit to the base, in perpendicular, angular, and convoluted zig-zag rifts, so narrow in some places that you could almost leap across, yet so deep that the thunder of the Rhine dies upon the ear in struggling and reverberating echoes upwards.

Sixteen hundred feet at least the precipices in some places rise perpendicular to heaven, so serrated and torn, the one side from the other, that if the same Almighty Power that rent them should spring them together, they would shut as closely as a portcullis in its sockets, as a tomb upon its lid. Down in the depths of this fearful fissure thunders the mad river, sometimes lost from sight and scarcely audible in its muffled, subterranean, booming sound, sometimes desperately plunging, sometimes wildly, swiftly, flashing in white foam, sometimes whirling like a maelstroom.

You enter upon this savage pass from a world of beauty, from the sunlit vale of Domschleg, under the old Etruscan Castle of Realt, spiked in the cliff like a war-club, four hundred feet above you, and totally inaccessible on every side but one. Passing this from Thusis, you are plunged at once into a scene of such concentrated and deep sublimity, such awe-inspiring grandeur, such overwhelming power, that you advance slowly and solemnly, as if every crag were a supernatural being looking at you. The road is with great daring carried along the perpendicular face of crags, being cut from the rock where no living thing could have scaled the mountain, and sometimes it completely overhangs the abyss, a thousand feet above the raging torrent. Now it pierces the rock, now it runs zig-zag, now spans the gorge on a light dizzy bridge; now the mountains frown on each other like tropical thunder-clouds about to meet and discharge their artillery, and now you come upon mighty insulated crags, thrown wildly together, covered

with fringes of moss and shrubbery, and constituting vast masses of verdure.

I must here speak of the folly of passing through a scene so magnificently grand in any other way than leisurely on foot. My friend being an invalid, we took a barouche at Thusis, and a fat, surly guide for a driver, but we had no sooner started than with my friend's consent I cleared myself of this incumbrance, and resumed my old lonely pilgrimage, letting the carriage pass on out of sight before me. Mr. H. soon followed my example, and I could see him now and then with his sketch-book in his hand, leaning over the parapet, and endeavouring to transfer with his pencil some little likeness or portrait of the sublime scene. Now and then I got up with him, and found him vexed with the impatient hurry of the coachman, who was very much disposed to drive on alone without us. Without me he did go, and I enjoyed the pleasure of walking back again, to the opening of the gorge at Thusis, admiring the grand features of the scene in the reverse order. And nothing can be finer than the effect, where you look through the ravine as through a mighty perspective, with the Realt Castle hanging to the cliff at its mouth, and the sunny air and earth expanding in such contrast with the frowning, gloom-invested, tremendous passage behind you. We leaned over the parapet, and by dropping stones in the roaring torrent below, and computing by our watches the time they took to reach the water, endeavoured to guess at the depth of the chasm. It was dizzy to look at it. The tall black fir forest on the mountain shelves, and the blasted pines on inaccessible peaks, seemed to gaze gravely at us, as if we had come unauthorized into a sanctuary of nature too deep and awful to be trodden by the foot of man.

Just after the entrance from Thusis, the mountain is pierced by the first gallery, at a point where of old the chasm was impassable and never passed. The peasants gave the unfathomed profound abyss at this place the name of the Verlohren Loch, or Lost Gulf, because no man could trace it, and to get to the valley above they had to ascend high mountains from Thusis, and come down in a long fatiguing circuit. After some hundreds of years, the engineer of the present road, Pocobelli, un-

dertook to cut through the overhanging mountain along this Lost Gulf a dark tunnel of 216 feet, and then blasted a groove for a thousand feet farther, under the rocky canopy, where your carriage passes as on a shelf, with the tremendous gulf beneath you at your left. Now and then the precipices on one side actually hang beetling over the road on the other, and looking up to heaven, it is as if you gazed out from the keep of a dungeon, and one would think you might almost see the stars at noon-day as from the bottom of a well.

Looking up the pass from below the second bridge, perhaps the view is finer than in any other part. The bridge itself, with the appalling depth spanned by it, adds to the sublimity. You gain this bridge by a gallery in an overhanging projection of the mountain, and then cross to the other side, looking down and up, as in the central position of the gorge. Owing to the recent heavy rain while we were at Ragatz, the river was now higher than usual, and from the beetling precipices above us the white streams, new born, were leaping like jets of foam. We passed a most singular and daring, but very simple air bridge that hung above us for the purpose of getting the timber from one side of the gulf, where almost perpendicularly it clothes the mountain, over to the road on the other. A range of cables was suspended from the trunks of enormous pines, some hundreds of feet above the road, and being fastened securely on the other side of the gulf, the timber being cut and trimmed for the purpose, was thus swung high in its cradle of air to the place of landing for transportation.

How tremendous would a falling avalanche be in this place! But here the mountains, one would think, are too steep for the snow and ice to congregate in sufficient masses. In a dreadful storm in 1834, the river being dammed up by the fragments of rock and timber wedged into the jagged narrow cleft, the water rose nearly four hundred feet. It poured down the gorge as if an ocean had burst into it, but its ravages were committed principally in the vales above and below the Via Mala. At the village of Splugen twelve houses were swept away, so sudden and violent was the inundation, in some of which, an hour before, the peasants had been quietly seated at their sup-

per. The same terrific storm and inundation covered some other of the valleys with a half century of desolation.

At Andeer I rejoined my friend, whose care had provided a good dinner, besides making all arrangements for getting on to Splugen for the night. There was nothing for me to do but to sit down and rest myself. I had passed and repassed almost the whole of the Via Mala, and would have been glad, if possible, to return through the same stupendous pass the next day, but our course was direct for Italy.

CHAPTER LXV.

NATURAL THEOLOGY OF THE SPLUGEN.

Now, dear friend, what thinkest thou of the moral of this stupendous scene in the preceding chapter? Dost thou set down this mountain-rift, in thy natural theology, as a chapter of the scars and vestiges of sin, one of the groans of nature in this nether world, wrung out by man's fall, or is it to thee an instructive, exalting, exciting scene of Power, magnificently grand, almost as if thou hadst witnessed the revealed Arm of Omnipotence, and lifting thy heart, mind, soul, thy whole being, up to God?

Methinks you answer, that if God meant the world to be a great solemn palace for the teaching of his children, on the very walls of which there should be grand inscriptions and hieroglyphics productive of great thoughts, rousing the mind from slumber, rearing the imagination with a noble discipline, he would have scattered here and there just such earthquake-rifts of power and grandeur. We are immortal children in the school-house of our infancy. It is not necessary to suppose that every scar on the face of Nature, deep entrenched and jagged, is an imperfection or a mark of wrath; for it may be a scene where an angel passing by would stop and admire it as a symbol of God's power, a faint comma, as it were, in the revelation of his attributes; it may be a scene which awakens great thoughts in an angel's bosom, as a hidden lowly daisy

does the more gentle ones ; the daisy being a flower which an angel might stop to gaze at as an emblem of sweetness and humility.

And in this view, as a hieroglyphic of Power, this fathomless dread gorge is also a proof of Love. It was Love that appointed it as an emblem of Power. So is the great wide Sea, and that Leviathan whom Thou hast made to play therein. So are the volcanoes, the ice-continents, and the burning deserts. All may be works of Love, though they show nothing but Power. And even if it be Power in exercise for the avenging and punishment of sin, even then it is Love; for every lesson of God's wrath is Love, and where there is sin, wrath is a proof of Love, of Love saving by wrath the lookers on from rushing into wrath.

There are places in our world where we may suppose that beings from another planet, conversant with the history of ours. would stop and gaze solemnly, and speak to each other of God's retributive justice. Such is that black dead sea with arid shores that rolls where Sodom stood. If angels went to take Lot from the city that was to be burned, how often, when angels pass the place, scarred now with retribution, do they think with shuddering of the evil of sin ! Yet even that retribution was invested with the atmosphere of Love, and had not God been Love, he might have let Sodom stand, he might have let the guilty go unpunished. If God were not Love, then there might be no future retribution of misery to the wicked. But justice only does the work of Love, and Love works for the purity and blessedness of the universe. Where there is sin, Love without wrath would only be connivance with iniquity.

It is a fact, therefore, that in your natural theology sin being given, pain is absolutely necessary, in order to prove the benevolence of God. So that the problem and the answer might be stated thus: Given, the fact of sin, how will you demonstrate that God is a good being? Answer: Only by proving that God punishes sin. In this view, the misery with which earth is filled, so far from being a difficulty in God's government, goes to establish it as God's. A malevolent being would have let men sin without making them miserable; there-

fore God could not be proved benevolent unless, in a world of sin, there were the ingredient of misery.

Then as to the other problem: Given, a race of sinful creatures: What sort of a world shall they be placed in? You would certainly answer, Not a world of unmingled softness and beauty, not a Paradise of enjoyment, not the early and undiseased Eden of innocence and love, but a world, in which there shall be enough of storm and tempest, enough of painful climate, and of the curse of barrenness, and of the element of disaster and ruin, to show God's frown and evident curse for sin; but yet enough of the means of enjoyment, if rightly used to draw men to industry, to show God's kindness and love, and enough of beauty and sublimity to impress, delight, and educate the soul. It is just a world so mingled, a world scarred with evil, as well as bright with good, that we, a sinful race, do really inhabit.

The view which men take of the argument for the goodness of God from the works of creation will vary much according to their own states of mind. A man suffering the consequences of sin, or a man under a cloud of care, and destitute of faith, or a man burdened with present miseries, without any consolation from divine grace, would see things very differently from a calm mind, a quiet mind, a happy mind, a mind at peace with God. The universe takes its colouring from the hue of our own souls; and so, in a measure, does the solution of the question whether the universe, so far as we are acquainted with it, proves a God of love. A heart that loves God, and rejoices in the happiness that fills the world around it, will say instinctively that it does, and will sympathize with God in his own feelings of delight in the happiness of creation. A misanthropic heart, a sinful heart, a rebellious heart, will perhaps be disposed to say No, or will overlook, and cannot understand and appreciate the power of the argument. For a mind disposed to make difficulty, plenty of difficulty exists. For a mind humbly disposed to learn of God, there is confirmation of the soul's faith even in difficulties themselves, which are as buttresses supporting the spire that sublimely points to heaven.

CHAPTER LXVI.

PASS OF THE SPLUGEN INTO ITALY.—THE CARDINELL AND MACDONALD'S ARMY.—CAMPO DOLCINO AND CHIAVENNA.

From the little wild village of Splugen, overhanging the young Rhine-river, where there is an excellent mountain inn, having supped, slept, and breakfasted, 4711 feet above the sea, you take your departure at pleasure for either of the two Alpine passes into Italy, the Splugen or the Bernardin. Both of them carry you across scenes of the greatest wildness, winter, and sublimity, into almost perpetual loveliness and summer. You pass the snowy recesses, where Nature holds the nursling rivers to her bosom of glaciers, feeding her infants with ice; you go down into Elysian fields, where the brooks sparkle and dance like laughing children amidst flowers and sunshine. The whirlwind of war has poured across each of these passes, in the most terrific of the seasons, driven by the French General Lecourbe at the Bernardin, and by Macdonald at the perilous gorge of the Cardinell. They marched in the midst of fierce tempests and falling avalanches that swept whole phalanxes as into the depths of hell, as if the avenging genii of Switzerland were up in arms, the ministers of wrath against the oppressor. The pass of the Splugen, rising more than 2000 feet above the village of Splugen, and 6814 above the sea, brings you out at Chiavenna and the Lake of Como. That of the Bernardin rising 7115 feet above the sea, and about 2400 above Splugen, opens upon Bellinzona and the Lakes of Magiore and Lugano.

We take the Splugen road, and following it through four miles and three quarters of laborious ascent, come to the narrow mountain ridge, which traces the boundary line between Switzerland and Lombardy. The steepest ascent is effected by a great number of zigzags, so gradual, that they turn almost parallel on one another. The pedestrian will do well to scale across them, as one might cut a coil of rope across the centre, instead of running round it; and climbing from crag to crag, he will speedily see his carriage and friends far below him, toiling slowly along, while he himself seems to be mount-

ing into heaven. The labourers were at work upon the road above these zigzags, constructing a tunnel or gallery for safety from the avalanches, so as to let them shoot over the roof into the gulf below without harm to the passengers. But a man would not wish to be present either in the tunnel or on the zigzags, when an avalanche thundered down. One would suppose it would sweep gallery and all before it, tearing a trench in the mountain, like the furrow of a cannon ball across rough ground.

You reach the summit of the pass, the highest ridge, and as usual there is little or no intermediate space, no debateable level, but you descend as instantly, almost, as from one side of the steep roof of a house to the other. The fierce wind cutting your face, and sometimes blowing as if it would hurl you back bodily into the inn at Splugen, or the thundering Rhine, tells you at once, as well as the extreme cold, when you have reached the culminating point, for you get nothing of Italy here except an Austrian bayonet, sharp and watchful as the ice-breeze. Perhaps you may have been expecting to meet the warm breath of the South, and to look down from the peaks of winter into the verdure of sunny Italian landscapes. As yet the Italian side is as savage as the Swiss, and there is an element of gloom besides, almost sensible in the air itself, and visible as a symbol, in the awful desolation around you,—grim despotism, vigilant, insolent, remorseless. So pass on, if you please, and enter some of its guard-houses, built as much like dread prisons as may be, and where you feel as if in prison yourself, while your passport and your baggage are under examination. How different this, from the pleasant, hospitable reception on the Grand St. Bernard!

The old road from this point passed through the terrific gorge of the Cardinell, where Macdonald, at the will of Napoleon, undertook a five days' fight with the rage of the elements. It was winter and storm, but there was no retreating. He advanced with his army in the face of a cannonade of avalanches, on the brink of unfathomable abysses, where many a score of despairing men and struggling horses, buffeted and blinded by the wings of the tempest, and wrapped in a winding

sheet of ice and snow, were launched off by the crashing mountain masses, and buried for ever. Over this gorge the avalanches hang balanced and brooding, so that a whisper may precipitate them. They have sometimes fallen like a thunderbolt, and swept away one traveller, leaving another in safety by his side. The mail carriers have seen their horses shot into the abyss, not indeed from under them, but when they had dismounted for an instant. It seems to be a pass shrouded in more absolute terrors than any in Switzerland.

There are indeed more avalanches annually in this Canton of the Grisons than in any other, and a greater number of lives lost every year. There is no avoiding the peril, because no foreseeing when it may fall. A story is told, with all the evidence of truth, of the whole village of Rueras in 1749 being swept off by an avalanche so immense, taking such vast deep masses of earth all at once, that the inmates in some of the houses were not even awakened by the rush of the mountain, and when they did awake buried, lay abed and wondered that the night was so long! Tired mountaineers sleep very soundly, but I do not demand credit for this, though it is not absolutely incredible. There are incidents enough, terrible and grand, and escapes almost miraculous, which do not so tax faith's faculties.

In the passage of Macdonald's army through this frightful region, so far from being surprised at the number of men swept to destruction, we only wonder that whole regiments were not buried at once; the amazement is, that passing in a winter's storm, with avalanches repeatedly shooting through these columns, so large a portion of the army escaped, not more than a hundred men and as many horses, being lost. One of the drummers of the army, having been shot in a snow bank from the avalanche into the frightful gulf, and having struggled forth alive, but out of sight and reach of his comrades, was heard beating his drum for hours in the abyss, vainly expecting rescue. Poor fellow! the roll of his martial instrument had often roused his fellow-soldiers with fierce courage to the attack, but now it was his own funeral march that he was beating, and it sounded like a death summons for the whole army

into this frightful Hades, if another avalanche should thunder down. There was no reaching him, and death with icy fingers stilled the roll of the drum, and beat out the last pulsations of hope and life in his bosom!

Macdonald was struggling on to Marengo. The army suffered more from fatigue and terror in the passage than in all their battles. Had they perished in the gorge of the Cardinell the victory at Marengo would perhaps have been changed into a defeat, which itself might have changed the whole course of modern history. What might not have been, had such and such things not been! and what mighty things might never have been if such and such things had been. Give me but the power to have put a pin where I might choose, twice in the last forty years, and I could have revolutionized all Europe. If is a great word. How many at this moment are saying, *If* I had but done so and so, or, *if* this circumstance were only so, or, *if* I had but *avoided* doing so and so! Sometimes *ifs* are fearful things, especially on a dying bed, when they balance the soul between hell and heaven. One half the sentence presents it at the gates of Paradise, the other thrusts it through the portals of the world of wo.

We passed now above the village of Isola, with the deserted and unused zigzags leading to it, which you overlook completely, as if you could jump down upon the clustered houses. The laborious constructed roads and great galleries tell you, if you are at all sceptical, what dangers lie in wait from the avalanches, which you find it difficult to conceive, when crossing the pass in the depth of summer and in fine weather. A space of about three thousand feet, where the avalanches roar across the passage every year, and would plough up an open road like the wedge of the descending pyramids of Dgizeh, is nearly covered with these massive galleries, one of them 700 feet in length, a second 642 feet long, and a still longer gallery of 1530 feet by fifteen high and wide. The solid smooth roofs slope outwards, and the traveller beneath them, if he is there at a proper time, may hear above him the sublime roar of the descending masses of ice and snow, impetuously sweeping the roof and shooting into the gulf like a tornado.

The road crosses the stream of the Medissimo, at the very verge of the precipice, where the little river takes a sheer plunge, of nearly 800 feet high, down into the vale of the Lira, making one of the most truly magnificent cascades in all Switzerland. But you should see it when the stream is well swollen with rains. You command the whole fall from above; you have also the most admirable points of view sideways and half in front, as you wind your way beyond the river down into the Vale, by the rocky zigzags turning and returning upon the scene. It is indescribably beautiful.

If the day itself did not begin to be cloudy and severe, you would have, even thus far up the mountains, a taste of the sweet air of Italy, as well as an experience of its bitter, desolate and dirty inns. Its golden delicious names begin to winnow the air like winged words upon your ear at every step, and from the village of Splugen, with its clattering consonants, and its comfortable, excellent hôtel, you pass to the village of Campo Dolcino, a paradisaical name, a dirty hamlet, and an execrable inn. This was the Post inn, and here we had been promised a new carriage and horses, not being able, on any condition, to persuade our obstinate or faint-hearted young driver from Splugen to carry us in to Chiavenna. The governors of the stable at Campo Dolcino either could not or would not provide us a *voiture*, whereupon, as we would have ridden a rail rather than stay in this dram-drinking, oath-swearing place over the Sabbath (and it was now Saturday evening) a peasant's hay cart, that stood in a melancholy out-house, was harnessed, the postilions and horses of two carriages that had just arrived on the way to Splugen were appended, and in this sumptuous style we set out for Chiavenna. We came into Italy in the fog and rain, and into Chiavenna upon the vertebræ of a cart, drawn by two horses, with six more fastened behind, and three yellow and red-coated postilions on the seat in front of us, with their brazen music-breaking horns of office slung over their shoulders.

The pass down the valley is the very sublimity of desolation, a chaos of huge blocks of rocks from the surrounding mountains, thrown and piled disorderly from age to age, in squares

and parallelograms, and now covered partially, and richly vailed, with mosses and verdure. The rock is of a kind that reddens in the air after long exposure, so that the colour of the scene is dark and rich, and the many magnificent chestnut trees, with their thick, luxuriant foliage, amidst the precipices, along which the road winds downwards, make the landscape most impressive for its solemnity and beauty. Two or three miles before arriving at Chiavenna, this narrow vale of Lira opens out into an expansive combination of the lovely luxuriance of Italy with the grandeur of Switzerland; glorious mountains broken into picturesque red crags, embosomed in foliage, so that the sun, shining on them with the slant golden light of setting day, turns them into jasper; green vineyards purpled with the luscious ripe grapes ; overshadowing chestnuts, leafy figs, pomegranates, mulberries, almonds, and everywhere the record of an inexhaustible life and fertility, in the richest, most consummate vegetation. Here lies, romantically situated, on the river Maira, at the mouth of the Val Bregaglia, under the overawing mountains, the Italian town of Chiavenna.

You drive up to the Inn Conradi, if you come genteelly and properly into the town; but we had to walk as if we had dropped from the clouds, for our roguish postilions were afraid their owners should see them with the peasant's hay-cart, and kindness to them, as well as respect for ourselves, prevented us from insisting that they should parade our queer establishment in the great square, so we got out at a proper distance and threaded our way to the Hôtel, leaving them to follow with our luggage. Hard by the Inn rises a most romantic ruined old castle, on the summit of a grottoed cliff, and a few steps from it are the antique ecclesiastical structures of the town, among which the most singular are a couple of human skeleton-houses, with grated doors, through which you see piled innumerable skulls and cross-bones grinning at you; an order of architecture more antique and solemn than any other in the world. The priests are busy with their processions, the bells are ringing, the world is singing, and the whole population, especially of women, seem to be church choristers. The two guardian genii of Italy are perpetually at work around you, Music and Superstition.

CHAPTER LXVII.

THE BURIED TOWN OF PLEURS.

THERE are in Chiavenna about three thousand people. The great interest of the surrounding region is in the beauty of the Valley of Bregaglia, above the town towards the pass of the Maloggia, most grand and beautiful. About an hour's walk brings you to a spot, which was to me one of the most interesting in all my rambles, the spot where the village of Pleurs, with about twenty-five hundred inhabitants, was overwhelmed in the year 1618, by the falling of a mountain. This terrific avalanche took place in the night, and was so sudden, complete, and overwhelming, that not only every soul perished, but no trace whatever of the village or of any of the remains of the inhabitants could afterwards be discovered. The mountain must have buried the town to the depth of several hundred feet. Though the all-vailing gentleness of nature has covered both the mountain that stood, and that which fell, with luxuriant vegetation, and even a forest of chestnuts has grown amidst the wilderness of the rocks, yet the vastness and the wreck of the avalanche are clearly distinguishable. Enormous angular blocks of rocks are strewn and piled in the wildest confusion possible, some of them being at least sixty feet high. The soil has so accumulated in the space of two hundred years, that on the surface of these ruins there are smooth, grassy fields at intervals, and the chestnuts grow everywhere. A few clusters of miserable hamlets, like Indians' or gipsies' wigwams, are also scattered over the grave of the former village, and there is a forlorn looking chapel that might serve as a convent for banditti. The mountains rise on either side to a great height in most picturesque peaks and outlines, and the valley is filled up with a snowy range at the north.

On this spot I read with great pleasure the Benedicite in the Book of Common Prayer, which my friend lent me. O ye mountains and all hills, praise the Lord! There is but one verse in it inconsistent with the sublimity of the whole, and that is the appeal to Ananias, Azarias, and Misael, which is as if the

bellows of an organ had burst in the middle of an anthem; he that can tell me what it means will have more knowledge than any man I have yet encountered. My friend, though an English Clergyman, could not solve the problem. O Ananias, Azarias, and Misael, praise ye the Lord! Who are, or were, these people, or are they saints or angels, or how came their names in the Benedicite? The Romish Missal, from which it was doubtless copied, may perhaps tell.

On the other side of the Maira, one of the most beautiful cascades in the world was falling from the mountains. There are four falls, close upon the foam of one another, two higher up, and two lower down. Seen against the setting sun, nothing could be more beautiful. Always falling, always falling, only beautiful by falling and being lost! Yet not lost, for all streams reach the sea, and so it is an emblem of those acts of faith and self-sacrifice, in which men lose their lives and find them, making as it were a perillous loss, for the kingdom of heaven, which is admired of the world and rewarded in God for ever.

It was a solemn thing to stand upon the tomb of twenty-five hundred beings, all sepulchred alive. No efforts have ever discovered a trace of the inhabitants, not a bone, not a vestige. The mountain that covers them shall be thrown off at the resurrection, but never before. It was the Mount Conto that fell; the half that was left behind still rises abrupt and perpendicular over the mighty grave. It is singular enough that the town was situated itself on the tomb of another village, which had previously been overwhelmed by a similar catastrophe. For that reason it was named Pleurs, The Town of Tears. From the times of old, as often as in Italy one city has been buried, another has been built upon the very same spot, except indeed in the case of Pompeii, so that it is no uncommon thing for the same earth to be leased to the dead and the living.

The Town of Tears was one of the gayest, richest, laughing, pleasure-loving, joyous little cities in the kingdom. It might have been named Tears because it laughed till it cried. It had palaces and villas of rich gentlemen and nobles; for its lovely, romantic situation, and pleasant air, attracted the wealthy fam-

ilies to spend especially the summer months in so delightful a retreat. I wonder that no poet or romance-writer has made this scene the subject of a thrilling story. The day before the lid of their vast sepulchre fell, the people were as happy and secure as those of Pompeii, the night of the Vesuvian eruption—and much more innocent. There had been great rains. Vast masses of gravel were loosened from the mountains, and overwhelmed some rich vineyards. The herdsmen came hurrying in to give notice that strange movements had been taking place, with alarming symptoms of some great convulsion; that there were great fissures and rents forming in the mountain, and masses of rock falling, just as the cornice of a building might topple down in fragments, before the whole wall tumbles. The cattle were seized with terror, and probably perceiving the trembling of the ground beneath their feet, fled bellowing from the region.

Nevertheless, there was no dream of what was to follow. The storm cleared brightly away, the sun rose and set on the fourth of September, as a bridegroom; the people lay down securely to rest, or pursued their accustomed festivities into the bosom of the night, with the plans for to-morrow; but that night the mountain fell and destroyed them all. At midnight a great roar was heard far over the country, and a shock felt as of an earthquake, and then a solemn stillness followed; in the morning a cloud of dust and vapour hung over the valley, and the bed of the Maira was dry. The river had been stopped by the falling of the mountain across its channel, and the town of Pleurs with the village of Celano had disappeared for ever. All the excavations of all the labourers that could be collected, failed to discover a single vestige of the inhabitants or of their dwelling-places. The miners could not reach the cathedral for its gold and jewels, and there they lie at rest, churches and palaces, villas and hovels, priests, peasants, and nobles, where neither gold, nor love, nor superstition, nor piety, can raise them from their graves, or have any power over them.

How many a tale this green and rocky mound doth tell of expectations blasted, of plans suddenly broken, of domestic

tragedies and comedies interrupted in the midst;—of pleasure and prayer, of loss and gain, of poverty and wealth, of sickness and health, all overtaken at once; the dying and the living cut off together, their death and burial being one and the same. They did eat, they drank, they were marrying and giving in marriage, as in the day when Noah entered the ark. The gate of the Eternal World received a crowd of spirits; but that gate is always crowded, for the stream of life is not more full and uninterrupted on earth, than it is deep and ceaseless in its passage out of Time into Eternity. And not a man in all this tide of unbroken life (for dying is not ceasing to live but living anew), knows the hour of his destiny, though the tide is as immutable, as fixed, as regular, as the laws of the Universe, as Eternity itself. Therefore, sudden deaths, deaths by tempests, by avalanches, by "the all-dreaded thunder-stroke," deaths at a word, and deaths without detected cause, in the midst of health, deaths like the burning of a forest, and deaths like the dropping of the autumn leaves, all have their place calmly and quietly in this tide of life, and as little interrupt or agitate its flow, as the ripples that die beneath the weary worn-out winds upon its surface.

Almost as fixed as the certainty of death, and the uncertainty of the *time* of death, is the habit of procrastination in preparing *for* death. Men still reckon on time, amidst all warnings, and on a *better* time. "The lying spirit," remarks John Foster, "which had promised to meet them at the assigned spot, to conduct them thenceforward towards heaven, appears not on the ground when they arrive there, unless to tell them that another stage, still further on will be more advantageous for commencing the enterprise." Youth, especially, deems it not probable that life will terminate in youth. And yet, many die young, and vanish as suddenly as a broken dream, so that there is no reliance to be placed even on the most favourable account of probabilities.

"And," says Foster, with that thoughtful and imperative solemnity, for which his sentences are often so remarkable, "a few examples, or even *one*, of the treacherousness of the calculation, should suffice to warn you not to hazard anything of

great moment on so menacing an uncertainty. For, in all reason, when an infinitely important interest is depending, a mere *possibility* that your allotment may prove to be like theirs, is to be held of far greater weight on the one side, than the alleged *probability* of the contrary is on the other. The *possibility* of dying unprepared, takes *all* the value from even the highest *probability* that there will be prolonged time to prepare: plainly, because there is no proportion between the *fearfulness of such a hazard*, and the *precariousness of such a dependence*. So that one day of the *certain hazard* may be safely asserted to be a greater thing *against* you, than whole imaginary years promised you by the probability, ought to be accounted of value *for you*."

Many a man is brought to the gates of death, and even of sudden death, and yet forgets it at once, so soon as he is brought back again. How beautiful is that old ode of Mason expressing a better purpose in a like deliverance.

Methought Death laid his hands on me,
And did his prisoner bind;
And by the sound, methought I heard
His Master's feet behind.
Methought I stood upon the shore,
And nothing could I see,
But the vast ocean, with mine eyes,—
A vast Eternity!

Methought I heard the midnight cry,
Behold the Bridegroom comes!
Methought I was called to the bar,
Where souls receive their dooms.
The world was at an end to me,
As if it all did burn:
But lo! there came a voice from heaven,
Which ordered my return.

Lord, I returned at thy command,
What wilt thou have me do?
O let me wholly live to Thee,
To whom my life I owe!
Fain would I dedicate to Thee
The remnant of my days:
Lord, with my life renew my heart,
That both thy name may praise.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

BEAUTY OF THE LAKE OF COMO.—COMO TO MILAN.—LEONARDI DA VINCI.

How strange it is that the beauty of Italy is so mingled with decay and death! Between Chiavenna and the Lake of Como, if you stop anywhere by night, you do it at your peril. The malaria fever lies in ambush where the mountain streams from the Val Bregaglia, the vale of Lira, and the Valteline, have slowly intruded their marshy shoals in plains that may of old have been covered by the Lake of Como. We started from Chiavenna, through this desolate region, early in the morning by the diligence, and in a few hours arrived at Colico on the Lake, for the purpose of embarking in the steamer, that daily about noon departs for Como. You bid adieu to the companionship of mountains, that have so long been personal friends, with great regret, though you are launched upon one of the most beautiful water-scenes in the world, and one of the grandest also; for the mountains that invest the Lake of Como give it an air of sublimity and grandeur as impressive as its beauty is attractive. It is about forty miles in length, bordered by a mountain landscape of perpetual richness, magnificence, and beauty. But let no man, who has leisure to explore its beauties, cross it in a steamer. There are row-boats and sail-boats, and you should take a day or two with a dear friend, or in quiet solitude, to run into its nooks, its enclosures, to land at its picturesque cliffs and recesses, and to watch the clouds, the rocks, and the foliage reflected in its bosom, with nothing but the dipping oar to break its silence, or ruffle its smoothness. There is great enjoyment in such a sail, and it is only thus that you can become acquainted with the *genius loci*, the soul and spirit of the lake and the landscape.

At the town of Como you feel that you are in Italy, and how vast the change from the mountains of Switzerland to this sunny clime! We were in haste to reach Milan, and there being nothing to detain us at Como, we secured the only two

remaining seats in the diligence, and passed on. A tree fell directly across the road in one part of our way, and falling between the horses and the carriage, stopped us completely, so that the labourers were obliged to cut through the tree on both sides of the road before we could be extricated. Besides this, we were delayed by an angry altercation between our conductor and an English coachman with whom he got into a squabble, raising the whole populace, together with the officers of justice, in a little village on the road. Such a clatter and storm of fierce words and furious gesticulations would have been rare to meet anywhere else out of Bedlam; but after all, we arrived safe, though late, the same evening at Milan.

How heavenly the enchantment which, from the Italian side, distance lends to the mountains of Switzerland! Every step we departed from them seemed to render the view more beautiful. They began to appear like another world floating in mid-heaven; it was as if we were coasting a neighbouring planet, battlemented and turreted with crags of diamond, and divided from us by fields of cerulean space. Meantime, the open country through which we are travelling is full of luxuriance. One can never forget the transcendent glory of the horizon, with the evening sun against it. It is the picture drawn by Milton, but reduplicated in broad space in the heavens.

> "Meanwhile in utmost longitude, where heaven
> With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun
> Slowly descended; and with right aspect
> Against the eastern gate of Paradise
> Levelled his evening rays: it was a rock
> Of alabaster, piled up to the clouds,
> Conspicuous far."

The day shuts upon such scenery, just as the thickening thoroughfares, the passing and repassing peasantry, with wains and donkey-waggons, and the glimmering of suburban lights, tell you that you are nearing a great city. At length you drive under its proud arches, and in the strange romance that surrounds you on first being set down at dusk among new ranges of buildings and faces, as in the transitions of a dream, you wait for the examination of your passports. That done, you drive on again through streets now deserted and murky,

and now gay and crowded, into the well-lighted centres of evening life and activity; perhaps you are whirled past the blaze of the great theatre. What creature in all the crowd cares for *you*, or knows of your existence? You are as a water drop falling into a great river. But you need not fear; you are to be carefully sponged up and preserved separate. There is now a watch over you, on earth as well as in heaven.

But if you find as much difficulty in getting lodgings as we did, you will begin to wish you had stayed away from Italy. It was past midnight before we found any other shelter than the ante-room of the post-house, for the city was literally crammed with strangers; but we did at length, by dint of runners, discover a fine range of rooms over a common pot-house, where we established ourselves very pleasantly. A fine range of rooms over a common pot-house, and established pleasantly! What! and decently also? Yes, and far more respectably and comfortably than just at that time we could have been at any of the crowded hôtels at which we applied in vain for entrance. The juxta-position of the extremes of refinement and of low life is no uncommon thing in these countries. You may have luxury and quiet, unsuspected and unenvied, far enough away from palaces. It was amusing to us to see the goings on of life in the tavern below our suite of apartments. The common people seemed to enjoy themselves as freely and heartily as if they were eating and drinking in an atmosphere of genuine liberty. But no man can forget that the quiet here is maintained by Austrian bayonets.

Milan is one of the first cities in Italy, though there is not so much of curious and beautiful sight-seeing as in Florence or Naples, nor so fine a climate, neither a volcano with Pompeii at its feet, nor a splendid bay in the Mediterranean. It is more healthful than many places in the kingdom. One might find many things of the deepest interest to say of its legendary history, but we cannot dwell upon this, nor upon the statistical province of the guide-books. I had visited Milan some years before, but had entered it in the rain, stayed in it through the rain, and passed from it in a rain-storm; circumstances not the most favourable for seeing a fine city. Almost the only

thing I remembered was its white glittering Cathedral, and its college of fine old paintings, the College of Brera.

Then there is the dim shadowy spectre of Leonardo da Vicini's great painting of the Last Supper. No man would visit it, if it were not for what it *had been;* it is like visiting the house in which Shakspere lived, or the room in which Milton died; the occupant is gone. In looking at the picture you find yourself gazing not so much at what is there, but endeavouring to see what is not there. It is as if one led you to a dim room filled with apparitions, some ante-chamber to the land of shades, and you should vainly strain your sight for some known image, but you only see

> ——————"the shadowy forms
> That seem things dead and dead again."

Sixteen years did the Artist labour upon this painting with slow and patient toil, the fruit of intense contemplation. He was one of the most universal and commanding geniuses of Italy, and doubtless the painting was in all respects the most perfect the world ever saw. It would have matched the Transfiguration by Raphael had it been painted on canvas, in undecaying colours. But one half century and a little more sufficed, by various accidents and exposure, for its almost complete destruction; and by so many hands has it been retouched, mended, and painted anew, that it would probably be impossible for the most consummate judge of art to find in it a trace of the pencil of the original author.

CHAPTER LXIX.

THE CATHEDRAL OF MILAN.—THE GOSPEL IN ITALY.

You have Nature in Switzerland and Art in Italy. The transition is great from cloud and snow-capped mountains and thundering waterfalls to the ribbed chapels and aisles of cathedrals, with saints and angels sculptured upon slender spires, and the organ solemnly pealing. The Duomo of Milan is the

first full introduction for the stranger from the North into the Ecclesiastical splendours of a past artistic world. From great mountains to some gigantic supernatural structure, like the colossal Temple of Karnak in Thebes, would be a change more fitting to the feelings; but coming from the cities or the plains of Lombardy, the sight of the architectural pile at Milan is truly imposing and majestic.

The Cathedral is claimed by the Milanese as the eighth wonder of the world. It rises in the very heart of the city, a magnificent broad pile of white marble, sculptured and entablatured on the face and sides with groups of statuary, and pinnacled at every angle and corner with lofty and delicate spires, which bear upon their summits each a majestic statue of white marble. One hundred and sixteen of these spires are visible at once, and the sculptured forms springing from their slender extremities look as if suspended in the air by magic. The great tower of the Cathedral is an almost interminable labyrinth of marble statuary and tracery at so great a height, and so light and delicate, that it seems as if the first strong wind would prostrate the whole, or scatter its rocky lace-work like leaves in autumn.

If you can conceive of a river of liquid white marble shot into the air to the height of five hundred feet, and then suddenly petrified while falling, you will come to some approximation of the beauty and rareness of this magnificent vision. It seems like a petrified oriental dream, and if it had stood in Venice, opposite St. Mark's Church and the Doge's palace, it would have been more in keeping. There is a broad, ample, open space in front of it, so that you command a full satisfactory view from a sufficient distance, uninterrupted. The first time I saw it, I came upon it suddenly and unexpectedly, on turning a corner in the street, as if it had sprung from the earth before me like an exhalation, and it instantly reminded me, with its multitudinous white spires and images, of the very imaginative reference to it by Wordsworth in his poem on an eclipse of the sun. This is one of the most exquisitely beautiful compositions in all the volumes of this great poet, and the measure in which it is written is most melodious and perfect.

But Fancy, with the speed of fire,
Hath fled to Milan's loftiest spire,
And there alights, 'mid that aerial host
Of figures human and divine,
White as the snows of Appenine
Indurated by frost.

Awe-stricken she beholds the array
That guards the Temple night and day;
Angels she sees that might from heaven have flown;
And Virgin Saints, who not in vain
Have striven by purity to gain
The beatific crown.

Far-stretching files, concentric rings,
Each narrowing above each;—the wings,
The uplifted palms, the silent marble lips,
The starry zone of sovereign height,
All steeped in this portentous light,
All suffering dim eclipse.

Look now abroad at evening from this starry zone, over the horizon around you. The sun is sinking towards the Mediterranean, and the long snowy ranges of the Alps on one side and the Appenines on the other, are burning with almost crimson radiance. The city and the vast luxuriant plains lie beneath you. Can the human imagination conceive a sight more glorious than those distant flashing mountains, ascending pile after pile, chain behind chain, whiter and more brilliant into the heavens? How immense and magnificent the ranges commanded from this centre! From this pinnacle of art in Italy could we fly "with the speed of fire" to that of nature on Mont Blanc, it seems as if the change from Time into Eternity would hardly be greater. Yet it is little more than three days since we were in the midst of those snows, that in this setting sun blaze like the walls of heaven. And now we long to be there again. The sight of such mountains makes the Cathedral dwindle, makes you feel as if, while Art can indeed be beautiful, there is nothing but Nature that can be truly sublime.

Now we turn again upon the marble tower, along its wilderness of spires and statues. How admirably the sculptures are finished! Half way up the grand spires you have the best view of them, more than four thousand in all, though not all at once visible. The immense size of the building, and its in-

numerable recesses, admit of their distribution in such a way that you would not dream there were more than five hundred in all.

The structure is indeed a master-piece of gorgeous art, and in speaking of it Wordsworth observes that "the selection and arrangements of the figures are exquisitely fitted to support the religion of the country in the imaginations and feelings of the spectator." But does the piety of the people, does the religion of the *Cross*, as well as the Religion of the country, increase and strengthen by the beauty of such gorgeous churches? It has been remarked that the age of great architectural splendour in churches is also an age of decline in spiritual worship. The beauty and glory of the form are far more considered than the indwelling spirit. Take Wordsworth's words as a definition, and call the Romish Cathedral a series of *figures selected and arranged to support the religion of the country*, and you have a most accurate description. Whether the satire were intended, or the writer was unconscious of it, makes but little difference. It is the *religio loci*, and not the preaching of the Gospel, for which these great edifices were destined; it is the half-paganized system of superstition, instead of the Gospel, for which they are best adapted.

This magnificent pile, when Lanfranc undertook to rebuild it, was styled a Church for the Mother of God, and on her account the people brought their offerings. Then afterwards did the fierce Galeazzo Visconti take up the work of rebuilding, in order to expiate his great crimes. Then another uneasy sinner, on his death-bed, paid, for the same purpose, the enormous expiatory gift of 280,000 crowns. After all this, Napoleon took up the work, as a matter of imperial taste, splendour, and ambition, and nearly finished it. So, though it has been centuries in building, no man can be said to have put a stone in it out of love; it is all the work not of Faith, but of Superstition; so that, instead of regarding these Gothic architectural piles as the consequence or proof of a sense of religion in the Middle Ages, or as the natural growth or expression of a devout spirit, they must rather be considered as the price paid by an age of superstition, for a vast insurance on the world to come. It is not the Gospel in a believing heart, but the Law acting on a guilty

conscience, that has reared such structures. So, though some of them are a great material Epic, full of beauty and grandeur, yet they cannot be considered as a true product of the Gospel, or of a simple religious spirit, any more than the Iliad of Homer itself.

If they *were* religious edifices, then ought the ceremonies of religion in them to be of such august simplicity and grandeur, so free from mere human artifice, so superior to all superstition, so shaped and imbued by the *spirit* of the Gospel, that every man on entering might feel irresistibly that it *is* the Gospel. But as Wordsworth says, it is the religion of the country. You are made to feel that while there is a great deal of worship in the Roman Catholic religion, there is very little religion in the Roman Catholic worship. You are compelled to make this distinction, by observing the round of superstitious ceremonies, and studying the crowds kneeling before the multitudinous altars, pictures, effigies and images.

As to the effect of the Gospel of Christ, preached simply, plainly, boldly, fervently, amidst all this power of superstition, I believe it would be irresistible. The hearts of the Italians are human hearts, as good naturally as any other hearts in the world, and perfectly accessible. Doubtless God will yet raise up native preachers of the Cross among them, who will be as successful as Paul ever was at Rome. He whose grace kindles the fire in such hearts can keep it burning, can make it spread like the summer lightning from cloud to cloud. No conclave of Inquisitors can stop it, no persecution can put it out. The word of God shall "*yet have free course and be glorified*" in Italy, and when it does, then will that Man of Sin, that Son of Perdition (and I leave it with my readers according to their own pleasure to say who or what he is) be consumed by the Spirit of the Lord's mouth, and destroyed by the brightness of his coming.

CHAPTER LXX.

SILVIO PELLICO, AND THE BIBLE IN ITALY.

Milan was the city of one of Silvio Pellico's prisons. What a touching account he gives of the power of the Bible over

him! The time is hastening when it shall no longer be a strange book in Italy, nor its doctrines hidden. For six or seven days Silvio had been in a state of doubt, prayerlessness, and almost desperation. Yet he sang with a pretended merriment, and sought to amuse himself with foolish pleasantries. "My Bible," he says, "was covered with dust. One of the children of the jailor said to me one day, while caressing me, 'Since you have left off reading in that villain of a book, it seems to me you are not so sad as before.'" Silvio had been putting on a forced gayety.

"It seems to you?" said he.

"I took my Bible, brushed away the dust with a pocket-handkerchief, and opening it at hazard, my eyes fell upon these words: 'And he said to his disciples, It is impossible but that offences will come, but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh. It were better for him that a millstone were cast about his neck, and he thrown into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones.'

"Struck with meeting these words, I was ashamed that this little child should have perceived, by the dust with which my Bible was covered, that I read it no more, and that he should have supposed that I had become more sociable and pleasant by forgetting God. I was completely desolate at having so scandalized him. You little rogue, said I, with a caressing reproof, this is not a *villain book*, and during the several days that I have neglected to read in it, I am become much worse. My singing that you have heard is only a force-put, and my ill humour, which I try to drive away when your mother lets you in to see me, all comes back when I am alone.

"The little child went out, and I experienced a degree of satisfaction at having got my Bible again in my hands, and at having confessed that without it I had grown worse. It seemed as if I were making some reparation to a generous friend, whom I had unjustly offended, and that I was again reconciled to him.

"And I had abandoned thee, O my God! cried I, and I was perverted! and I could even believe that the infamous laugh of the cynic and sceptic was suited to my despairing condition!

"I pronounced these words with indescribable emotion. I placed my Bible on a chair, I kneeled down upon the earth to read it, and I, who weep with so much difficulty, burst into tears.

"These tears were a thousand times sweeter than my brutish joy. I saw my God again! I loved him! I repented that I had so insulted him in degrading myself, and I promised never more to be separated from him, never. How does a sincere return to the path of duty comfort and elevate the soul!

"I read and wept and lamented during more than an hour, and arose full of confidence in the thought that God was with me, and that he had pardoned my delirium. Then my misfortunes, the torments of the trial, the probability of the torture, appeared to me a very little thing. I could rejoice in suffering, since I might fulfil a sacred duty, which was to obey the Saviour, in suffering with resignation."

There are still hearts like Silvio Pellico's in Italy, and when the word of God comes to this people, it will have all the greater power for having been so long kept from them. When the spirit of the mouth of the Lord kindles the fire, it will spread among Italian hearts like a flame in the dry grass of the prairies. Under this fire the superstitions of Romanism would perish. The idolatry of forms can no more stand against the burning spirit of God's word than the seared leaves and withered branches of the woods in autumn could stand before a forest conflagration.

Frank-hearted Silvio Pellico! How many a man has let the dust grow thick upon his Bible, not in prison merely, but even his family Bible, even with dear children around him, and never confessed his sin, never gone back with tears of contrition to that Holy Book, nor taught it in his household, nor had the light of Truth Divine, the light from Heaven shining on it! How like a dungeon with false and foul thoughts must every heart be out of which God and the dear light of his word are excluded! Yea, though there may be laughter there, it is like poor Silvio's false and forced despairing merriment, it is like the crackling of thorns under a pot. Heavy laws are up-

on such a man, and when friends depart, and he sees himself in prison, sees how he *is* in prison, even though he walks in the open air, then there is desolation indeed.

> "If there be one who need bemoan
> His kindred laid in earth,
> The household hearts that were his own,
> It is the man of mirth."

CHAPTER LXXI.

THE FAREWELL.—SWISS CHARACTER AND FREEDOM.

We are no longer under the Shadow of the Jungfrau, and therefore it is high time that I close this second *fasciculus* of the leaves of our pilgrimage. I might have extended it into the Cottian Alps, amidst the interesting Churches of the Waldenses, but such a ramble ought not to come at the end of a volume. We will stop at Milan, in full sight of the glorious Alps, among which we have been wandering. From a splendid spire in the midst of a region of despotism, we are gazing across upon the mountain shrines of liberty. My readers will listen with pleasure to the parting reflections of a young and gifted English lady in regard to the Swiss character, the Swiss freedom, and in spite of all disastrous omens, the hopes of Switzerland, and of the hearty friends of that glorious country, for future, settled, permanent, well-ordered LIBERTY.

"You are not to suppose," says Miss Lamont, in her interesting volume of letters on France and Switzerland, "that I have taken up my opinions about the Swiss from occasional gleanings by the eye and ear as I went along. I got a history of Switzerland to read, since I have been here; not indeed, so extended a history as I should like on such a subject, yet it still helped me a little. At first I did not like it much—it seemed to me nothing better than war after war of tribes and Indians. It improved towards the last, yet still was but a detail of battles, year after year, of the people against the nobles; this can only interest when the characters of individual leaders are por-

trayed—it does not do so in masses. However, I was glad to have, even from that history, a reason for the faith that was in me respecting the obstinate prowess of the Swiss, and their honest love of independence. And, had I wanted anything to confirm me in the love of freedom which, untaught by any one, has become an essential portion of my mind, I should have found it in my Swiss book, and my Swiss journey. Not that there is here a more advanced social state than in any other country of Europe, nor a greater progress in science, the arts, and education; but there is what is a hundred-fold better—there is a general diffusion of *substantial* happiness, so to speak. After all, it is not disheartening to look over the map of Europe, and behold only this one spot on which liberty is to be found? And what, though it was brought forth amidst the contests of barbarian hordes, and baptized, re-baptized, and baptized again on battle-fields reeking with blood, *it is* liberty; and if the Swiss be but true to themselves, and permit this child of theirs to grow to its full stature, it may become a guide to the nations! Yet, disheartening as it is, to see but one free land, it is more so to reflect that ages must roll on before others can be free; for the more we know of the state of Europe, it becomes the more evident that the chains which have been centuries in forming, it will take centuries to break effectually. Look at Germany, bound down by emperor, king, prince, duke, and noble of every kind, each bond so weak in itself, yet all so impossible to rend! Look at Russia, where the barbaric forms of the undisguised despotisms of the East are adding to themselves the astuteness of modern tyrannies. Look at England, where the despotism of castes, a social despotism exists, of even a worse sort than that of a tyrannical monarch; and in France, where the contending elements of social corruption raised so terrific a storm, there is little hope of the speedy establishment of liberty. Let the Swiss bless their mountains, crags, and torrents, which, making their men hardy in body, made them incapable of being trodden into slaves; made them able to renew the battle from year to year, from age to age, until all has been gained! and, now, let them dread the love of gain; they could be courageous and virtuous, being

poor, I distrust them if they shall become rich! Here is declamation enough, you will say; but I know you hope with me, that now that they have gained all they desired, they will proceed in the march of improvement. They have bought their freedom by six hundred years of contest and bloodshed (not too high a price for what is immortal worth), and now they have to do something more difficult than what they have done, they have to use their freedom wisely. They have to make it the guide, the aid, to piety, humanity, liberality, knowledge; if wealth—if power, be what it inspire them to seek, their freedom will slide from their hold, when the nations now so far behind them have attained it."

But more than all this, what Switzerland needs to make the country a centre of light and hope in all Europe, is true Religious Liberty. God grant there may be no more conflicts of armed men about religion. There can be none, when the question of a man's creed and clergyman is once totally separated from the question of his civil and political obligations and duties, and made the business solely between his conscience and his God. The choice of one's church is a *civil right*, in which all that any government has to do, is to protect the subject in its unmolested enjoyment. It is also a *religious obligation*, but an obligation towards God, with which no government on earth has any right to interfere. Every man has a right to the protection of the civil government in the performance of his religious duties; no government has any right to prescribe or enforce those duties. When the State attempts to stand in the place of God, and to legislate for the church, it becomes a despotism; when the church attempts to use the state for the enforcement of its own edicts, and the support of its establishments, it also becomes a despotism; but where the spirit of the Lord is, there is LIBERTY.

Farewell now to Alpine nature, that world of such glorious images and thoughts! He who has visited it with a wakeful soul, and felt the steadfast eye of its great mountains upon him, whether beneath the glittering sun or the mild melancholy moon, whether at day-dawn or in the flush of sunset, and seen the rush of its white avalanches, and heard their thunder, and

the billows of its glaciers, with the invulnerable life and far-off roar and fury of their cataracts, and the living flowers that enamel the valleys and skirt the eternal frosts, has a book of glory in his heart, where, in the words of Danté, Memory mocks the toil of genius, a book which no man can write, a book on which the light from Heaven is shining, and which he will carry with him even to his grave. For him "Remembrance, like a Sovereign Prince, maintains a stately gallery;" and there are, within the silent chambers of his soul, treasures

> "More precious far,
> Than that accumulated store of Gold
> And orient gems, which, for a day of need,
> The Sultan hides within ancestral tombs."

In gathering the treasures and receiving the suggestions of nature, we need, more than all things else, a prayerful, kind, and open heart. Mountains, to such an one, are as the stepping-places of angels; the forms and influences that inhabit them seem supernatural.

> "Less than divine command they spurn;
> But this we from the mountains learn,
> And this the valleys show,
> That never will they deign to hold
> Communion where the heart is cold
> To human weal and wo.
>
> The man of abject soul in vain
> Shall walk the Marathonian plain,
> Or thread the shadowy gloom,
> That still invests the guardian pass
> Where stood sublime Leonidas
> Devoted to the tomb."

THE END.

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